

Stories and Teaching

on

The Litany



REV. J. W. HARDMAN

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STORIES AND TEACHING
ON THE LITANY.



Stories and Teaching on The Litany.

A BOOK TO MAKE THAT SERVICE PLAIN TO THE OLD
AND INTERESTING TO THE YOUNG.

"Quasi clavi in altum defixi."

ECC. XII. II.

BY THE LATE REV.

WILLIAM HARDMAN, M.A., LL.D.,

ETHICAL MODERATOR AND DOWNE'S DIVINITY PRIZE-MAN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

SOMETIME VICAR OF S. KATHARINE'S, V. AND M., NEAR BRISTOL, AND LECTURER OF

S. MARY THE VIRGIN'S, YATTON.

GENERAL PREACHER IN THE DIOCESE OF BATH AND WELLS.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

R. W. RANDALL, M.A.,

DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', CLIFTON.

40158.

CONTAINING

Suggestions for Sermons and Addresses arranged for the Sundays of a Year ;

and adapted for Catechising and Sunday School Classes, by questions ;

also useful for Reading to Children at Home.

FOURTH EDITION.

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—
1895.

WILLIAM
MAYNARD

DEDICATED
TO
THE LOVING MEMORY
OF MY
TWO DEAR CHILDREN,
CALLED HENCE
IN EARLY YEARS.

WILLIAM
MAYNARD

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Introduction.

THE Author of this little book has asked me to write a few words of introduction to it, by way of recommending it. It is with great hesitation that I venture to do so. It can need no recommendation from me. The very object and purpose with which it was written are its best recommendation. To make the Prayers of the Church better known, better understood, therefore better loved, and offered with a more intelligent earnestness by those who join in them, is to do a good work for the Church, and her children.

Prayer is the strength of the Church and of her members, but in order that Prayer may bring the fulness of Divine Strength, it must be offered with the spirit and with the understanding also.

It has been the aim of the Author to quicken the spirit and to enlighten the understanding, by unfolding the beauty and the depth of meaning that are to be found in the Litany of the Church.

The Litany is, perhaps, of all the Services of the Church, that which has gained most by translation and by adaptation. It is alike remarkable for its fulness and its suggestiveness, its comprehensiveness, and its compactness. It meets all wants of the Individual, the Nation, the Church. It ministers to all sorrows and trials; it intertwines itself with all interests and relationships of life; it finds expression for faith in all the great truths of the Catholic Religion; it is profoundly devout and markedly practical. Like all Church Prayers, its beauty and power of application grow upon us by use. There is a music and rhythm about its sentences that is inexpressibly soothing.

But like some grand and well-tuned instrument it needs the touch of a skilful hand to bring out all this. It is a work of love, therefore, to help the little ones of the Church, by catechizing them on the Litany to see something of the treasures that lie hid in it. It is no less a work of love to help those of more advanced age, who have found out by experience what the sorrows, the trials, the dangers, the battles, the great realities, the needs, the opportunities of life are, to see how the Litany finds for them a voice to express all that they would speak out to God about all these.

If old and young alike should learn something of the wisdom and the tenderness which God has given to His Church in leading her children to pray, and if they should love the Church the more, and love God the more, the labour of the Author will be more than repaid.

It remains only to say a few words about the time and manner of using the Litany. It may be doubted whether it has ever yet found its

proper place in the arrangement of the Services of the Church. Those Services have been well and wisely divided. In very large and manufacturing Parishes we now enjoy the inestimable blessing of the calm and quiet of one or more early celebrations of the Holy Communion, both on Weekdays and on Sundays. At a later hour the Service of Mattins succeeds, and to this the Litany is often added, and then a later celebration follows. In other cases the Litany is used with, or apart from the Children's Service in the afternoon. The Author of this book doubts whether the Litany, from its penitential character, is altogether suitable for a Children's Service, and he is clearly right in coming to this conclusion. Is not the most fitting place for the Litany just before the great, solemn Celebration, the principal Service of the day? Would not the Supplications and Intercessions of the people be best so gathered together? Might not the Litany again be used with great advantage at a late Evening Service on Sundays, as well as at Night Services in Advent and Lent? The congregation would so come to it with fresher minds, if it has not been preceded by another service, and its special character as a solemn Deprecation or Intercession would stand out with greater distinctness. Many of us may often have been deeply touched by its being sung at Mattins by masses of voices in the simple and expressive music to which Marbeck and Tallis have set it. And yet I can remember being even more touched when I once heard the Litany, not sung, but said in a low and reverent voice in the Tyrol, and the responses taken up in the same low and reverent voice by the many hundreds of men and women that crowded the great Church. It was the unmistakable voice of united Supplication going forth in touching simplicity of earnestness from all those souls to the listening Ear of the Father in Heaven. A friend, who knelt by me, told me afterwards that he looked up to the roof of the Church, so like did the murmur of all the subdued voices seem to the pattering of rain on the roof.

If this little book helps any to see the richness of the treasures of devotion that are contained in the Litany, it may lead us also to consider how we may best find opportunities to make it more fully, more frequently, more helpfully the voice of the people. The pressing needs of the nation, the pressing needs of the Church, national sins, national anxieties, national dangers, all seem to invite us to open our hearts to God, and to utter the old cry of the Church, that has mounted now for more than 1,400 years to our Redeemer: "Spare us, good Lord;" "Good Lord, deliver us;" "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

R. W. RANDALL.

Author's Preface.

IN writing the chapters of this book, I have been anxious to supply what, I feel sure, is a *real want*. During the last twenty years it has become more and more usual to divide the Church Services. Before 1857 it was, I think, an almost unheard of thing to vary from the usual accumulated system of Mattins, Litany, and Communion Service (the latter, at least, as far as the Nicene Creed). Dr. Miller, the Rector of Birmingham, was the first to innovate on this old arrangement. But it has now become a usual and much appreciated change to divide the services, and shorten their duration; in opposition to Archbishop Grindal's agglutinative system.

Partly from a desire for a more frequent celebration of Holy Communion, and partly for the convenience of its being a short Service, and complete in itself, it has become a very common plan to have the Litany "said or sung" on Sunday afternoons, and, with the accompaniment of hymns and catechizing, to form it into a Children's Service. Indeed, a witty Bishop has described the Litany as "the maid of all work," used on every occasion. This has been objected to on the ground that the Litany is *not* suited for a Children's Service, and that its solemn tone and pathetic earnestness are neither understood nor valued by the young! There is much force in this objection, but as it is often almost necessary to have the Litany at an Afternoon Service, I think that the following pages may be useful in training the young and the ignorant to take an intelligent interest in the Litany, and to follow its intercessions with some clear feeling of their meaning and beauty.

The book has also been arranged to assist a clergyman or Sunday School

teacher in explaining the force and depth of the various petitions of the Litany, and also supplies a number of questions and references to Scripture, so that the Catechist can, as a great scholastic authority has said, "first pump the knowledge into the child's mind, and then pump it out again."

The volume also might be usefully read in Sunday School classes, to awaken their interest in the Church's Services—a matter too much neglected—or, in the case of children of the upper classes of society, for home reading on Sundays. I would even hope that it might supply materials for Sermons and Mission addresses, as the substance of it has been so used by the Author, and found to rouse considerable and fresh interest in the well-known, though not fully appreciated, words of our ancient and noble Litany.

Finally, it has been divided into 52 chapters, to enable it to be serviceable for a year's teaching, and a table supplied suggesting when certain portions are most suitable.

W. H.

NOTE.—The questions given at end of each Clause are merely a few Suggestive specimens. In catechizing, of course the various Texts referred to, would be asked, also the bearing of the anecdotes, and the light given by derivations would be the subject of questioning.

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THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE LITANY.

[*"Here followeth the Litany, or General Supplication, to be sung or said, after Morning Prayer, on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and at other times when it shall be commanded by the Ordinary."* *—PRAYER BOOK.]



IN the first place let us remember that "Litany" is a Greek word, meaning "supplication." This kind of service first arose in the Church in the fifth century, amongst the early Christians in Gaul—which is now called France—where, in the neighbourhood of Lyons and Vienne, St. Irenæus, and other Missionary Saints, of the School of St. John the Apostle, had laboured.

So here may be told a story of the plague at Vienne, and the introduction of Litanies into the Church.

* * * * *

The heat was intense—there had not been a shower for many days, and the dust lay thick and white on the rough-paved streets of the old Roman city of Vienne, in that part of Gaul we now call the neighbourhood of Lyons. Gladly did Sulpicius—the officer of the Guard—who had just been relieved from duty, enter a cool dark chamber in his house, and where he laid aside his heavy helmet, and unbuckled his short sword. And yet, as he did so, it was with a heavy sigh that he turned to his mother, Avita, who, blind and aged, sat spinning in the corner, "Mother, 'tis a terrible time in the city. The Pestilence seems to increase daily, and everywhere there is terror and alarm. The oldest men recollect nothing like it. In some houses whole families have died, the

* That is the Bishop or Dean.

country folk are afraid to bring in food to the city; rich people who fled have been forced to return, and have been refused admittance to neighbouring cities. The Prefect has written to Arles and Massilia entreating the authorities to induce skilful physicians to come to our aid. Our chief citizens are panic-struck, and know not what to advise—old Salonicus, ‘the heathen,’ goes about grumbling, and saying it is because we forsook our own gods for the religion of the Jews, and the only one who is cool and wise and collected is our good Bishop, Mamertus.”

“Ah!” said the aged Avita, “he is one of those who know it is written in the Scriptures, of the servants of the Lord, ‘He shall not be afraid for the arrow that flieth by night, or for the pestilence that walketh abroad by day.’”

“But,” said Sulpicius, “where is my boy?”

“He is coming,” said Avita, and a school-boy entering the room at that moment, threw down a little scriptorium, which contained his pen and writing materials.

“Father,” said he, “there is to be no more school on account of the plague—the few boys who came this morning looked so white and frightened.”

“It was reported at the Prefect’s hall, to-day,” said his father, “that they would free the prisoners in the gaol on condition that they helped to bury the dead.”

“The Lord have mercy on us,” murmured the venerable grandmother.

“But, father,” said Julian, for so the boy was called, “I have somewhat to tell you. When I had assisted in singing the Psalms at the great Church of St. Mauritius, as it was my turn to do, our good Bishop came in, and said that for a while there would be no more services in the Church, for that people were afraid to assemble there, fearing infection. But instead thereof to-morrow there will be a great procession round the whole city, of the clergy, with all pious people, and as they go, instructed by the ecclesiastics, they will sing a solemn supplication, in which the Bishop

and clergy will pray for deliverance from the pestilence, and all the people will join in and re-echo their supplication."

"It is a good and holy thought," said Avita.

"We will gladly go, my son, with the good Bishop," said Sulpicius; "when is the appointed time?"

"An hour after sunrise on the morrow," replied Julian.

"Your grandmother will only be able to accompany you with her prayers," said Avita, "but you will come and tell me all about it when it is over," she added fondly, laying her hand upon the boy's curly head.

On the morrow, good Avita, whose age and infirmities did not permit her to rise as early as others, had hardly finished her earnest prayers, raising her sightless eye-balls to Heaven, and clasping her withered hands, when her grandson, Julian, eagerly rushed in to tell her all about the solemn procession of that memorable morning.

"Oh! grandmother, it was an impressive sight, which made my heart beat fast. The air was so clear I could see ever so far. Nay, I thought I could see a glimpse of the snowy mountains in the far East—like the walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem—then the multitude gathered together—good old Bishop Mamertus was arrayed in his golden mitre, which flashed with the morning light, and his robes were bordered with the sacred letters and symbols. Then came the rest of the clergy in their orders, and those who are attached to the lesser offices of the Church—then came the great Cross borne on high—and after that the Prefect and the chief citizens—then the officers and centurions of the City Guard—and then came the great body of the citizens, men, women and children, and they who had lost dear ones in the plague were arrayed in black, and wept audibly. And last of all came the 'fossors,' or gravediggers, who, weary of their sad task, prayed with their neighbours for the removal of the pestilence.

"And the prayers and services, Grandmother Avita, were unlike those we have usually. You know what a glorious voice our

old Bishop has, and he first invoked the High God, the ever-glorious Trinity—and then he pleaded with God to deliver us from the plague. And when he paused in his chief petition, the voices of all the people rose up in a wild, wailing response, ‘Miserere Domine,’ ‘Oh! Lord, have mercy upon us, unhappy sinners.’ And then the Bishop pleaded for the sick, and the sorrowful, for those in power, like the Emperor, and for the beggars, who needed daily bread, and for deliverance from all dangers to body and soul—and again and again the people responded as the long procession swept along the streets and round the walls of the city, and the voices of all, clergy and people, rose up alternately into the blue sky.”

“May God hear their prayers, my grandson,” answered Avita.

* * * * *

Two days after, there came a great thunderstorm—the intense heat cooled down, and the prayers of the people being heard, the pestilence ceased its ravages—and the plan of mingled prayer of clergy and people as they walked in procession was called a “Litany, or Solemn Supplication,” and grew one of the most popular forms of prayer in the ancient Church.

After telling this story of the origin of the Litany, it may be well to remember that it was in dark and evil days for the Church that God put it into the heart of His people to find this consolation—and “Litanies” became the very strength, stay, and comfort of God’s Church. Hooker tells us, in the fifth century, they had become very popular all over Christian Europe. But in the progress of time there were added, according to the views of the middle ages, a series of invocations to the Saints; and, as someone has quaintly said, “the number of the good people who stood between kept the poor souls from getting a clear sight of their Saviour.” But in God’s good time there came changes; Archbishop Cranmer drew up the first form of our present Litany in 1544, and it is interesting to bear in mind that this was the very first portion of our Prayer Book, which was translated and “set

forth in our English tongue, wherein we were born." It was included in the first English Prayer Book of 1549, and with slight alterations has ever since been a part of our public Prayers, especially loved and valued by devout Christians.

[NOTE.—It should be perhaps mentioned that another account attributes its origin to a period of Earthquakes.]

CLAUSE I.

"O God the Father, of Heaven: have mercy on us, miserable sinners."



HERE is a story told of a certain Greek, who lived long ago, who was cast down with some companions by his enemies into a deep pit, the entrance of a dark cavern, and thus left to perish. He alone survived the fall, and for a long time wandered in despair through the gloomy recesses of the cave, feeling his way but finding no escape. At length in the darkness he heard the movement of some wild animal. He followed the sound—he pursued the creature through the winding passages, and at last saw a little star of light shining in the distance. It was a very narrow opening in the rock, but through it he was able to escape into daylight and sunshine! How glad he must have felt to leave behind him the prospect of a slow and lingering death amidst the dead bodies of his companions, and to have once more the hope of reaching his home. Now mankind in a state of ignorance and spiritual darkness, are like the captive in the cavern, and as St. Paul described the heathen in his days, "he is without God, and without hope in the world." The Revelation of a great, a good, and Almighty God comes like that ray of light which told the prisoner of a chance of escape. We cannot be utterly without hope, so long as we feel and know that the world has a great Creator! that men have a

God of infinite power and love to rule over them! Therefore the Litany begins as it ought to do. If you want anything, it says, then lift up your eyes to Heaven. If your head is bowed with woe, raise it up in hope to the thought of a mighty Being on high!

But someone may tell us, Are you sure that there is a God to hear your petition for aid and mercy? Now to answer this, let me tell you the old story or legend of Trajan the Emperor and the Jewish Rabbi. Trajan is said to have been a great man and a philosopher, and living at a time when the highly educated Romans had cast aside their belief in their ancient deities. He, one day, scornfully asked a learned Jewish Rabbi how he could be so foolish as to believe in a God, whom he had never seen? The Jew, with a profound obeisance, asked leave to make his reply the next day at noon. On the morrow the Emperor stood under the shadow of a great portico—whilst outside the tall Corinthian columns the whole atmosphere quivered with the heat of the midday sun. "What is your answer, old Jew?" enquired the philosophic Trajan, whilst the band of courtiers stood around expecting the despised Hebrew to be triumphantly confounded! "Let me beseech His Imperial Highness," asked the Rabbi, "to step forth from this porch and direct a steadfast gaze at the disc of the sun." "Fool," answered Trajan, "thou knowest that it would destroy my sight to look at the noonday sun." "If this be so then," said the Rabbi, "that thou canst not bear to look on the dazzling and unclouded glory of one of God's created things, how much less could'st thou behold the full effulgence of the uncreated Jehovah?" And so saith the Scripture, "No man hath seen God at any time," and yet, as St. Paul reminds us, "He has not left Himself without witness." Everywhere around us are the works of God's power and presence.

A certain party of Arabs were in search, so the tale runs, of a lost camel, over a wide stretch of desert, when they met an

aged Dervish, with a white beard and venerable look, from whom at once they enquired, "Had he seen their lost camel?" "Was the strayed beast," he answered, "blind in one eye?" "Yes." "Was he lame on his left hind leg?" "Yes." "Had he lost a tooth in the right jaw?" "Yes." "I have not seen your camel," said the Dervish. "How then," indignantly shouted the disappointed Arabs, "could you describe him so accurately?" "Simply because I observe small things," was the Dervish's defence. "On my way I noticed the track of a camel in the sand. By the lighter impression of one of the hoofs on the dust I perceived he was lame; by the manner in which the tufts of grass were eaten on one side more than the other, I learned that one eye was sightless; by the jagged edges of the bitten grass, I knew that he had lost a tooth. I saw not your camel, but I can point to you where his track was leading, so that you may overtake him." Thus, through observation, we learn to understand the history of many matters which we have never beheld.

All nature—the rocks—the trees—the wonders of animal life, are books in which God has clearly written out an account of His infinite power and wisdom, for thoughtful men to read. And what shows us that things did not happen by chance or accident, nor grow and develop anyhow, is that in all God's works we can trace the wisdom which exactly devises the best means to produce certain ends. When, many years ago, *The Bridgewater Essays* were written for a prize offered for a book on "The Evidences of God's Wisdom," a distinguished medical man took for his text the human hand, and showed by the marvellous arrangement and adjustment of finger and thumb, joint and muscle, nerve and sinew, that it was a most skilfully contrived machine, perfectly adapted by a Divine Creator for its special work!

Here, by way of illustration, may be sketched the arguments of Harold and Bertram—youthful friends and gentleman emigrants, seeking their fortune in the far West. Bertram was of the New School, who doubted and disbelieved. Most things went wrong

in this world, he argued, therefore it could not have a wise and good Ruler in Heaven. So he argued and grumbled. And one day, the two rode together over a wide extent of prairie; they were hot and thirsty, and moreover had lost their way. The Sceptic's impatience found a topic for murmuring in their present hardship.

"If there was a good God He ought to have provided everywhere abundant springs and cooling shades."

"Not so," answered Harold, who had been brought up in habits of firm belief and dutiful submission, "if it was the design of the Most High God to train men to energy and perseverance, instead of letting them be lazy savages, lying under a tree. If there had been no barren soil, how would men have learned to push into the farther world, as we are doing; and if streams had run in every convenient direction—*uphill*, I suppose you would expect as well as downhill—how would mankind have ever learnt the art of irrigation, or how to build an aqueduct!"

Just then something bright and glistening in the grass caught his eye, and riding up to it, he found, lying on the ground, a good old-fashioned watch, with thick silver case, which had protected it in its fall, the reason of which was clear from a fragment of a broken chain.

"Hurrah!" cried Bertram, "here is hope for us. A watch tells us of a man; and that watch still, by its ticking, shows us that it is not long since he passed by!"

And rousing up their weary horses, they crossed one or two more of the rolling swells of prairie land, they came into view of a distant group of shanties, which told of the habitation of man. As they turned their horses' heads towards them—"My dear Bertram," said Harold, in a tone of deep feeling, "how is it that you so readily accept the argument of cause and effect in human matters, whilst you close your eyes to its force in religious ones? You would not have allowed me to argue that the watch we found on the prairie grew there—was the result of the mere developing power of Nature. You would have justly said, that its very

construction—its wheels, its main spring, its dial, and its hands, all showed thought, contrivance, construction, for a particular purpose and end, and that we could fairly reason from it that it was the work of intellectual and civilized man, and that its existence led us to expect their presence or neighbourhood. Why not accept the same proof of a mighty Creator, and see ‘in the clockwork’ of the Heavenly bodies the same wondrous system of arrangement, wisdom and skill, in which both the stars above us, and the flowers beneath our feet, declare ‘the Hand that made us is Divine?’”

But when we believe in the existence of a God, then we must needs be anxious to know His character—how does He feel towards us?

A heathen monarch once asked the wisest of the sages to tell him what God was like? The wise man requested a day for consideration, and when that day was past yet another, and another day, till the king’s patience was exhausted, and the sage was compelled to acknowledge that “the more he thought about the character and being of God, the less He could explain His nature.” But that question is answered in that title which the Litany puts into our lips when we commence to pray. It is God the *Father*—a name which suggests to trembling mortals the feeling of confidence and trust. Archbishop Trench suggests that God created that relationship of parent and child, with all its best accompaniments of love and care, of watchfulness and tender sympathy, as a parable, to teach men the true idea of the position which God holds towards them in His infinite mercy.

A very mournful funeral once took place in the Churchyard of a New Settlement, somewhere in Canada, or the West, far away, in a recently-settled spot, where the Church was but a mere structure of wood, and the graveyard roughly enclosed. The burial was that of a recently-arrived settler, who had taken ill and died, leaving an only boy, fatherless and friendless, for the two had arrived alone. A few neighbours carried the coffin, but there was no other mourner except the boy. Late that evening,

as the clergyman was crossing the churchyard, he heard in the twilight a sound of sobs, and looking in that direction, saw a little form kneeling at the rude mound over the new grave. It was the orphan lad. The clergyman's heart was filled with pity for him, and he raised him up, and comforted his sad heart by reminding him that he had now two fathers in the Heavenly land, and that His Almighty Father would bring him in the right time to rejoin the earthly father who had just been taken from him.

That name, then, of Father, encourages us to draw nigh to God, and to "God, the Father," we are rightly bidden to address our first and opening petition in the Litany.

There are, perhaps, two things which ought to be explained in this petition. The one is the description of God the Father as "of Heaven." The force of which is equivalent to saying, "God the Father, which *dwells* in Heaven." It was usual in all old documents to describe a person as of such a place, as William, of Wykeham, Henry, of Monmouth—the place of their birth or residence, or with which they were some way connected. So our Lord tells us to pray, "Our Father, which art in Heaven"—and again it is written, "Out of Heaven He hath spoken." Heaven is regarded as the home of the great All-Father—the palace of the Great King—and this language is no doubt used in Scripture, and adopted in our prayers, to make these Heavenly truths more plain and more easily realized by the simple-minded and the uneducated.

The other point to be explained is the expression, "miserable sinners," which has been often *sneered* at, as putting into the mouths of people a confession of sin they do not feel! But if we recollect that the true meaning of *miserable* is simply "needing mercy or pity," it is not an overstrained and unreal statement, for there are very few who would not be willing to say that they were sinners, who require mercy, and there are none who do not really fall under this description! As to the objection which some misguided persons have made, that it is inconsistent for a pardoned Christian to call himself a sinner, it may be fairly

replied that the spiritual self-complacency, which would resent such a description, does itself bring the objector into the class of those "sinners" who by their self-pride and over-assurance do indeed require the mercy of God!

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE I.

1. To whom is the 1st clause of the Litany addressed?
2. In what words does St. Paul describe the state of the heathen?
3. How did the Jewish Rabbi answer the Emperor Trajan's question concerning his faith in a God whom he could not see?
4. What are some of the witnesses that God has given us of His power and wisdom in the world around us?
5. Give the heads of the arguments used by Harold and Bertram as to the creation of the world by the Divine Hand of God?
6. What one word in this clause answers the questions, "What is God like?" "How does He feel toward us?"
7. What is the exact meaning of the words, "God, the Father of Heaven?"
8. What does this word "miserable" mean as used in the Litany?

CLAUSE II.

"O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."



THE second petition in the Litany is addressed to God the Son—that is, to our Lord Jesus Christ, and He is addressed by His title of Redeemer, and to that noble title, expressing His compassion, His atoning death, and His glorious position, is added "Redeemer of *the world*," to explain the infinite width and value of His mighty work. The meaning of "Redeemed" is bought back, or ransomed (1 Peter i. 18), but in a free country like ours, where slaves are unknown, we do not enter into its full force and meaning, and it may help to impress on the minds of the young the full significance of this word if they read or listen to the history of one who was redeemed from an earthly captivity. By way of

illustration may here follow the story of one Giles Western, a poor Bristol mariner, who was a captive and galley slave for ten long years:—

GILES WESTERN'S STORY.

The clock of Blundell's School had just struck twelve on a bright summer day in 1675, and the eager boys of Tiverton rushed out, with a merry shout, into the great green courtyard in front of the School-house, and some, hastening down to the gateway, which opened on the high road, had their attention caught by the strange look of a wayfarer, who sat resting on a stone just outside. His skin was very brown and sallow, his clothes old and ragged, and of Oriental shape, and on his head he wore a yellow turban; whilst his feet, bandaged with rags, told of their footsore state.

Some of the thoughtless lads would have jeered at the strange-looking old man, but he began to talk to them, and they soon gathered round in a deeply interested group. "Ah, boys," said he, "I remember well when I was a merry lad like you, and ready, like you, to run and stare at any stranger. I am west-country bred and born, but when I was young nothing would please me but to be a sailor, and go to foreign parts. So I went to Bristol, and became a mariner, and went many a voyage.

"Well do I recollect when I left England last time, and saw nigh forty miles down the Channel the white tower of Dundry Church on the hill top. We were bound for the Mediterranean, for some port in Italy, but unfavourable winds carried us near the Coast of Africa, and then the breeze dropped, and we lay becalmed; just then, from behind a point on the distant coast, there glided forth two long black vessels. Our Captain soon spied them out. 'They are galleys from Algiers!' We hoisted every bit of canvas we had, and longed for a breath of wind, but they swiftly drew nigh and pulled up close to us.

"It was vain for us to think of resistance, for they were crowded with Algereen pirates, armed with matchlocks, and

crooked scimitars hanging by their sides, and each of these long galleys were worked by about three hundred slaves.

“Oh! how I shuddered as I looked along their ranks, chained to the great heavy oars, to notice many a white face, and to recall the terrible stories of their treatment. But I was soon to know more about this. We were taken on board the galleys, our ship was towed ashore, and plundered, and we mariners found ourselves slaves and captives!

“There came a terrible time of trial; if only we would become ‘renegadoes,’ and abjure our faith, we should have pleasant posts and happy times with our Algereen captors, but if we refused, then we must expect the worst of treatment from our Mussulman masters.

“I had indeed been, when young, far too thoughtless and careless about religion, but how could I dare to *deny* my Saviour! I thought of my good old mother, and how she knelt and prayed every Sunday, sure as Sunday came round, in our little village Church, in her own corner, to our Blessed Saviour, and should I, her son, profess to believe that Mahomet was the true prophet, and that he should be put in the place of Christ?

“So with many a prayer to God to help me, I kept firm through those long and weary years, though only God knows what I endured. I was strong and active, so they put me aboard one of their galleys.

“I have heard say that these were like in shape and plan to the ones the old Romans had. They were painted black, so as not to catch the eye, and lay low in the water, so that oftentimes the pirates would creep up, unperceived, close to some heavy-laden slow-sailing merchant ship. And if the breeze were light, or it was a calm, we could easily overhaul her, for these galleys could go as fast as twelve or fourteen miles an hour, such was the force which came from their many long oars, or sweeps, to each of which were allotted seven or eight rowers, some sitting, some standing, but all chained to the oars, perhaps near three hundred

of these miserable slaves. Some were Italians, some Spaniards, some English, but most came from the north shores of the Mediterranean ; and there was no room for shirking, or laziness, for on a raised plank, in the middle of the galley, walked up and down the Algerian officers, armed with heavy whips, and down on our naked backs, as we toiled in the burning sun, came the cruel lash, if any of us ever thought of lagging at our oar. Our food was of the coarsest kind, and our bed the hard benches on which we had toiled all day ! Thus many a poor fellow died from sunstroke, and overwork, and his corpse was thrown overboard, and yet we were often told that, if we only became renegades, our treatment should be of the best !

“ Sometimes, young masters, my courage and faith nearly gave way, but God can help us in the hardest trials, and our English messmates tried to cheer us up by telling us that once a year merchants came from Italy to traffic and barter goods, but also these merchants were entrusted with money, given by pious Christians, to ransom Christian slaves.

“ This was a task requiring much keenness and skill in dealing with the Moors. Sometimes excessive sums would be asked for some white slave, who, for his strength and usefulness, was very highly valued by his owner. Again, when a ransom had been fixed, and the sum agreed upon, for a certain number of the galley slaves, it was a piteous thing to choose which should be of the happy number bought back to freedom, to go once more in search of home and friends, and who must be left to pine in chains and slavery, till another sum of money should come from Christian lands and from hearts that were touched with pity, to buy back their liberty !

“ Ah, my young masters, many a weary day I waited, and often I saw other poor comrades bought out of slavery, and sometimes I fancied that I should die before the time came, and often I wondered, if ever I were set free, I should find sister, or brother, or any who knew me, left alive still in old England.

“And at last I was redeemed. I could scarcely believe that at length my turn was come, and they took me first to Italy, and though they were foreigners, yet I knelt down in one of their grand Churches, on the marble pavement, and thanked the good Lord who had redeemed my soul from the false religion of the cruel Algerians, and my poor body from their lash and chain. And then a kind Captain brought me from Italy to Plymouth Town.

“And now, with scarred back and crippled limbs, I am begging my way to my old home, and hoping soon to lay my body under the green sod where my old mother lies buried.”

This story may help us to understand how we have been “redeemed.”

“There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gates
Of Heaven, and let us in.”

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE II.

1. What is meant by Redeemer?
2. How were the children of Israel individually redeemed?
3. How were our forefathers familiarized with this idea?
4. Who were the pirates of the Mediterranean?
5. Mention the language of our Lord with regard to the subject of ransoming?

CLAUSE III.

“O God, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son :
have mercy upon us, miserable sinners !”



HE Litany first appeals to God the Father—next, to God the Son, thirdly, to God the Holy Ghost. This is the order in which the Persons of the Holy Trinity were revealed. First the Great Almighty Father, then the Divine Mediator—the Son, and lastly, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit. The usual way in which in our Prayer Book the

Church teaches us to pray is *to* the Father, *through* the Son—*by* the Holy Spirit. Here, in the Litany, the three Persons are, in the opening of its petitions, separately addressed—*then* supplication is made to the Holy Trinity in its Triune glory.

By the old English name “the Holy Ghost,” we mean that Divine Person whom the Greek Scriptures call “the Holy Breath” or “Spirit.” By a very natural image, the *breath* proceeding from a man’s lips, formed into his words, was put for the invisible and spiritual part of his nature. Thus the breath of God meant the Spirit of God, or as described in the Creeds, “God the Holy Spirit.” Our English forefathers translated this name, the Spirit, by their word, “Gost,” or in its oldest form, “*Gást*.” And the use of the word in its primitive signification of breath, may be noticed in that passage where St. Matthew describes the death of our Saviour—“He yielded up the Ghost”—that is, He expired, He breathed forth His *last breath*! And in the Catechism, Satan is called our “Ghostly,” that is, our spiritual enemy.

It is useful to remember the different ways in which the Bible explains to us the nature and the office of the Holy Spirit. It is compared by our Saviour to the wind. What so invisible as the wind, and yet what so powerful! Sometimes gentle and balmy like the western breeze—sometimes terrible in the roaring of the winter storm. So the Holy Spirit sometimes breathes sweet thoughts of comfort or hope into the weary heart. Sometimes by the blast of His power He lays low the pride of the sinful rebel. Likewise as the winds of earth are purifying the atmosphere, and driving away poisonous vapours, so the Divine breath is blessing the souls of men, and scattering the deadly mists of evil.

Again, the power of the Holy Spirit is compared to fire. As the lofty mountain-tops were struck and split and shivered by the lightning’s stroke, so the haughtiest heart and the proudest spirit could be smitten and humiliated by the power of the Divine Spirit. For instance, in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, or of St. Paul, once persecutor, and afterwards Apostle. It was our blessed

Saviour's promise that His disciples should be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." So we are prepared to learn that when the Day of Pentecost, the first Whit-Sunday came—tongues, as it were, of innocuous flame rested on their brows. Fire is not only a power to consume, or to melt, but also to warm, to cheer, and to revive, full of beneficent energy to restore our chilled limbs to activity, and to give back vitality to our stagnant blood. So the Holy Spirit not only alarms the guilty, or melts the obdurate heart, but also encourages and re-awakens the power of the half-torpid Christian.

Imagine this scene. It is the dim and fast-falling twilight of a winter evening amongst the high Alps. There has been a sudden and heavy fall of snow, and all around St. Bernard's monastery is covered with white. Two brethren of the monastic body, Lawrence and Julian, are about to light their lamps, and betake themselves to their evening duties, when they are summoned to a harder task. News from a well-appointed party of travellers has reached the monastery that they had passed a traveller on foot, and fear that he may have been since lost on the mountain path in the sudden storm. The monks call forth a couple of their great dogs, and with lanterns and long staves they go forth, sinking up to their knees in the snow. It is a long and cold and weary search, but they do not give up readily, for the life of a fellow-creature may be at stake.

But, hark ! Rollo, the well-trained old hound, begins to bark—he is down there, in a little hollow, behind a rock, not far from the track that leads across the mountains—he is digging among the snow with his fore-feet. Run, good monks ! every moment is of value. And now something dark appears. Clear off the snow, it is a sleeping traveller. Sleeping or dead ? One brother unslings his flask, and pours a cordial draught into his mouth—the other rubs his frozen limbs. He groans, he opens his eyes. He is not dead—with difficulty they rouse him—they drag him between them towards the Hospice. He begs to be left, to be allowed to

lie down to sleep again—but they know too well what would be the result of such conduct. And now he is within the walls. The bright flame crackles through the dry logs, warm garments replace his snow-wet clothes, and his numbed limbs are rubbed and heated by friction, and under the glowing influence of warmth and comfort the vital energies are restored, and the lost traveller is saved.

Thus it is with many sinful souls. They have lost the right road. They no longer care to seek for it—in a kind of despairing indifference, they ask to be let alone—but when some of God's earnest servants have roused them up from their dangerous torpor, when they have been brought under the influence of the Divine Spirit—and learn something of the warmth and cheerfulness of a Christian life, they come to know how good and merciful is God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, and who sent His dear Son to seek and to save that which was lost! In all good works done for the souls or bodies of men, we may trace the warm, genial, helpful influence of the Holy Spirit. He is called Holy not only because He is Holy, but because also it is His office to make men Holy. Every good thought, and good wish, every good act, flows from the fountain of His inspiring grace.

Light is an emblem of the Holy Spirit, and His work. Sometimes the light warns us of danger—awakens men to the danger of a careless and irreligious life.

There was once a traveller, who was called by business to a small fishing town in Cornwall. He reached the place very late in the evening; but as the night was very fine, though very dark, after supper he strolled through the town and climbed a steep hill. After pursuing the road for some distance, he determined to return. In the dim light he saw an open piece of ground—by crossing this it seemed he would lessen his way by “a short cut.” He did so, and crossing the hill came to a wall at the farther side. “This,” said he to himself, “is the boundary wall of

the road, and I have only to cross it, and be on the highway." He therefore got over, and was surprised not to touch the ground with his feet. He was however about to let go his hold and drop down, when it occurred to him that perhaps it might be a little deeper than he thought, and that it would be wiser for him to retrace his footsteps, and go back the way he came. He did so, and reached his inn without further incident. On the morrow, having transacted his business, he thought he would walk up the hill and see in the daylight the place where he turned back the night before.

But what was his surprise to find that he had in the darkness crossed a field to the very edge of the cliff; that the wall he had thought to mark the road was really on the verge of a precipice; that where he had hung, imagining that the highway was only a couple of feet beneath, there was in reality a depth of more than a hundred feet to the shore far below, and had he sprung lightly over as he had intended, or let go his grasp, he would have met with instant death!

Thus the light revealed to him the danger in which he had unconsciously been; and so does the illuminating power of the Holy Spirit make clear to the sinner the peril from which God has mercifully preserved him!

Man's simple nature is so weak and corrupt, that he needs constantly to be supported and trained upwards. His best resolutions have been well compared to those trailing plants which lie prostrate on the wet soil unless the gardener's hand trains them round some prop or pillar, that they may grow heavenward.

It is the office of Holy Spirit thus to strengthen and aid the Christian in his struggle with evil without and within. Thus we see some river flowing rapidly, and as we watch its swift broad stream we wonder why the ship is not moving in the same direction, but a glance at the swelling sails explains that the wind is driving the vessel onwards against the current. So does the breath of the Holy Ghost enable the soul, if only we spread the

sails of prayer and effort, to resist the pressure of an ungodly world, or the swift current of a besetting sin.

There once lived in a poor room, in a miserable part of Glasgow, an aged woman : a slave to the habit of excessive drinking. At length by God's grace she sought a better life ; but how fierce was the struggle—how painful the effort to break off the ingrained habit—that terrible, maddening thirst, which none but drunkards know, again and again seized her, and seemed by its force to hurry her to the neighbouring whiskey store ; but her only refuge was to seek aid from on high ; to bury her grey hairs in the counterpane, as she knelt by the bedside, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands to cry out, “Keep me, O keep me, my God, for I canna keep myself.” And so we pray to “God the Holy Ghost to have mercy on us miserable sinners,” when we feel that we need His strength to support our weakness, and that without His encouragement we are not only pitiable, but would be despairing.

There were various controversies and heresies about the nature of the Holy Spirit in the early ages of Christianity, as there were about the Divine position of the Son. Some would have degraded the Holy Ghost into a mere attribute or quality of God—as we would declare of the sun that it gave warmth—or of the moon that it bestowed light—but Scripture teaches us that the Holy Ghost is a Person, for the following acts are ascribed to *HIM*. “He makes intercession” (Rom. viii. 26), “He testifies,” “He teaches,” “He hears and speaks,” “He gives spiritual gifts,” “He inhabits the souls of men as His temple.” (1 Cor. vi. 16.) These are personal acts.

And He is not only a Person, but a Divine Person, for of the lie to the Holy Ghost, it was said to Ananias, “Thou hast lied not unto men but unto God !” And with the Father and the Son, there is united the Holy Ghost in the formula of Baptism and the Apostolic Benediction.

A further statement is added in the Litany to the appeal to the Holy Ghost to have mercy on us, He is described as “proceeding

from the Father and the Son"—and these few words have caused much conflict in Church history. It should ever be remembered that the words which Theologians use about the nature of the Mighty God are but feeble and earthly efforts to set forth mysterious Truths beyond our grasp. "Proceeding" is used to make us know that the Scriptures declare that the Holy Ghost is sent forth into the world as Giver of Life, both by the Father and the Son, for we read that Jesus our Lord said, "the Comforter whom I will send unto you from the Father;" and again, of "The Comforter"—"if I depart I will send Him unto you;" and again, that "He breathed on them, and saith, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Yet as this "proceeding" of the Holy Ghost from the Son had not been mentioned in the Creed of Constantinople (381), and as the Council of Ephesus in 431 had decreed that no addition should be made to the exact words of the Creed, a difficulty arose when it became usual in the Western Church to add, "proceeding from the Father and *the Son*." The controversy grew more fierce, till in A.D. 1053 there was a violent discussion on the point between the Pope Leo IX. and the Patriarch of Constantinople, in which they ended by mutual excommunications, and the separation arose between the Latin and the Greek Church which has lasted to the present day. For the scriptural reasons given above, the Anglican Church retains in her Prayer Book the statement "from the Son," but ever prays that all God's people may be made one. "Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatever may hinder us from godly union and concord . . . so we may henceforth be of one heart and one soul."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE III.

1. State the Persons of the Trinity, and the attributes of each Person?
2. How does the Church generally teach us to pray, as regards the Trinity?
3. What is the meaning of the word Ghost? Mention by what other name the Third Person of the Trinity is spoken of?

4. To what forces of nature is the Holy Ghost compared in the Bible?
5. In what way does the Holy Ghost specially help and aid men?
6. What words in this Clause have caused much conflict in past years, and what is their true meaning?
7. And what prayer does the Prayer Book contain against such dissensions?

CLAUSE IV.

“O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”



WHEN the words of the Litany have taught us to call upon the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity separately, then we are told to address our prayer to the Holy Three as united in the one Godhead. This is in accordance with the teaching of the Athanasian Creed: “Like as we are compelled by the Christian verity: to acknowledge every Person by Himself to be God and Lord, so are we forbidden to say there be three Gods or three Lords.” Here we are face to face with that most solemn mystery of our Faith—the Nature of God as revealed by Himself to man! This is a marvel and a mystery, beyond the power of our minds to grasp.

There is a very interesting legend of good old St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, which bears on this point. One day the Saint was walking along the sea-shore, and as he thought about Divine things, his mind became much perplexed as he reflected on the Doctrine of the Trinity—the Three in One. As he strolled on, distressed by doubts and difficulties, he noticed a little child at play on the sand. “What are you doing, my child?” he inquired. “I have dug a hole in the sand,” said the boy, “and with this hollow shell I am about to empty the sea into it.” Augustine smiled at the folly of the child; but it struck his conscience that he was himself quite as foolish in attempting to take into the narrow size of a human intellect the vast ocean of the Divine

nature. Humbled, and adoring the greatness of God, he felt that the mystery of the Trinity was beyond the reach of man's reason—to be received by faith, though too great to be understood.

If we cannot comprehend, that is, grasp in our minds the full meaning of what the Bible teaches us about the Holy Trinity, yet we can find many helps towards thinking rightly about it. We know that a short-sighted person can only see what is near; but put a telescope into his hand, and let him fix it to suit his eye, and he can discern clearly the distant ship, or the far-off star; so, by a few simple illustrations, the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity may become clearer to us.

Look, for instance, at the East windows of many of our Gothic Churches. That window is divided into three lights, or lesser windows; each of them perfect by itself as a window, and yet combining to form one great window; so the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity are Three in One. Or, again, consider the light which on sunny days flows through the Church windows; it is not only light, but there is heat as well, which we can feel—illumination and warmth—two different things, yet so united that they are both in one ray. Or, again, let a scientific man place a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism, in a hole made in a shutter, and you will see that the ray of light which enters a darkened chamber is not only the simple white ray you thought it was, but is made up of all the bright hues of the rainbow! Those glories of the rainbow—red and orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, are all combined and woven, as it were, together to form the pure white rays of light, that you see glistening on the dew, or glittering on the water.

In the reign of King James the First, a religious and thoughtful gentleman erected in his park, in Northamptonshire, a tower, or building, which was intended to illustrate the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity. It was three-sided—each side being exactly of the same size—each side surmounted by an equal-sided gable, and the walls all carved with devices of triangles within circles. The

triangles to be an emblem of the Three Persons ; the circle, of the oneness of the Godhead.

But such devices deal too much with the efforts of our feeble minds to explain what is beyond our reach ; and yet we need not doubt any truth of revealed religion because we cannot understand it. To the little child any book is a mystery ; to the mere reader of English, a Greek or Hebrew volume is equally obscure ; and yet as the child grows in knowledge, he learns the value of what once seemed meaningless black marks.

There is a story told of a Missionary in a South Sea Island, who was building a school-house, a couple of miles inland from the bay where he and his companions had landed. Finding he had forgotten one of his tools, he took out his pencil, wrote on a bit of wood the words, "send the saw," and told a native to take it to his brother Missionary. After a time the savage returned, bringing the needed tool, but with wonder and alarm in his look. "O, sir," he explained, "it was wonderful—the bit of wood talked to the white man !" and he regarded it as some magic spell, which almost made him ready to worship the chip. Such a marvel did the art of writing seem to the ignorant savage ; and so things which now seem to our short-sighted, mortal ken, strange and impossible, may become clear and manifest when our souls are more enlightened.

The great philosopher, John Locke, divided all statements into three classes—those which were accordant with reason ; those which were contrary to reason ; thirdly, those which were *above reason*. And in this last class he placed the revealed Doctrine of the Trinity ; it was above our mental powers—in a lofty region, where our reason cannot soar. Too high for us, just as there are some mountains so elevated that men cannot there breathe ! The air is too rarefied. It has sometimes been asked, why God has set these difficulties before our faith : why He has revealed to us truths so hard to be understood ; and a good answer has been made, that just as God has permitted some persons to be tried by temptations to steal or

to lie, so He has tested the mental humility of others by allowing religion to be full of mysteries. With some Christians, their temptations are to doubt and disbelieve, and the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity tests their willingness to humble themselves to receive it "as little children," and to bow their intellect in adoration before that which God has revealed.

Some people have found fault with the use of the word "Trinity" because not to be found in the Bible—but the question about the word is not important, if the truth known by that name is there. The word Trinity is the Latin for "The Three in One," slightly shortened, as all words much used are apt to be—just as, for example, the Good One has become God—and Latin words are often found used in religious matters, because of the early Missionaries to our forefathers; many came from Italy, and all were familiar with Latin, and often found it easier to teach their "Old English" converts a Latin name rather than translate its meaning into a new language. Very probably in the same way Missionary converts now learn to use the words "pulpit" or "lectern" from often hearing them used by their English teachers.

If you found a strong iron cupboard in your room, and believed that it contained something very valuable, you would long to open it—but which is the right key out of that bunch of rusty keys, of all sizes and shapes, that lies on the table? How can you find it out? By trying which key fits—and when you have got one that is neither too large or too small, which goes in easily, and turns round freely, and under whose action the door of the cupboard opens at once, you may feel sure you have got the right key. Just so the doctrine of the Holy Trinity—the threefold nature of the One God—is like the right key; for it fits all the "wards" of Scripture, suits all the requirements of the Bible statements.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find the words, "Let *us* make man." In Deuteronomy we find Moses warning the people of Israel against the mistakes of the heathen around, "Hear, O Israel, thy God is one God." Yet, again, we find in the Psalms King David

saying in prophecy, "The Lord said unto my Lord!" Then, in the New Testament, the veil is lifted up, the mystery is brought clearly before us. See! there flows the rapid river, the Jordan, hastening on its way through the lonely wilderness, with its wastes of sand and patches of stunted green. Yonder stands a tall figure, clad in rough camel's-hair garments: it is the great preacher and forerunner, John the Baptist. Filled with a sacred joy, he beholds his Lord and Saviour "fulfilling all righteousness," by condescending in humility to be baptized by the hand of His creature with the typical washing of that water which He had created. And lo! there is a glory and an illumination round (as we are told by an ancient authority)—the light, fluttering as the wings of a dove, descends, it is God the Holy Ghost manifesting Himself, even as God the Son was manifest—and, hark! the Baptist hears the voice of God—the Father—declaring, "This is My beloved Son!"

Again, listen to the great Missionary commission which our Saviour gives to His apostles before He departed hence—"Baptize them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And this solemn adoption of the Christian convert in the name of the Sacred Trinity, seems to find an echo in the apostolic form of blessing—"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

We are told in old Church history an interesting account of the way in which a great Missionary taught this central doctrine of Christianity. "Have you heard," said young O'Cathal, the youthful Irish chieftain, to his mother, "what happened yesterday? We assembled at the hill of Tara, and the king himself was there, with his crown of gold, and thick golden torques and chains around his throat—and all the nobles of the land were there, and the Druid priests.

"And a stranger came and asked audience of the king. He came from Gaul, and bore a staff in his hand, and his eyes were bright and piercing, but his smiles were gentle and sweet, and his looks were full of wisdom. He told us how he had been

taken captive when a boy, and had lived for years as a slave and herdsman upon the mountain of Slemish in the north of our island, and that though he had escaped, yet of his own free will he had returned, for he had a message for us. Then the king asked his name, and he said 'It was Patricius'—and the king bade him go on.

"Then he said he came from afar to teach us the true religion—that there was only one true God, and that it was true of Him, that He was God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. Then the king asked, 'How could this be so—how could He be Three and yet One?' Then this foreign teacher looked down on the ground, and after a little space stooped down, and found a little plant, and held it up to the king—and lo! it had leaves whereof three all joined in one, grown from a single stem—'See here,' he said, 'O king, how Heaven hath created a kind of grass growing in the soil at your feet, which doth set forth this sacred mystery, "it is three and yet but one."' And the king and the nobles have believed what the stranger hath declared—and the great ones of Erin will be within three days baptized into the faith of Christ the Son of God, whom Patrick doth preach, and they wear in their breast the green leaf of the shamrock, the emblem of the Holy Trinity."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE IV.

1. Where in the Prayer Book is the doctrine of the Holy Trinity set forth?
 2. What remarkable passages in the Scriptures declare this truth?
 3. What answer should we give to those who object to its mysterious character?
 4. Give examples of the Philosopher Locke's three classes of statements?
 5. Why Latin words (not in the Bible) are used in Prayer Book and sermons?
 6. What two different *kinds* of temptations assail Christians' souls?
 7. What is the earliest allusion in the Bible to the Holy Trinity?
 8. How does the narrative of our Lord's baptism illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity?
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 CLAUSE V.

“Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.”



THE Litany has been compared to some noble river which has a winding course, such as the Rhine, or the Rhone, where the scenery seems to be divided into different portions; each fresh turning of the stream opening up a new vista of hills and crags castle-crowned, and slopes green with vineyards, and the waters reflecting below in placid beauty the objects that stand around. The stream of supplication which has flowed thus far in the united voices of priest and people, here, as it were, takes a turn in its course, and, with a single voice, the officiating minister pleads for the people, and pleads with the Saviour Himself. It is often forgotten that this is a chief peculiarity of the *Litany*, that it is addressed in the principal part, and to a great degree, directly to our Blessed Lord and Saviour Himself. In this section this, its direct invocation of the Great Mediator, is marked by the address, “Lord,” as He said, “Ye call me Lord, and ye do well;” intensified in almost the next line into “Good Lord.” This appellation (which the rich young man in the Gospel story employed) is yet more identified by the allusion to the redemption of the people “by the blood of the covenant.”

This kind of prayer to the Second Person of the Sacred Trinity is also to be found in the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, and in certain Collects. There is something very beautiful in the confidence with which the Church here realizes the position of Jesus Christ our Lord as our Intercessor: so was it that St. Stephen, when in the midst of his martyrdom, beheld his Lord standing at the Right Hand of God as his Advocate!

“Remember not our offences.” Here we guard against one of the

most common errors of the human heart,—the ease and facility with which we forget our faults. Man has been aptly compared by some old writer, in this respect, to the foolishness of the ostrich, which, when pursued by the hunters, conceals its head in some bush or brake, and when it can no longer discern its pursuers, fondly imagines that its whole body must be hid ! So, because we forget our sins and errors, we are apt to think that they are no longer remembered by God. But that terrible imagery of the Revelation, of “The Books” to be laid open at the last great day, must lead us to unite heartily in this prayer, lest the evil deeds which we have long since let fade into forgetfulness rise up to condemnation !

The word “offence” means to strike at, or against ; it gives the notion of wilful sins, wherein we have attacked God, hit out against His laws, assailed His honour, and actively made war against His Kingdom. That such evil deeds are punished, sooner or later, is the experience of mankind, as set forth in many popular proverbs. “The mills of God grind very slowly, but exceeding fine,” or the classical expression, “that retribution, though lame and halting on its way, will surely come at last !” There is a striking story, which illustrates how the *vengeance* of the Almighty—that is to say, His retributive justice, overtakes the guilty—in His awful remembrance. The very finger of God sometimes seems to point out the murderer, and in spite of all his precautions, brings him to a just condemnation.

Many years ago a murder was committed in one of the seaport towns in the South of England. The murderer escaped by night, crossed the sea, and remained an exile from England for twenty years. Weary of absence, and confident of not being recognized, he returned.

On the day he landed, he strolled through the town, and just as he reached the outskirts a heavy storm of rain drove him to take refuge from the shower in a little roadside inn. Here he found another man sheltering likewise from the storm. They sat

by the fire chatting together for a while, as chance-met strangers often do. At length this man, leaving the newly-landed stranger by the fireside, went to the window to look out for some improvement in the weather.

As he stood there and watched the drops of rain coursing over the panes of glass, he remarked that the pane had been broken and repaired with a scrap of newspaper. To pass away the time he began to read this fragment : it contained an advertisement—it was twenty years old, however—an announcement of a reward of £100 offered for the apprehension of a guilty man—a murderer. He was described : height, colour, appearance, and peculiar scar on his brow, etc., etc.

Suddenly the thought struck him he had seen somebody who answered this description, and that *not* long ago ; and as he thought over it a strange idea flashed on him. He read over the description—went back to the fireplace—again returned to the window, and read once more the advertisement. Strange to say the description, colour, height, scar, etc., exactly described (time being allowed) the man who sat drying himself by the fire ! He went back, and by some adroit conversation drew from the stranger that he had only recently landed, and that he had been an absentee for twenty years. As these admissions seemed to corroborate his suspicions, he went out of the room, and told the landlord what he imagined ; who, after an examination of the scrap of paper and the man, also agreed with him. A constable was summoned ; nor could the stranger dare to prevaricate, for he was conscience-stricken. Other persons, who had known the guilty man in far distant years, were brought to the house. Their evidence was conclusive, and on the very night of his return the criminal was lodged in prison !

So marvellously does God sometimes carry out the punishment of the slayer of his brother-man. The sinner may forget, but God remembers. How needful, then, is it that we should pray, “Remember not our offences !”

But the next words bring before us a very solemn consideration—that we need to implore our Saviour that “*the offences of our forefathers* be not *remembered* to our condemnation.” There is here a reference to that passage in the Second Commandment, in which God declares that He “visits the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him.”

A labouring man, in a little village in Somerset, was one day asked by his clergyman why he did not come to Church, and he replied that he could not accept that statement in the Second Commandment, as it appeared to him unjust. The clergyman, in answer, told him that whether he liked it or not, the fact was undeniable, that the sins of the parents brought misery on their children, and he pointed out in his very own instance that his careless and drunken habits had resulted in his sons growing up poor, ignorant, and worthless persons. This law is by God’s arrangement stamped on human affairs—both as regards nations and individuals. Spain was once the most powerful and prosperous country in Europe—but the cruelty and avarice of her American conquerors and colonists brought down on the mother country a curse—and she sank, to become poor and despised, in the scale of nations. The France of Louis the XVth was the theatre of selfishness and immorality amongst the rich and the noble, and before the century closed the fearful tragedy of the Revolution was the result, and the guillotine saturated the soil of the palace gardens with the blood of royalty, nobility, gentry and clergy. The forefathers had treated the poor like brutes, the children found them to be indeed ravening wild beasts!

So with individuals. The drunkard does not only ruin himself, but very often entails on his children poverty, ill-health, and disgrace. The reckless, careless man not merely reduces himself to beggary, but his descendants have to labour perhaps on the very fields their grandfathers owned. The disgrace of shameful conduct does not only rest on the guilty person, but continues after his

death to mark with a stigma of reproach his innocent descendants. And the reason why God has thus ordered the course of human events in a way which at first seems to us unjust, is that we should feel that the result of our conduct does not end with ourselves. We have a heavy responsibility resting on us—the words we speak, the example we give, the deeds we do, may have far distant consequences. We cannot measure the evil one sin will set in motion.

There was once a party of men—smugglers—who were secretly carrying gunpowder in small casks over a mountain pass from France into Spain. After climbing up a very steep pass, they found that one of the barrels had not been properly closed, and had left a thin black track of gunpowder, marking their road for a considerable distance. The very thing which they were anxious should not be known. A short consultation was held, after which ten or eleven of them sat down on the powder kegs to wait whilst one of their companions was sent back down the pass to find out where the gunpowder began to leak out of the faulty cask. About two miles down the path the messenger found the place where the black line began, and stooping down, without thought of the result, he set fire to the train. The fire caught from grain to grain, ran along the ground as if a train had been purposely laid, and quickly reaching the place where the smugglers rested, it ignited the whole of the powder kegs, and blew the unfortunate band to pieces, with a tremendous explosion, which made the hills resound. The thoughtless stupidity of one man caused the destruction of the rest. And if we yield to a single temptation, commit one fault, it may ignite, and explode in many evil consequences we never dream of.

How needful, then, that we should pray, "*remember not the sins of our forefathers.*" Never was there a more striking example of this machinery of moral retribution than that which we see in the history of the Jews. When Pilate washed his hands and strove to shake off the weight of his responsibility, the excited crowd exclaimed, "His blood be upon us and our children." (St. Matt.

xxvii. 25.) Terrible words, which found their echo in the groans of misery which arose from Jerusalem, besieged by Titus, the Roman, and re-echoed through sixteen centuries or more in the wails and lamentations of a persecuted and despised race ; throughout Europe the scorn and victims of Christians who had little of their Master's forgiving spirit.

We know not how much evil our forefathers may have done, therefore we need to pray that the dark shadow of their guilt may not fall on us.

"Neither take Thou vengeance of our sins." Here the words, as it were, direct our gaze inwards, that we should not merely reflect on the errors of those who went before us, and who, it may be, had not our advantages, but that we should honestly acknowledge our own sins, and implore the Lord not *to take vengeance* on them.

There may be here room for some mistaken views of God's character. The word "Vengeance" may suggest that He is a harsh tyrant, who takes revenge on His enemies ! But we must consider that the root idea of this word is the Latin "*Vindicare*," "to lay claim to." The idea of infinite justice carries with it the claim that the wicked should be punished. Each sin, in the Bible language, calls to the Great Judge that it should be punished. "The blood of Abel cries to God from the ground." (Gen. iv. 10.) The poor and helpless look to Him as the Avenger of such as have no earthly help. By praying that God may not take vengeance on our sins we ask that the just condemnation which our iniquities have claimed by infringement of God's laws may not be exacted. God has chained together sin and suffering ; in the natural world the chain is a very short one, you place your fingers in the candle flame, and the pain of burning instantly follows. The child who has thus infringed the law of self-preservation is at once punished. But in the matters of the soul the chain is often longer, but still, sooner or later, as it is written, "Be sure your sin will find you out," comes the retribution, and it is only through prayer and repentance that God spares the *soul* that has sinned, but the earthly

penalties still remain, for as a great writer has said, "in the *physical* world there is no forgiveness of sins!"

"*Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people,*" at once reminds us of the passage in the prophet Joel (Joel ii. 17), which is familiar to us in the Epistle for Ash Wednesday, when the people are bidden to prostrate themselves in the great court of the Temple—in the day of solemn assembly. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the Porch and the Altar, and let them say, "Spare Thy people, O Lord."

The whole scene rises before our eye. The vast courtyard, crowded with the suppliant multitude, their white turbans bowed on the marble floors, overhead the blue eastern sky, behind the splendid Porch of Solomon, with its brazen pillars and rich decorations. In front, the great Altar, four square, and beyond, the roof of the Holiest place, all covered with golden plates, gleaming in the sunlight, and on a central platform, clad in his mystic robes, and with his jewelled breast-plate and tall mitre, the High-priest, and his attendant white-robed sacerdotal throng, chanting the Hebrew Litany, wherein they besought God to spare His chosen people. It is from this passage that the rule of the Church is taken, that the Litany should be sung from a small "fald-stool" or desk, placed between the door and the East End of the Church.

"*Spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.*" We here appeal to our Blessed Saviour with the prospect of His being our Great Judge at the Last Day, and we implore Him to recall to mind the position in which we stand towards Him. This is in the spirit of those pathetic prayers, which Moses poured forth on behalf of the Children of Israel, wherein he reminded God of all He had already done for His people. The word "redeemed" suggests to our thoughts our miserable state as the slaves of Satan, unless purchased by the propitiatory Sacrifice of our Lord. We are so accustomed to freedom, that it is difficult for us to realise a time when multitudes of persons dwelt in serfdom—and the abolition of slavery, the redemption of

the serf, was chiefly the work of the Church. Especially did she press on men of wealth and large estate the duty of "manumitting," or setting free their serfs when they lay on their death-bed, and were themselves about to appear before the Great Redeemer. And so good men also often acted. Here is an example from the old Records of Bath Abbey. "In this book of Christ is made clear (the fact) that Ælpick the Scott and Ægelrick have been given into perpetual freedom for the sake of the soul of Abbot Ælfsig." This Abbot died in 1087.

The touching scene of the setting free of the serfs has been described in one of his poems by Longfellow, and pictured by a well-known English painter, but to illustrate our subject more graphically it is here set forth for the young in a short tale.

"It was a summer evening, yet too light to kindle the lamp, and yet too dark to spin, and the good house-mother allowed herself a little well-earned rest in the great oak chair, which the loving hands of her children, Gilbert and Alison, had dragged with much labour, for it was too heavy for them to carry, beneath the great oak just outside the homestead, for there in the far west you could see the fading tints of the glorious sunset, all ruddy gold in wide seas, as it were, and dark purple promontories of cloud, and little fleecy islands floating across the light, and there came up a sweet fragrance from the new hay-mow, and all seemed very peaceful, and the children knew that the time and the place was good to win from the mother's lips some story of the old times, such as they loved to hear, and could only coax from her in rare moments of leisure.

"'And tell us a story,' asked Gilbert, and seated himself on a gnarled root of the oak. 'Tell us how grandfather Gurth came here, and about stern old Baron Raymond, and the kind young lord,' asked Alison, as she laid her head on her mother's lap.

"'Well,' replied her mother, 'it is long years ago, and yet I remember it, as if only yesterday—it was a summer evening like

this, and we were all called up to the Castle yard. I was then only about ten years old and kept grandfather's hand tight in mine—I felt so frightened. The Castle was quite new then. I recollect its being built. It took them four years, and ever so many masons were brought from far off. First they dug a great ditch round the rocky knoll near the river, and drew water into it, and then they piled the earth out of the moat into a high mound, and then they built the great keep. The walls were quite ten feet thick at the base, and after that a long line of walls and towers round the great courtyard, and the entrance gate with the two round towers on each side, and a draw-bridge, and a great iron grating, and huge oak doors, all studded with iron nails ; and my heart sank as I went in, for the Baron was a stern man—not a cruel or unjust man, but very hard, very cold ; and he would have things done to a moment, and exactly as he chose—and those who disobeyed him did not like to look in his face afterwards. Once I remember grandfather Gurth displeased him. He was only a serf then, and dared not leave his lord's domain. He had a little plot of garden ground, and the Baron thought he took too much heed to it and neglected his master's cattle, and he bade him go at once and plough it up, and he had to plough up all the garden—fruit, and flowers, and herbs—and I wept bitterly when I saw my favourite rose bushes torn up by the cruel glistening plough-share !

“ ‘ But if the Baron was harsh, his only son, the young lord, was very different—so kind, so gentle, with ever a sweet smile and a good word for all. And then he lay very sick. All the winter long he suffered from a hacking cough, and they hoped when spring came he would be stronger, for he was the only son, and the heir to all the broad lands round ; but, as the days went on, he grew even more pale and thin, and stooped, and could neither ride, nor walk, nor eat. And whether it was his own kind thoughts, or whether it was put into his mind by the Castle Chaplain, good Father Salvian, I know not, but he oftentimes pleaded with the Baron

to set free all the churls that were on the lands around belonging to him. But his father refused. "These English villains," he said, "be surly, obstinate men. See how they fought at Sen-Lac fight, under Harold and his Thanes, and they would fain cut our throats now if we had no walls and no men-at-arms!" But again he pleaded, and he coughed and coughed till his chest bled sore, and upon a time his father came into his chamber, and he held up his kerchief all red with his life-blood, and he prayed the Baron that as God did forgive poor souls for the sake of His precious blood out-poured on the Rood, so his father would grant him likewise to obtain thereby the freedom of all the serfs that would have been his own.

"At this appeal his father's heart yielded, and albeit he had suffered many things from English rebels, who had slain his deer and burned his farmsteads, yet he said it should be as his boy desired, and, therefore, were we all, young and old, called that day into the Castle yard. And the young lord was carried out and laid, all pale and white, on cushions on a settle, just where the sunshine still fell warm, and his lady mother knelt beside him, and oft gave him of a rare cordial. And Father Salvian placed before the Baron the strips of parchment all written over with black letters, and a page held the candle and the wax, and Baron Raymond stamped the wax with the pommel of his sword, for he could not write, and one by one we knelt before him and gave thanks, and many a blessing was invoked on the head of the good young lord, and he spake in a faint whisper a kind word to each, and gave us a silver penny, and bade us not forget him. And I never saw him again, for he died soon after, but I hope to see him amongst the saints of God, for he was a true saint. And then your grandfather got leave to break up and tyne in this bit of land on the edge of the forest, and this oak tree marks how far it used to come. And that is how we became free tenants of our lord's manor!"

"And be not angry with us for ever." The deep feeling of humility and contrition which marks the true Christian is here

set forth. Though he trusts he is one of those who have been redeemed by the "precious blood," yet he has no pride, no self-sufficiency, no expectation to step into a high position in Heaven, but willing to endure any probation, any waiting, if God *be not angry with him for ever*. And here, also, may we not see a gleam of hope for some who "have not sinned a sin unto death" (1 John v. 16), and for whom we pray that God may not be angry with them for ever?

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE V.

1. To which Person of the Holy Trinity is the Litany addressed?
2. What other passages in the Prayer Book are directly addressed to our Saviour?
3. What is meant by the word "offence?"
4. What is meant by "vengeance?"
5. Which of the Commandments is alluded to in this Clause of the Litany?
6. Explain why the result of sin is allowed to descend on others?
7. What is the quotation from Joel?
8. What is the meaning of a Fald-stool, or Litany Desk?
9. Explain and illustrate the word "redeemed?"

CLAUSE VI.

"From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the Devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation."



HIS "deprecation," as it is called, brings us to consider the darkest mystery in life; the blacker spot in the world—the existence of evil. Some people have tried to get over this difficulty—the existence of moral and physical evil in a world created by an infinitely good and wise God—by supposing that all evil is good in disguise. This may be true of many apparent ills. The desolating tempest may purify the air. A painful illness may imbue a person with a contented

spirit ; but this explanation will not meet such gloomy problems as the existence of Satan, or the hateful lust of sin and cruelty, which shines out with a lurid gleam in the characters of some bad men !

The best answer is that suggested by the celebrated Archbishop King : that the existence of evil is a necessary consequence of men, or angels, being endowed with the gift of free-will ! If you have no free-will, you are a mere slave, whose obedience is compulsory. If you are free to choose your path, you may take the wrong as well as the right way ! We start on the road of life ; God places on either side the hedges of duty. We long for the ripe fruit which hangs on the other side ; if we yield to our lower desires, we break through the fences of Divine Commandments, and guilt becomes the dark shadow of sin ! Thus we need pray that in the exercise of our will we may not choose that which is contrary to God's rules, and thus we pray, "*from all evil, good Lord deliver us.*"

But men have often been perplexed to note the distribution in this world of such evils as pain, sickness, and sorrow ; the adversity of the good, and, on the other hand, the prosperity of the wicked. An old tract of Hannah More's contains a conversation on this point between two carpet weavers. One, an infidel, argued that these evils showed that the world had no good God or wise Ruler. The other, a Christian, in reply, told him to look at the work on which they were employed. The carpet, as being woven on the loom, only showed a confused mass of patches and colours ; but "wait till it is finished, and turned on the right side, and we shall see the pattern in all its beauty of tints and design. So !" the Christian weaver fairly argued, "we now only behold the government of the world on the *reverse* side, but hereafter we shall see it on the *right*, and understand how all that seemed confused and perplexing to us was only working out a fair and well-designed pattern."

"*From mischief.*" This word has come to mean rather what is

foolish and injurious on a small scale, rather than great and serious evil, but we find that it originally meant a *bad result*. So we here pray not only to be kept from harm, but also from the evil consequences which may arise from our thoughtless acts !

There is an American writer, who illustrates this sad truth very forcibly by describing to us a child playing with fire. He is a thoughtless boy, the son of a settler, on the edge of one of the great forests. He amuses himself by lighting a fire, gathering sticks, and setting up a blaze. But there had been a long drought, the long grass is very dry, and catches the flame. It burns on till it reaches the forest. Then the fir trees catch the flame, the low drooping branches first, and then the trunks, full of turpentine. It becomes a tremendous fire. The forest for miles is one red, roaring mass of smoke and flame, leaving behind it nothing but the charred and blackened stumps. And now the conflagration reaches a little clearing on the other side of the forest, where stands a log hut, holding a family of little children. They hear the noise, they rush out and seek to escape, but they are surrounded by a fiery belt, and must perish. And all this destruction is the result of the careless act of a child !

"*From Sin*," is the next clause. This is the worst form of evil. When pain and suffering have done their utmost, the man who is strengthened by God's grace can still be patient, and even at intervals, perhaps, cheerful ; but amidst every enjoyment and every earthly blessing a man may be miserable if his conscience is accusing him of sin, and if the dark cloud of guilt covers his soul !

Krumacher, in a volume of German parables, describes in one of these the return of a long-absent son to his parents' home. They are rejoiced to see him, they do all they can to make him happy. They give feasts to celebrate his return, and surround him with happy young companions, but in spite of all their efforts to make him enjoy himself, they remark that a settled gloom and depression seems to rest on his spirit. At last his father affectionately presses him to say why he seems so joyless

and unhappy when the pleasant scene and the warm welcome of home are his. The young man at length replied : " O my father, *a sin lies* upon my conscience," and turned away with a heavy groan. All that life can offer of pleasure may be ours, but the cup of enjoyment will be embittered if the poison of sin is there !

" *From the crafts and assaults of the Devil.*" Here we are reminded of a terrible and alarming fact, the existence and work of the evil spirit—the personality of evil, once an Angel—then disobedient, and expelled, and now become the foe of God. The Spirit of iniquity is known to us in the Bible under various titles. He is the Serpent in Genesis ; Satan, the Accuser, in Job and Zechariah ; the Devil, or the Slanderer, in the Gospels and Epistles ; the great Dragon and Apollyon, the Destroyer, in the mystic roll of the Revelation. The work of Satan appears to be an imitation for *evil*, of the operations of God the Holy Ghost for *good*. The Divine Spirit breathes into the soul holy thoughts, lofty hopes ; the Evil One implants doubts and a poisonous crop of wicked desires and hateful thoughts.

Some writer says, " The heart of man is not only a garden in which some native weeds grow, but one wherein many have been planted by the hand of an enemy." The name here given to the Tempter, " the Devil," is significant. It is the translation of "*Διαβολος*," meaning, literally, " one who pierces through the reputation of another." Thus the Evil One casts out a sneering remark concerning Job before the Court of Heaven, " Doth Job serve God for naught ?" And when he is a being so malicious, it is to be expected that his purpose is to counteract the plans of God, and to seek to make us, like himself, the enemies of our Heavenly Father. His designs are carried out by cunning and deceitful methods which do not alarm, as well as by bold efforts, to break down our good resolutions. The Litany here uses the word "*craft*," which is a word shortened from " handicraft," and means that skill with which an artizan handles his tools, the mason his chisel, the carpenter his plane, the weaver his shuttle—the

readiness and exact adaptation of his strength to the work he is doing. This ability, which is the result of long practice and habit, is here ascribed to the Tempter in his dealings with men's souls. When we least expect his crafty temptations, he suddenly overcomes us, taking us unawares, which may be illustrated by a tale, founded on fact.

"Bertrand de Morlaix, the seneschal of the Castle of Domville, lifted his helmet from his head, and took a long breath of relief. 'The attack is over, and they have fallen back,' he muttered, as he watched the bands of men-at-arms slowly retreating from the edge of the moat, carrying with them their scaling ladders, and removing the dead and wounded. Bertrand was one of those soldiers of fortune who earned their bread by the sword in the frequent civil wars which desolated France in the middle ages, and now he was defending the strong castle of Domville against the Burgundians. That day a strong attack had been made, and had been met with as stubborn a resistance. Molten lead, huge stones, showers of arrows, had been poured down on the assailants from the battlements, and, in spite of their courage and numbers, they had failed to leap from the scaling ladders on to the parapets of the fortress, and had at last sullenly retired to their camp, beyond arrow flight.

"Bertrand, well-satisfied with the result, appointed a strong body of guards to watch the walls, saw to the care of those who had been wounded in the day's contest, called into the great hall the rest of his soldiers, and having allowed a sufficient time for food and talking, bade all lie down to rest, that they might have strength for the morrow. After once more ascertaining all was quiet and safe, and glancing with pride and satisfaction on the stalwart forms of his fighting men, as they lay in slumber, and with sword at his side, he, too, cast himself on an oak settle, and, with a feeling of security, fell asleep.

"For an hour or two he slumbered, when something roused him, and, without opening his eyes, he listened. Near him was a small

low door in the wall of the castle hill. He knew that it was bolted, and that it merely opened on a narrow stair in the wall of the keep. But now, as he listened, he fancied he heard behind the door the quiet but stealthy tramp of many footsteps. Though weary and oppressed with drowsiness, he sprang to his feet to find out what was the matter. But at that moment a loud trumpet blast woke all the sleepers, and rang through the vaulted hall. A hundred torches lit up the scene, and he perceived that the gallery, with its arched openings, was full of armed men, whilst the stern voice of their leader bade the occupants of the castle throw down their arms and yield at once! Unknown to its defenders, a secret passage led from a spot some distance from the castle wall, beneath moat and bulwark, into the very keep itself; and, led by a traitor, the enemies had thus entered in the silence of the night, and seized the fortress when all seemed secured."

So the treachery of our evil hearts admits the presence of the Tempter, and when we deem ourselves safe, we are overcome by his craft!

But sometimes *the assaults* of the Devil are open attacks upon our faith. Such was often the trial of the early Christians. Thus we read of the martyrdom of Polycarp, how the Proconsul tried to persuade him to abandon the faith, as in the quaint language of the old chronicler we are told how "Herodes and Nicetes called him to their chariot where they sat, and said, 'What hurt shall come to thee if thou say, by way of salutation, My Lord Cæsar, and do sacrifice, and thus save thyself?' But he at the beginning made none answer, but when they enforced him to speak, 'I will not do as ye counsel me I should.' But when he was to the judgment place, the Proconsul asked if his name was Polycarp? and when he said, 'Yea it was,' he gave him counsel to deny his name. 'Be good unto thyself, and spare thine old age, swear,' saith he, 'by the good fortune of the Emperor.' And again the Proconsul, arguing with him to spare himself from suffering, said, 'Take thine oath—deny Christ.' But Polycarp answered, 'Fourscore

and six years have I been His servant, and in all this time hath He not once hurt me. How then may I speak evil of my King and Sovereign Lord, who hath thus preserved me?" Thus did the Evil One, by the lips of men who had no reverence for truth, assault the constancy of the martyr. A few grains of incense, a few words of heathen adoration, would have been enough. But God was with His aged servant to strengthen him to "resist even unto blood."

"From Thy wrath." In these solemn words the Litany sets forth the most terrible darkness that can rest on a human soul! The Book of the Revelation speaks of "The wrath of the Lamb," that is, the just indignation of the Redeemer! It may seem perhaps for a moment that there is something inconsistent in speaking of the anger of the loving and merciful Saviour, but if we reflect, we shall see that a *holy* character must feel indignation against those who despise His Father's laws, and that a mercy which was indiscriminate would partake of mere weakness, not of Heavenly pity. It is the greatest proof of the power of sin that it can incur the just condemnation of Him who died to save men from its evil power! Our Blessed Lord wept over Jerusalem, but He was forced to pronounce its doom. "But ye would not" (St. Luke xix. 41-44), therefore "not one stone shall be left standing upon another."

"And from everlasting damnation." The last words of this clause are very awful! The Church, as it were, draws back the curtain, and displays to the trembling soul of the Christian the dangers about his path; the existence of evil, moral and physical—in God's world; the perils which result from our own want of thought and care; the fatal disease of sin; the powerful enemy concerning whose warfare the Sarum Primer uses the expressive phrase, "the awaitings of the Fiend;" and lastly, speaks of the righteous indignation of the Great Redeemer, called forth by the wilful sin of men, and the dark and gloomy chambers of guilt, punishment and woe, which are the consequences of impenitence.

There is, in these days, much talking, where silent thinking would be far better, on the awful subject of eternal punishment. But certainly here the Church seems to state her sorrowful conviction of the sinner's doom, and many are perhaps tempted to reason and reply, how can an eternal punishment be consistent with the infinite mercy of God, and not an unjust amount of penalty for the sinfulness of a brief life !

In the first place, let us ever remember that it is great presumption for us to set up *ourselves* as more compassionate than the All-merciful God. Next, let us find sufficient comfort and advice to cast away all doubts and difficulties by those grand words of Holy Writ, which satisfied the Patriarch of old (Gen. xviii. 25) : " Shall not the Judge of the earth do right ? " And lastly, let us recollect that the analogy of earthly things shows us examples of men refusing the offers of God's mercy, and hating all good, even to the end. And thus we can conceive of a similar exercise of a proud and sinful self-will likewise in a future world, keeping souls in that state of enmity against God which constitutes our chief idea of hell. It may be possible to illustrate this for the young by the following tale, so far as earthly may be compared with Heavenly things.

" Hugh Dacre was gifted with many talents, and entered on life with brilliant prospects. He was handsome, clever, agreeable, beloved by his younger brothers—the darling of his father's heart—but all these advantages were counterbalanced by a most proud and obstinate disposition. How noble was the old mansion where they dwelt, as for generations back their forefathers had done. The tall gables, the mullioned windows, the spacious courts with their green turf centres. The long galleries hung with quaint pictures, and filled with antique furniture, delighted the eye of a visitor, whilst around the house spread far and wide the picturesque park with its great oaks and green glades, and waving fern leaves, amongst which the stag tossed his stately antlers to the summer breeze. But though all seemed to offer Hugh Dacre

happiness, his own evil temper prevailed to darken the fair scene. One day he recklessly rode over the corn-field of an aged peasant. The old man came to his father, Sir Reginald, and asked for compensation. This he readily gave, but he felt that more was needed, and he desired the youth to acknowledge his fault to the poor man, whose little field he had trampled down. But the proud spirit of the young man rebelled. He answered his father with insolence. He treated the poor man's claim with haughty contempt. 'No one is worthy to inherit my lands,' said Sir Reginald, 'who is selfish and unjust.'

"But accusing his father of tyranny, and declaring that he would find his own happiness in his own way, the heir strode across the hall, and left his home for ever. He sought a far distant land, and there he dwells. His companions are rude and reckless men. Their habits are of dangerous toil and wild debauchery. Amongst them he lives a worthless, degraded life. Long years have passed since the self-willed boy left the threshold of his home and became a reckless wanderer in the West.

"And has nothing been done to bring him back? Yes; many a letter has he received, full of words of remonstrance, assurances of love and pardon, if only he will repent and return. But he receives them with a savage scowl. The entreaties of his good old father, on the edge of the grave, written in trembling characters, he tears in pieces with an oath, and grinds the fragments in the dust with his heel. By constant repetition of what he deems his unjust treatment, he hardens himself in his sullen pride; and if a remorseful thought occurs, he drowns all thought in the intoxicating cup. He is determined to live and die in his wilful banishment, and persuades himself that by remaining in his miserable and degraded life, he is bringing disgrace on his relatives, and at the same time showing his contempt for their entreaties."

Surely such a life as this on earth is an illustration of that wilful hatred of God and contempt of His mercy, which, by

the exercise of that awful responsibility of self-will, retains souls in eternal condemnation.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE VI.

1. What is the best answer that can be given to the difficulty of the existence of evil in a world created by a good and wise God?
2. Explain the parable drawn by the thoughtful weaver from the two sides of the carpet?
3. What was the original meaning of the word "mischief?"
4. Why is sin a worse form of evil than sickness and suffering?
5. What is the meaning of the name "Devil," by which the Tempter is called in the Litany?
6. How is the word "craft" suitable in describing the character of Satan?
7. What is the traitor within us, who admits the enemy Satan?
8. Describe the open attack of Satan, as illustrated by the martyrdom of St. Polycarp?
9. Why is it not inconsistent to speak of the wrath and indignation of our Saviour, and mention His own words of wrath in dooming Jerusalem to destruction?

CLAUSE VII.

"From all blindness of heart: from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us."



HERE is about the Litany a deep knowledge of the human heart and of its dark recesses. There is no flattery here, but with unerring fidelity the black spots of sin are portrayed and named, and we are instructed to pray for deliverance from their foul infection.

"*From all blindness of heart,*" is the first petition. We are reminded of the words of our Lord: "The light of the body is the eye, and if, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" (St. Matt. vii. 22, 23.) Conscience is the eye of the soul, and if that eye has lost its power of

discerning between good and evil, how hopeless is the state of that man! Yet often men will defend their evil conduct, or excuse their faults, by giving them some fine names—revenge is dignified as proper spirit; selfishness is called prudence; wicked wastefulness is named liberality. Yet this dim light of the deceived conscience is quite as dangerous in spiritual matters as the failure of the power of vision is to the body!

Some years ago a serious accident happened on a railway. There was an alarming collision of two trains—one, in rapid progress, dashing into the rear of another, standing at a little station. Several lives were lost, and many persons injured. But how was it caused? The signal-man declared that the red signal, as set by him, showed danger, and ordered delay. The engine-driver of the train, which rushed on against the other, swore with equal certainty that the green light was clearly visible, and authorized his speed and advance. At last the mystery was accidentally explained. The engineer was found to be colour-blind; his vision was defective; he could not discern any difference between red and green hues; and hence the fatal result.

And still more terrible are the consequences of that “blindness of heart,” which “calls evil good and good evil, that puts darkness for light and light for darkness.” (Isai. v. 21.)

There is a terrible story told of a couple of old people—fisher-folk, who lived in a miserable hut, somewhere on the coast of Cornwall. They had one son, but when only a boy he ran away to sea, and they struggled on for years in toil and want; but such discipline had, alas, only hardened their hearts, and made them ready to seek gain at any cost.

At last it happened that one evening, as they sat in gloom and misery, a knock came to the door. A stranger asked for shelter; said he was a sea-faring man, who had lost his way, but who could pay for his night's lodging. In the dim light of their scanty fire he sat and ate his supper, and talked of foreign lands, and of the long voyage, from which he had just returned, and shewed a bag

of gold, the hard-earned reward of his perilous life ; and then, throwing himself on the old folks' hard bed, slept in profound security.

But his aged hosts could not rest. The sight of the gold had inflamed their covetousness. First, in whispers, they talked of plunder, then they determined, as "dead men tell no tales," on murder. Their unconscious victim lay at their mercy. A blow—a groan—another stroke—and all was silent.

A hasty grave was dug by the old man, whilst the woman seized the bag of money, and stripped the body of the stranger to search for any other valuables. Stranger, I called him ; but, alas, the woman found on his arm a well-known mark, such as sailor boys often tattoo on their bodies. She recognised it at once, and then saw to her horror that it was their own long-absent son, who had returned to enrich their old age, whom, changed and bronzed, they had not known, whom they had murdered, and who, doubtless, would with the morrow have given them a joyful surprise, and whom, *in the blindness of their heart*, they had killed as a friendless stranger !

"*From pride.*" This is the second in the list of eight serious faults, against which in this clause we pray—a fault which it might be thought was only a danger to the great and rich, and yet so strangely weak is the human heart that often those who have least to be proud of are found to be the most conceited. It is, indeed, almost laughable to remark the way in which one mortal will separate himself from his brother mortals in the seclusion of his pride.

There are many stories told in the West of England of "the proud Duke of Somerset," who lived in the end of the 17th century, who required his own daughters always to stand in his presence, and even deducted a sum from her legacy because one of them ventured to sit down whilst he happened to take a short nap. Driving, it is said, in great state in his carriage and six horses through a Devonshire lane, his attendant out-runners came on a rustic, whom they told not to look at the duke, as he objected

to be stared at. But the sturdy Englishman would not be put down thus. "I shall look at him if I loike, and so shall my little pig too," and he raised in his arms the animal he was driving along the road.

How striking is the poem into which Longfellow has cast the legend of King Robert of Sicily. As this Norman King was in Church he heard the words of the Magnificat chanted by the clergy—"He hath cast down the mighty"—and in the insolence of his pride declared, "*No power* can shake *me* from my throne!"

Full of this haughty confidence he fell asleep in his stall, and when he awoke all was dark and still in the Sanctuary. He walked to the door and demanded that it should be opened. The gate-keeper regarded him with wonder, and asked who he was. His gorgeous clothing had become rags, his noble mien was changed to the appearance of a half-mad jester, whilst an angel bearing his likeness took his place on the throne. Wildly, passionately, he demanded his position, his sceptre, but none recognized him; all treated him as the mad jester, and when he grew more violent, drove him from the palace gates with taunts and blows. Often the Angel, in majestic dignity, would ask him, "Art thou the king?" and in his obstinate pride he would angrily answer, "I am! I am the king!" whilst all around ridiculed his claim.

And so three years went by under the beneficent sway of the Angel; the country enjoying wondrous rest and prosperity. Then came a journey to Rome at Easter, and even the hard and wilful heart of Robert was softened, as all around rejoiced at that Holy Festival; and when the Angel perceived that better thoughts were driving out the pride and haughtiness of the degraded monarch, he summoned him to an interview, and once more the angelic semblance of himself inquired, "Art thou the king?" Then, bowing his head, Robert, subdued at last, replied—

"Thou knowest best;

My sins as scarlet are, let me go hence!"

The Angel smiled, and through the open window came the chant,

“He hath put down the mighty from their seat : He hath exalted them of low degree,” and lo ! King Robert was alone, the Angel having departed, was arrayed once more in royal apparel, and found praying on his knees when his courtiers entered !

There is no room for pride in Heaven. The highest Saint, it has been well said, bends lowest beneath his weight of glory.

“What are the steps to Heaven?” it was asked of St. Augustine. “The first is *humility*,” answered the great theologian, “and the second, and the third.” So, too, the lark that rises highest in the air to sing its sweet song builds its nest upon the ground. “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.”

“*From vain-glory.*” The old use of the word “vain” was to mean “empty” and “unreal ;” and it is familiar to us all in the language of the Catechism, “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.” The empty and unsatisfying things which men pursue with such eagerness, to find them merely of very short existence, and too often leaving a bitter taste behind.

In ancient times this mingled vice and folly was conspicuous in the great and powerful. In fact, such men seemed to have become actually insane with vain-glory. This was seen in Helio-gabalus, the Roman Emperor, who commanded that his favourite horse might be fed out of gold, and receive Divine honours from the Senate.

But all the early Roman Emperors claimed to be more than human ; placed the word “Divine” on their coins, and had incense burned in their honour, and Christians were condemned to death, who would not swear “by the genius of Cæsar.” We all know the history of Herod, in the twelfth chapter of the Acts, how greedily he drank in the flattery, “not the voice of a man, but of a God,” and what a penalty followed !

But the principle of vanity and self-adulation, may find scope even in the lowliest position, and we need ever to try and implant in our souls such a sense of humility as was seen in the saying of Bradford, who was one of the Marian sufferers, on beholding a

criminal passing to execution, "There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God." Or, in the anecdote of St. Francis, who, when his friend, Ruffinus, was assuring him of the high estimation in which he was held by Heaven, replied, "that he himself was the wickedest of mortals." "How can that be," said Ruffinus, "when you lead so holy a life, and so many men are thieves and murderers?" "Because," said St. Francis, "if God had done so much for them as He has for me, they would be far more grateful, and if I had met with their temptations, I should have been worse."

"*From hypocrisy.*" There is no vice so generally despised as this, and in its worst examples we can easily see how detestable it appears.

Take, for example, the conduct of the "Thugs," who were a race of murderers and thieves in India some half-century ago. They lived on plunder, and wandered about from place to place, seeking their prey. Their custom was for a small company of the Thugs to join themselves to an unsuspecting family, to share their food with them, and act in so friendly a manner as to disarm any fear, and then suddenly the Thugs twisted their unwound turbans round the throat of their victims, and having rapidly choked them, they plundered their bodies, and took possession of all they had!

But whilst all must hate the hypocrisy with which they treacherously deceived their unsuspecting companions, the danger and the temptation to this serious fault does not in real life often appear in so odious a form, and many persons, who are really hypocrites, have not the faintest idea that any such character attaches to them! To understand this it is necessary to remember that originally "hypocrite" had merely the meaning "actor." The playwright, who in the drama assumed to be King, or mighty person, and "strut his little part upon the stage." But to be a good actor it is needful to throw one's whole self into one's part, and for a time to forget one's real character and position.

So in life, we often fall into the same habit; we assume virtues

that we do not possess ; we talk in the language of religion and virtue, but in truth we act from low motives, and we are satisfied to talk of great and good things without doing them.

But by degrees we manage to deceive ourselves. We feel as if we were religious ; we suit our words to a decent profession ; we become, as the sarcastic poet says, "A fair, good Christian in the *outward* part." But this self-conceit grows upon us ; we become unconsciously complete hypocrites, and thus hypocrisy serves as an armour which resists the arrows of conviction, and "lets our souls rot asleep to the grave."

"*From envy.*" Here is another of the dark plague spots which ruin the nobility of the soul, and which stamp upon the man an impress of meanness and degradation. The old fable of Hercules tells how he had to contend with the hydra, a many-headed serpent, that as fast as he destroyed one head another sprung into life. So with the evil passions of the heart, when one is subdued another rises up and takes its place. It needs the constant grace of the Holy Spirit to root out all sin from the too congenial nature of man.

What an example of an envious spirit was the feeling which Haman entertained against Mordecai, the upright Jew, who alone would not bow before him, and who found all his grandeur full of bitterness, because he saw the hated Hebrew sitting at the gate ! (Esther v. 13.)

Envious men have wrought much evil in the world's history—their effort ever being to raise themselves by lowering others. The enemies of Columbus, according to the well-known tale, tried to lessen his fame by saying that anyone else might have made his discoveries, when he held them up to ridicule by asking them to balance an egg on one end, and when they failed, showed them how easily the feat was done by cutting off a small portion. Any man, he argued, may think of an expedient, but it is only the bitterness of envy that denies just praise to the one who thinks of it at the right moment.

"From hatred." The passion of hatred is deeply-rooted in the heart of man, nor is it wholly evil, for it is a just feeling to have a wholesome and a holy hatred of what is vile and wicked. But such a feeling is better named indignation ; the passion against which we have to pray is the natural outcome of the human heart. We are injured, and in a moment we flame out with a vehement desire to return that injury on our aggressor. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," exactly meets this disposition, and as we ponder over our injuries we become more and more embittered. The desire of revenge burns with an intense flame, and it is strengthened with the back-bone of an evil pride. "I never forgive ;" as though the persistence of a wrong feeling gives it dignity and grandeur ! From these feelings of hatred may God deliver us. How terrible when the wild hatred of multitudes is aroused—race against race, as it was in the Sepoy mutiny—or class against class, as it was in the French revolution. In such cases how the innocent and the weak suffered. How the cruel and the brutal seemed for a time to triumph. Take for a moment a scene from either human tragedy ; glance at some account of the Indian mutiny. Everything appears peaceful. The Sepoys profess fidelity. Their English officers, who have commanded them for years, feel every confidence in them. They turn out in good order on the parade ground—the word of command is given—their muskets are levelled, and suddenly they are aimed at their own officers, and a horrible scene of treachery and carnage begins—the deadly fruit of long-concealed hatred of the white man !

Or read some history of that terrible outbreak of popular fury—the French revolution. Many years before that time the great thinker, Bishop Butler, walking in his palace garden, at Bristol, had said how fearful a thing it would be if a whole populace were suddenly seized with madness ! And such seemed the case when the nobles, the priests, the gentry of France, were daily massacred at the guillotine ; when the victims of popular displeasure were in the "Noyades" at Nantes stripped naked, and crowded into

leaking boats, till they perished in the waters of the Loire; when these horrors were the song and the jest of the crowd—then was seen the full extent of that inhuman *hatred* of class against class, from which we pray God to deliver us.

“*From malice.*” This is one of the darkest and vilest recesses of the soul. Men will allow that they are revengeful or passionate, but they would be ashamed to confess to malice. So low and mean an aspect of ill-will—a concentrated essence of hatred—a malicious spirit rejoicing in the misery and misfortune of an adversary, which would touch a nobler heart with remorse, or pity. It was malice that exhibited itself in all its odiousness as Fulvia thrust her hair-pins through the tongue of Cicero, when the head of the great orator was brought into her presence.

The malicious man is defined by the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, as one who rejoices in the injuring of others without cause for his enmity. It was an example of malice when the good seed was found to have had tares planted amidst it. (St. Matt. xiii. 25.)

Still more malicious was the cruel thought, which a year or two ago, in Ireland, made some man sprinkle a meadow with hundreds of pins, to injure any animals that might graze there, because of a dispute about its tenancy.

“The Sheik Abdallah dwelt peacefully in his tents on the edge of the wide Arabian desert, and strove to live without offence to others, but from his character for wisdom and justice he was often appealed to, that he should act as arbiter in disputes and little quarrels; and acting, as he always did, with strict fairness, he could not avoid offending those who were in the wrong. Ali, a worthless wretch, was one of these, and when Abdallah had decided against him, in a case where he had tried to cheat another, he became a deadly foe of the Sheik. Against so powerful and much respected a man he dared do nothing directly, but as he lounged about, nursing evil thoughts of revenge, he noticed Abdallah’s young son leading up to his father’s tent the graceful little foal of his favourite mare. Their horses are, as all know,

the chief possession and pride of the Arabs, and Abdallah was no exception. The boy coaxed up the pretty creature to his father's side, and there it stood, with bright eye and glossy skin and waving mane, receiving with conscious pride the caresses of its owner.

"But, alas! the sight only aroused evil thoughts in the malicious heart of Ali. Here was a way in which he could wound the heart of Abdallah, and find a means of gratifying his malice. That night all seemed safe, and the horses tethered in their places appeared secure. But next morning Abdallah was awakened by the bitter sobs of his boy, who, half-choked with indignation, told him that their little favourite, the Arab colt, that had the day before been so full of grace and speed, lay in agony with one of its legs broken by a blow from a huge stone, and beyond all hope of recovery!"

After such foul deeds are done, and to discover or convict the guilty person is impossible, we go on our way with a painful, haunting sense of being at any time the victim of some enemy! How comfortable the thought that when earthly defences are vain we can yet turn to God, not only to keep us from malicious inclinations in our own hearts, but to *deliver* us from the *malice* of our enemies.

"*And from all uncharitableness.*" Throughout this clause we must remember that we pray for deliverance from these evil qualities and sinful dispositions in *two* respects. We must ask God to keep us from indulging in them ourselves, and we need to ask that we may not be sufferers from them in the characters of others. We need to pray that we ourselves be not full of pride and vain-glory, hypocritical and malicious; but also we must seek that, by God's protection, we may not suffer from the pride, malice and hypocrisy of others. We ought to pray to be ourselves charitable, and also that we may not be made miserable by the want of charity in those with whom we have to live. Some old writer tells us that the Egyptians painted or symbolised Charity as a little child, unadorned, and holding his heart in his hand, giving honey to a bee that "wanteth wings," which was

explained thus—that charity is childlike and humble; naked, because the charitable man careth not for ostentation; with his heart in his hand because he is a cheerful giver; bestowing honey on the bee, not on the drone, because he would relieve the poor, and not the lazy; and the bee having no wings signifies one willing but unable to work for himself.

One would think that those who were rich would always be glad to be charitable; but often, alas, it seems that riches harden the heart. The story is told of a miserly Scotchman who, when there was a collection in the parish church, intended to give only a penny; but as he placed the coin in the plate, to his horror he saw that it was a crown piece. He asked for it to be returned, but the collector had no idea of letting him escape; so he had to gulp down his disgust at his own mistake by expressing a hope that he would get credit for it above. “Nay,” said the alms-gatherer, “you will only have credit for the penny you intended to give!”

There is a sort of “charity,” which is no better than uncharitableness, when it is extorted from a grudging heart, or only bestowed to get rid of a troublesome claimant.

There is an amusing account given of a missionary meeting, held long ago, amongst the negroes in some West Indian plantation, where those present bound themselves by three resolutions—that they would all contribute something; secondly, that they would give according to their means; thirdly, that they would give cheerfully. Presently an old man stepped up to the table where the committee sat to receive the offerings, and put down a small coin. “Dat is according to de first resolution,” said the presiding negro, “but not according to de second,” and returned it to the donor. By and bye, he came up again, and flung down a dollar. “Take it back,” answered the chairman, “dat is according to de first and de second but not to de third resolution.” The rebuke had its effect, for before the end of the meeting the old negro tendered his money under a better feeling, with cheerfulness and pleasure.

It is remarkable that the charity which attained our Saviour's highest commendation was that of the poor widow, whose whole living was but a mite. It is not the quantity but the quality of our gifts that God regards. But when the Litany adds the word *all* uncharitableness, surely it is to teach us the sin of that hardness and want of feeling, which shows itself not only in neglecting to help those in want, but which is very common—that disposition which takes an unkind and harsh view of others' characters and acts; which always forms the worst opinion of men's motives.

We ought to observe that when St. Paul gives his famous portrait of "charity," or Christian love (1 Cor. xiii.), he dwells on these characteristics—"Thinketh no evil;" "Believeth all things; hopeth all things." It is strange to observe the effect of light and shade if you travel through a mountain country on a winter day. What a change comes over the whole scene when some black cloud casts all into gloomy shadow. How bright and cheerful is the aspect of the landscape under a bright gleam of sunlight! So do human characters vary when they are regarded by Christian sympathy from their appearance when looked at through the medium of an uncharitable temper.

Thus, through these petitions, we pray against these errors, growing like evil weeds, in our own hearts; and, at the same time, we entreat that we may not suffer from them as developed and existing in the hearts and lives of others—that we may be ourselves humble, loving, charitable, and also not be the victims of that pride, hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness, which does so much to make the world around, and the heart within, miserable and unhappy.


QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE VII.

1. What is meant by blindness of heart?
2. The original meaning of the word "vain"?
3. Who were denounced as hypocrites by our Lord?
4. Give an example of envy from the Old Testament?
5. How does Aristotle define malice?

6. Explain the twofold meaning of the prayer against uncharitableness?
7. What charitable action received our Saviour's highest commendation?
8. What promise is given to whosoever shall give "a cup of cold water" in His Name by our Lord?
9. What is the teaching of St. Matt. xxv. on charitableness?

CLAUSE VIII.

"From fornication, and all other deadly sin; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil, good Lord, deliver us."

"ROM Fornication." The Litany here bids us pray to God to be delivered from a sin which was very common in the heathen world, and which heathenism looked upon as an unimportant fault. And here we see, in the first place, how the religion of Jesus Christ our Lord was a great power to raise the whole moral tone of the world, and to teach the blessedness of purity (Matt. v. 8), to which a special reward is promised—"they shall see God."

Archimedes, the old sage who first discerned the mechanical properties of the lever, was so delighted that he boastingly said that with a sufficient fulcrum he could raise the world. This difficult task the example and teaching of our blessed Saviour has accomplished in the moral world. He has taught us to reverence our bodies as the temples of the Holy Ghost. (1 Cor. vi. 19.) He has strictly forbidden all that degrades us below the level of the brutes. He has elevated the position of woman from being either a toy or a slave into a position of affectionate equality, and He has prohibited any home to be formed, or union of man and woman, without the sanction of God and the laws of our country in holy matrimony. The doctrine of the resurrection of the *body* for future glory, and the belief that in baptism our bodies are consecrated and belong to God, have taught the Christian

to look on his body, not as an instrument for sin, but as a means of serving God, and doing honour to his Redeemer. In illustration of which the following allegory may be related :

“A certain king devised a precious gift for his royal son. It was planned with the utmost ingenuity and skill. Every part had the greatest care lavished on it. The interior contained a jewel that shone with a mystic and unquenchable glow of light ; but the very casket, even in its outward part, was of the rarest beauty, and chased and embossed and decorated with wondrous care and art. This casket he entrusted to a messenger, commending it to his fidelity, and bidding him, as a loyal servant, to let no harm happen to it. With many promises the messenger departed. Alas ! his fidelity was soon tried. The journey was long, the hardships great, and when the hope of succeeding in his mission grew faint, he met with robbers in the mountains. These were evil counsellors, they persuaded him to break open the casket, to use the gold and gems for his own enjoyment ; and lastly (instead of preserving it in its perfection untouched), to leave the casket to be battered and defaced, and used for any common purpose in that cavern where he continued to dwell with those evil men, instead of pursuing his journey to the palace of the king’s son.”

The interpretation of which is that God is the Great King, man is the messenger to whom He entrusted the wondrous-wrought casket, his body containing the jewel of the soul, shining with the radiance of Heaven. He has to convey this casket untouched and unblemished, through the journey of life, to Heaven, the palace of the Redeemer. But on the way he meets with the band of robbers in the mountain. These are the evil passions of our fallen nature, and they persuade him to forget that his body belongs to God. They lead him to spend his time and powers in sinful self-indulgences, and his body becomes, instead of a holy and precious gift for God’s service, a profaned and dishonoured thing.

“*And all other deadly sin.*” Some persons have objected to the distinction here made, whereby certain sins are called “deadly.” They have said that *all* sin is the transgression of the law, and so causes the death of the soul. But it may well be replied that the distinction here made is borrowed very naturally from the similarity of body and soul : that just as we find there are diseases of various character, some which only give pain and inconvenience, but are not fatal in their consequences, and others which assail the vital portions of the frame and produce death, so we may distinguish between those errors which are of less guilt and those transgressions which are so serious, so wholly contrary to the plainest commands of God, that unless quickly renounced and deeply repented of, must bring ruin on the soul of the sinner, and are therefore well-named “deadly.” “There is a sin unto death,” says St. John (1 John v. 16), thus in plain words drawing the distinction which we are trying to explain.

An Eastern legend says that a certain king came with his host to subdue a rebellious city within his dominions. When the critical day came, and from their tall battlements they beheld the advancing banners of the royal army, all hearts were filled with excitement. The king was indeed come. Then the royal heralds drew nigh, and, with trumpet’s note, exhorted the rebel citizens to yield, and return to their allegiance, and gave warning that on the first day of the siege the royal tents would be draped in *white*, to show that mercy was offered ; on the second day the colour would be red, to signify that justice would be mingled with mercy ; but on the third day the tents and flags would be all arrayed in black, to show that the time for pardon was past, and only vengeance remained.

Thus Holy Scripture sets forth to us some sins as so evil in their character, so hateful in their consequences, that the Great King, the Almighty God, has, against those who continue in them, set forth the gloomy ensigns of condemnation and ruin, and declares them to be “deadly.” And here we see the necessity

for the Christian to watch against that self-flattery which would comfort him with the thought that his faults are only venial, "only little sins," for it is of the nature of sin to grow fast. By habit and repetition little sins become habitual sins, habitual sins become master-passions!

A celebrated preacher is said to have illustrated this truth by describing a despotic monarch, who one day summoned to his presence a brawny smith. "Make me," he commanded, "a chain of great weight and many links, and I will give you your reward." And the smith went to his forge and wrought a strong chain, thinking that it was doubtless intended for one of his enemies. When he brought it to the tyrant, he bade him make it yet stronger and heavier, so that there could be no chance of its fetters being broken. He did so, and when the massive coil of links was again brought before the king, with a harsh laugh of scorn he bade the artificer of the chain be bound and fettered with his own work and cast into a dungeon.

So does Satan lead us on to forge the little sins, which are the individual links, till at length the chain of a wicked habit is formed, and, bound by its strength and bent by its weight, the wretched and deluded sinner is dragged down to hell, and there finds his retribution in the result of his own evil actions.

"*From all the deceits of the world.*" The world is here taken to mean the opinions—the practices and the influence of the society in which we live. In early Christian times this was so pervaded with evil, that St. John declares "the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 St. John v. 19); but the efforts of Christianity for eighteen centuries have done much, far more than is generally thought, to purify and elevate the tone of thought and opinion in Christian lands. Yet still there remains a very real and serious danger that we may be deceived into taking the opinion of our neighbour, instead of the law of God, as our guide and standard of morality! The deceitfulness of popular language illustrates the risk we run of being misguided.

Thus in Latin the word virtue was degraded to mean mere strength and courage. How often we hear easy, pleasant terms applied to faults which ought to be sternly condemned, and it has been sarcastically said, that if only we keep from thieving and murder, and have plenty of money, the world will be very lenient to all else!

Beware of the "deceitfulness" which makes us take base metal, gilded over with a fair show of the world's opinions, for the sterling gold of God's truth.

A writer of the last century tells us of a simple village girl, whose curiosity was strongly aroused by a gipsy fortune-teller. The cunning woman—we can picture her with swarthy countenance and piercing black eyes, taking measure of the foolishness of the rosy-cheeked servant-girl, and dropping mysterious hints of a rich stranger, a silken gown, and marriage bells. But nothing clear could be foretold unless her hand was crossed by coins. Artfully she found out that a little store of money was in the girl's possession—her hoarded wages and her grandmother's last gift—and so by degrees it was found needful that five pieces of gold and ten of silver must "cross" the gipsy's hand the next night when the new moon rose. The simple girl was persuaded to do all this.

In the misty night the coins were given to the old gipsy, and after being in her hands some time were apparently returned, and, a brilliant fortune having been foretold, she crept back to the house; but when next she went in daylight to count over her money, in preparation for some purchase, she found the number of coins there, but strangely light in weight, and dim in colour. She discovered that she had been deceived, and worthless counters given back to her in the place of real money. So men find that many of the seeming prizes of the world are in reality little worth.

Solomon, in the Book of Ecclesiastes, tells us how he tried all that this world could give of riches and honours and enjoyments, and all ended in dissatisfaction and weariness. They can give

little lasting pleasure, and even whilst we enjoy them we feel that they are transitory.

Old Rutherford, the celebrated Scotch preacher, illustrates this transient nature of all earthly pleasures by describing a colony of rooks building their nests on the tall tops of a grove of trees, not knowing that they are all "marked" to be cut down, and in a few days the axes will ring against their stems! Such is the case of those who trust to "the deceits of the world," and are not wise for eternity!

But there is a yet greater danger before the Christian—the *deceits of the flesh*. No outward foe so perilous as a traitor within the walls. By "the flesh" is meant our lower nature, which demands the gratification of all its desires, and which needs to be disciplined and controlled by conscience.

The man, for instance, journeys along the dusty road. He is hot and thirsty, and when his eye catches sight of the clustering grapes that hang over the garden hedge, the natural craving of the body is to pluck and eat them; but conscience points out the fence, and duty says "Thou shalt not steal." Thus through life there is a constant struggle between the cravings of the flesh and the dictates of conscience—educated by the voice of religion. A man, who allows himself to be wholly guided by "the flesh," or lower part of our nature, is as though a human being had been chained to a wild beast, which dashes away with its wretched companion, and drags him headlong over a precipice!

Nothing is more common than to see "the deceits of the flesh" entrapping their victim in the case of the drunkard. At first he does not even dream of drunkenness or degradation; he only seeks enjoyment in the glass, or, as is even more frequently the case, a little forgetfulness of his cares. This he seems to find; he is deceived. He thinks he is obtaining comfort when he is forming the habits of intoxication. By and bye the physical disease is created of a constant craving for strong drink. It becomes his master, his tyrant; he cannot, humanly speaking, break off its

bondage. On the altar of the Moloch of drink, he sacrifices his health, his happiness, his respectability, the welfare of his family, his hope of Heaven; and sinks, unwept and unhonoured, into the drunkard's grave; another victim to "the deceits of the flesh."

"*From the deceits of the Devil*" is the third fatal peril, for deliverance from which we pray at the conclusion of this clause.

An old writer says the heart of man is not only like a garden with many a weed naturally growing in it, but one where a malicious foe is ever casting over the fence the seeds of poisonous and prolific weeds. We have not only to take heed that we be not deceived by the attractions of an ungodly world, which urges us "to go with the stream;" "to take our chance with the multitude;" not only to keep watch and ward over our own lower nature, lest, as someone says very quaintly (we being made up of a beast and an angel), the brute get the dominion, but we have to contend against the subtle power of the Prince of Darkness. There is ever need to be prayerful and on our guard.

During the war with the French in Canada, more than a hundred years ago, an English detachment was encamped on the edge of one of the great American forests. A chain of sentinels was duly posted every night. The farthest was near the skirt of the wood; but on the very first night this outpost man disappeared. The next night another soldier took his place, having strict directions to fire his musket at any sign of danger; but he, too, disappeared without any signal. The third night it was the same. The men were seriously alarmed at this strange occurrence, and a young officer volunteered to take this post of danger. Full of vigilance, he took his solitary position, and leaning his back against a solitary tree standing out a little from the forest, he watched intently for any unusual sound, but all was still; and when an hour had passed without the slightest cause for alarm he felt his vigilance relax, and a slight feeling of

drowsiness came over him, from which he was roused by a slight rustling of the underwood, and looking in that direction, he saw a wild hog browsing on the edge of the forest. Sometimes the beast raised its head and gave a grunt, sometimes it stopped to pick up the nuts that lay on the ground, but slowly approaching him. After convincing himself, by a long inspection, that it was merely a wild hog out of the woods, he was about to turn his gaze away, when, in the faint moonlight, a slight gleam caught his eye! What could it be? At last it flashed on his mind that it was the gleaming steel of a tomahawk, and that weapon was in the hand of a disguised Indian. He took aim, and fired his musket, when a deep groan revealed that it was a red Indian, in the pay of the enemy, covered with the skin of a hog, and imitating all its movements, who thus managed to creep up close to the unsuspecting sentinels, and then striking them down unawares, dragged back their bodies into the forest.


This story of the device of a deadly foe thus defeated by a wary soldier may teach us the value of our Saviour's warning, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation" (Matt. xxvi. 41), and the echo of the Apostle (1 Pet. v. 8), "Be vigilant, for your enemy goeth about seeking whom he can devour."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE VIII.

1. How has Christianity taught us to reverence our bodies?
 2. Why are some sins called deadly?
 3. What is meant by "*the world*" in Scripture?
 4. What is meant by the flesh?
 5. What names are applied to the Evil One in Scripture?
 6. What is the meaning of the name Satan?
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CLAUSE IX.

“From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.”

HE Litany here reminds men of the various dangers around us. Some which arise from the forces of nature; some yet more terrible, which come as punishments from the hand of God; and lastly, those which originate from the fierce and angry passions of mankind. The peril first mentioned is the thunderstorm, with its arrows of electric fire. In hot and sultry weather the electric fluid gathers in force in the atmosphere, and after the black clouds are relieved by the rolling thunder and the lightning flash, we find the air clear and refreshing. But there is a terrific power of destruction in the thunder-bolt, which can lay low the lofty spire, or tear its way through the thickest walls, and in an instant convert the living, breathing frame of man into a shrivelled and blackened corpse.

In the life of the well-known Martin Luther, we read that he sheltered under a large tree with a young companion during a great thunderstorm, and a flash killed his friend. The shock greatly alarmed Luther—filled him with serious thoughts, and led him to enter a convent!

The Poet, Pope, wrote an epitaph on two young people, who were killed at the same moment in a harvest field, at Stanton Harcourt, near Oxford, in the year 1718. They were sheltering under a heap of barley, when a terrific peal of thunder was heard as if close at hand; and when their fellow labourers called to them there was no reply; they had been instantaneously killed! Their marriage banns had been given out, and their excellent character and sudden death caused much sympathy to be felt. A monument was raised to their memory, and the inscription engraved

on it was from the pen of that Poet, who was staying in the neighbourhood at the time—

“ Near this place lie the bodies of
John Hewet and Sarah Dun ;
An industrious young man,
And virtuous maiden, of this parish ;
Who, being at harvest work,
Were in an instant killed by lightning,
The last day of July, 1718.”

“ Live well and fear no sudden fate,
“ When God calls virtue to her grave ;
“ Virtue, unmoved, can hear the call,
“ And face the flash that melts the ball.”

Even a more striking example of the sudden summons which the lightning's flash can give happened only a few years ago. A young nobleman from England, with his beautiful bride, had reached Switzerland, and were enjoying the glorious scenery of the Alps. Youth, wealth, rank—all that the world can give, was theirs—and better still, goodness and affection. As one day they climbed up a mountain, the lady grew weary, and sat down to rest—her husband and the guide proceeded a little way farther towards the summit.

All around seemed safe, and without danger, and only a few black clouds in the blue sky. But as they returned—half-an-hour had not passed—there was a slight roll of thunder resounding through the hills. They hastened back, lest she should be terrified, but they found her past all alarms—without scorching or disfigurement—but the pure young soul called home by the electric shaft to the presence of God. Tenderly, all of her that was mortal was borne to the Alpine village near, and since that sad day a great marble cross has been set up, to commemorate her death and to remind all how unexpectedly God sometimes calls the young and the beautiful to pass by a strange gate into the life everlasting !

“ From *tempest*, good Lord, deliver us.” Here is another word

of awful significance. We seem to hear the howling storm, the crashing of the branches, or the fierce surges of the sea, as the breakers leap on the strand, and the recoiling waters draw down the submerged pebbles.

Many a story could be told of storms and tempests, tornadoes and whirlwinds, scattering death and destruction on the poor sailor as he clings to his broken mast, or the helpless cottagers as they crouch beneath the ruins of their shattered home! And often amidst such dangers God has remembered mercy; amidst judgment, and by wonderful preservations, has sent men back with thankful hearts to their homes! In this way a remarkable deliverance occurred only a few days before these lines were written. A large coal barge (called a keel in the north-east of England) was on a voyage along the coast—the captain had taken his wife and two little daughters with him—whilst they were below, in a sudden squall the vessel turned over—those on deck were swept away. The day after, the barge, floating bottom upwards, was noticed by a passing steamer. With a view to “salvage,” and no one dreaming that ought living remained, a rope was attached, and the wreck was towed into the harbour at Hull. After a considerable lapse of time, as someone was looking at the barge, still keel upwards, they thought they heard a faint knocking within. A hole was promptly sawed in the hull, and the poor woman was found still alive, but fearfully exhausted. When the vessel upset and partly filled with water, there was still left a space of air—her head was just above the water line, and she survived in this floating tomb—her children clinging to her—and was unable in any way to find a deliverance, or obtain help, till rescued after many hours of suffering, as before mentioned.

Next the Litany goes on in solemn accents to implore God to deliver us from the deadly woes which He has sometimes seen fit to allow in desolating fury to fall upon the nations. “From *plague*, pestilence, and famine, good Lord, deliver us.” The word “*plague*,” from the Latin “*plaga*,” means a wound, or

stroke—it is the infliction of a sore judgment—and the stroke may fall either in the form of disease or pestilence, or in that of dearth and famine. We are reminded of the passage in the life of King David, when he had offended God by numbering the people, and had the choice of three kinds of national misfortune. To fly before their enemies for three months ; or, three days' pestilence ; or, three years of famine ; and the king with a bleeding heart scarce knew which was the worst of these terrible afflictions.

The oriental cities, with their fatalism and their filth, have been the cradle of those dreadful pestilences, which, advancing westwards, have marked their march by the death of thousands.

Such was the "black death," which crossed Europe in the fourteenth century. Historians tell us that the amount of wages paid to labourers has never been so low since that disease swept away multitudes of our people, and left labour scarce ! In the city of Norwich 40,000 persons are said to have died ! In Bristol the busiest streets became grass-grown ; the citizens were shunned by all country-folk, and for four centuries the name of "Pitch and pay" was attached to a stone at the distance of two miles, where the townfolk placed their money in a vessel of vinegar in return for the country commodities which were left at a safe distance for their use.

At the period when the Litany became familiar to Englishmen in its English form, under Henry the Eighth, men would, as they heard this clause, think of "the sweating sickness," which was a very fatal pestilence. In the time of Elizabeth there were terrible seasons of the plague, which seems to have come from the East. The last and most fearful visitation was that in 1665. We all are familiar with the account in English history of the houses in London being marked with the red cross to tell of infection, and of "the dead cart," which carried the corpses to "the plague-pit." In later days came the inroads of small-pox and the devastations of the cholera.

There was a remarkable instance of courage and devotion to

duty shown in connection with an outbreak of the plague at Eyam, a little village in Derbyshire, in the year 1666. The contagion was brought from London in some patterns of cloth, sent to a tailor in the village, who, with his family, sickened and died immediately. The good rector, Mr. Mompesson, not only remained with his people, but persuaded his parishioners to remain isolated within a "cordon" for seven long months, being supplied with food and necessaries, but without personal communication, from the healthy villagers around.

The Church was closed, but the faithful pastor prayed and preached on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, from a natural pulpit in a rocky recess of a little combe, or valley, on the grassy slopes of which the afflicted people knelt and listened, whilst the voice of their clergyman, trembling with emotion, prayed, "from plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us."

Yet for a while their prayers were not answered as they wished, though, doubtless, in some better manner. The congregations grew scantier—one-fifth of the population of the village died—amongst the number was Mrs. Mompesson, the rector's wife, who, with true womanly devotion, had clung to her husband, though he would have persuaded her to seek safety with her two children, whom he had sent away. She sickened and grew worse, but calmly said "She was looking for the good hour to come."

Mr. Mompesson gave up the hope of surviving, and during this awful season of death and suspense wrote a beautiful letter, which is still extant, to the patron of the living, begging that "a humble, pious man" might be chosen to succeed him. "Sir," he wrote further, "I thank God that I am willing to shake hands in peace with all the world; and I have comfortable assurances that He will accept me for the sake of His Son; and I find God more good than ever I imagined, and wish that His goodness were not so much abused and contemned," "and with tears I entreat that when you are praying for fatherless and motherless infants"

(no doubt he meant in the Litany) "you would then remember my two pretty babes."

Thus he wrote on Sept. 1st, 1666 ; on the 20th of November in the same year, when the plague had ceased its ravages, he wrote, " Here there have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which died 259 persons." The good rector survived unharmed, and died in 1708. So virulent were the germs of the disease, that nearly a hundred years after, when some persons incautiously dug near the graves of the plague-victims, an outbreak of fever took place !

We also deprecate or pray against *famine*. In many places in the Bible we read of famines, as in the days of Joseph in Egypt, and we have a very striking account of the sufferings of the poor in the famine which took place in the land of Samaria, in the time of Elisha the prophet, and the marvellous relief from its horrors as foretold by the seer.

In ancient days men were dependent on the produce of their own harvests, as there was no means of conveying the plants of one country to supply the scarcity of another. Doubtless God often overruled the dearth and scarcity to be the motive for nations to move on from place to place, and thus fill and replenish the earth. Hunger was the mother of emigration as well as of invention. As civilization advanced the mariner steered his corn-laden ships to supply the wants of other lands across the sea. It was from Egypt that the teeming population of Rome was fed in times of scarcity. It was on such an errand that Cæsar embarking to obtain food for his starving countrymen, in a terrific storm, uttered the noble words, " It is necessary for me to go. It is not necessary that I should live." But even with all the facilities for bringing food from afar by ships and railways which the present age affords, a famine is a most awful visitation, as they know who are old enough to recollect " the potato famine " in Ireland, in 1847.

At first people did not realize the consequence of the plant

becoming diseased ; but the vast multitude of the Irish people were utterly dependent on this root for their subsistence. The disease came suddenly. A field that looked green and flourishing would in a single night turn black ! Famine brought fever, and the poor emaciated peasants had no strength to resist its attacks.

Crowds of starving people sought refuge in England and Scotland. In hundreds they crossed the Channel on the deck of the steamboats, but only to be sent back under the cruel mercies of the poor law to their own country, and numbers died of exposure and want. Whole villages were depopulated, and to this day everywhere in Ireland the traveller comes on the ruins of cottages and houses. The poor-rate rose to 18s. and 20s. in the pound in some places.

When the full horrors of the famine were known, six millions of money was voted by the Parliament to relieve the sufferers ; and also extraordinary efforts were made both by public grants and private charity, yet, through hunger, disease and emigration, the population of the unhappy country was diminished by several millions.

It might have been easy to give an account of some of the great famines of ancient days, such as that at the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, where some mothers ate the dead bodies of their children in the agonies of hunger ; but none of these seem so impressive a case as this Irish famine of 1847, for it was in our own days, under our present Queen. It was not in a distant land, but within three or four hours of England. It was not amidst poor barbarians, but in the territories of the richest country in the world. The resources of civilization, ships and railways were at hand, the efforts of a multitude of good Christian people were at work, and still all seemed unavailing to check the magnitude of misery and suffering which rolled over the doomed land where God was pleased to let disease arise in a single insignificant vegetable. The Irish nation had, by the providence of God, been fed, it seemed, as a mere matter of course, in other years ; but

when God touched, as it were with a finger, one single source of food, no human efforts seemed able to arrest the terrible consequences.

But as things were they would have been far worse had it not been for the almost superhuman efforts of the clergy, who not only prayed, "from famine, good Lord, deliver us," but made the rectory the very centre of help, where food was sold at cheap rates, help and work obtained from England and Scotland, and medicine and cheering words freely bestowed on all who were in equal distress, though of different religious impressions.

The single word "*battle*" recalls to us the long series of wars and battles which have desolated the world since its early days. When we are young the glitter and romance of warfare dazzles our judgment. We think only of the exciting music of drum and trumpet, the waving flags, the gleaming steel, and the gallant bearing of the warriors!

But it is very different when we learn the dark side of the story—the horrible wounds, the thirst that tortures the wounded, their groans and shrieks when jolted along in rude carts on rough roads, the encouragement given to the worst passions of the evil heart, the burning roof and the devastated corn-fields, watched by the weeping widow and the hungry orphans!

It is very interesting to know that in ancient days such terror was felt of our forefathers the Northmen, that in the Litanies of Southern countries they used to pray to be "delivered from the fury of the Northmen." Doubtless the good qualities of courage, patience, loyalty, and endurance are developed in time of war and battle; yet these lights only gleam forth from such dark shades, that everyone who has ever read of the horrors of war must heartily join in this petition.

But as God often overrules evil for good, there have been often cases in which those who had neglected God in days of peace and prosperity learned to pray to Him for help and deliverance in the hour of peril. Often, too, have His servants been wonderfully delivered in the day of battle.

There was once an officer in the army who found his besetting sin was to utter oaths and bad language in moments of excitement. He consulted a wise clergyman what he should do to cure himself from this evil habit. His advice was difficult to follow, and tested the sincerity of the soldier. "When you give way to this sin," said the divine, "cast yourself at once on the ground, kiss the earth, and implore pardon." It was a hard direction to obey, exposing him to observation and ridicule, but he found it useful as a check on his violent temper and unruly tongue.

One day, however, he was called into battle. An engagement had commenced, fierce shouts filled the air, and swords were flashing brightly. He was attacked by an assailant from the opposite ranks. In the conflict his sword broke off short, and his rage and mortification burst forth in sinful words.

At that instant his good resolution occurred to his mind. He was about to dismiss the idea as impossible to be carried out at that moment, but after a brief struggle he flung himself on the earth. At that instant a loud and heavy crash was heard, and a huge cannon ball struck a tree close behind him, killing several persons. Had he been standing up he could not have escaped; and humbled and thankful he rose up, full of gratitude to God, who had accepted his penitence and "delivered" him in the day of "battle."

Dark as are the thoughts which come over our mind when we speak of war and battle, yet there are bright spots, when courage and patience, loyalty to a good king or a great cause, illumine the shadows; but no such gleam rests on that black crime from which the Litany next prays that we may be delivered.

"*From murder.*" The very word makes us shudder with its ominous sound, and recalls many a blood-stained atrocity to our memory. We may understand this to be, in the first place, a prayer that we may never be tempted into that most extreme sin

that we can commit against our fellow-man, and that we may be kept far from that germ of murder—the hatred of our brother—which our Blessed Lord tells us is of the nature of murder.

Secondly, we pray to be preserved, and those around us, from that sad end, a violent death from the hand of our fellow-creatures. But instead of relating here any of the many chronicles of cruelty and bloodshed, which only haunt the memory with painful recollections, it is pleasant to think how God answers this prayer, *often*, doubtless, without our knowing it, and yet sometimes to our knowledge.

Some years ago, in a country part of Essex, near the village of South Burfleet, there lived an oldish man, called Harvey. He was a baker by trade, and very saving and careful in money matters, also a man of most regular habits, always walking the same way and following the same accustomed roads. His usual practice was once a week to go round the villages which he supplied with bread and collect the money due to him.

It was well-known that he always took a certain route down one lane through the village, and returning home through a steep, dark, lonely road, with over-hanging banks and a wood on either hand, to his home.

From this customary journey he was never known to vary, and people were also aware that he often came home with a considerable sum of money. One day, on his outward journey, he was noticed by a knot of rough fellows drinking in a village alehouse. His regular round and his pockets full of gold were discussed, till the thought arose in the minds of three or four of the most reckless of the group that they would waylay him on his return. Quietly leaving the house, they took with them a spade and a pick-axe, and went to the lonely road between the oak plantations.

They determined to kill him, and with this intent they dug a grave in the wood hard by, and there they waited in the dark. It was getting late—every moment he must come. He might be late, but he never deviated from his usual course. At last they heard

a sound. They felt sure it was their victim, but it was only a stray horse that rushed past.

At length, weary of waiting, and with some dread of being found lurking in the wood, they went home as the dawn began. Where was Harvey? No fear or alarm had crossed his mind. Nothing occurred to make him choose the other road to return home. Without any motive or reason he changed his plans, and went back the way he came instead of taking his usual circuit, and in total ignorance of the plot against his life.

It was not till several years afterwards that one of the men concerned in the plan, being imprisoned for another cause, confessed their dark design, and the open grave was there to prove the truth of what he told.

May we not see in all this the mysterious, yet merciful, hand of God answering the prayer of His people in the Litany, and preserving one from death and others from the guilt of murder.

The prayer against "sudden death" has often been objected to, and some good Churchmen have said that it was the only line in the Prayer Book that they would wish altered. It is a very natural feeling, especially when, perhaps, we have watched some very long, lingering, and painful illness; a poor sufferer very slowly worn out with weakness; we should desire that God would be pleased to spare us such protracted agonies and grant us "sudden death." All such difficulty in using the words of the Litany will disappear if we remember, first, that from the ancient Latin form of the expression "*improvisa*" the idea is of unforeseen, or unprepared for death; and we all must feel that it is a very terrible thing to be called from this life without space for prayer and repentance, if we have made due preparation for that great change of state which all must expect.

"It is appointed unto man once to die, and *after* death the judgment," is the Apostle's straightforward warning.

Never did the flattery of a Court Chaplain go farther than when the preacher in the Royal presence, having commenced

his sermon, "We must all die," suddenly altered his opening sentence, having recollected that the king disliked all mention of death, and apologetically substituted, "at least almost all." Even an adulated king of France could hardly persuade himself that he would be an exception to the common lot! And yet, as it has been well said, "all men believe all men mortal but themselves;" and too often when death draws near we are not prepared for his presence.

Old Bishop Hall, in one of his books, tells an anecdote of a nobleman, who lived in the days when great men had a large retinue of attendants, and amongst their number he had, as was usual, a jester or fool, whose witticisms and jests were in high favour with his lord. His master once gave him a staff, set in silver and adorned with bells, and bade the jester keep it till he found someone more foolish than himself!

Time passed on, till it came to pass that the gentleman took ill. His case proved hopeless, and he lay on his deathbed. His servants were called into his chamber to bid him farewell, which they did with tears, for he had been a kind master.

Among the rest came the jester. "I must go," said the nobleman, "a long journey to a distant land." "And have you, my dear master," said the fool, "made all preparations to be received well, and live in comfort in that far-off land?" "Alas! no," he replied, "I have made no such preparations." Then the jester, taking his staff, or bauble, as it was called, thrust it into his lord's hand. "Take it," said he; "you told me to give it to someone more foolish than myself, and you are the very person. About to go to a distant land, and to have made no preparation for your happiness there! No one could be more foolish than this!"

Another reason why we may pray against "sudden death" in the Litany is for the sake of, and on behalf of most men, for there are very many persons to whom a long illness has proved a great blessing, having been the means of leading them to thought and repentance, and likewise enabling them to glorify God by

patience, resignation, and faith—the spiritual flowers, full of sweet fragrance, which often bloom in the sick chamber.

One of those who strongly objected to this prayer in the Litany was the Puritan Lord Brooke, in the days of King Charles the First. But, remarkable to say, he was himself stricken by that visitation against which he had refused to pray. He was at the siege of Lichfield, fighting against his king and the Church's cause, when he fell dead by a shot from the central tower of the cathedral. It was fired by a deaf and dumb man, and, passing through the visor of his helmet, pierced that very eye with which he had declared his desire to see the ruin of every cathedral in England!

Though we may wish to be permitted to escape from a very long and painful path to the grave, yet in this, as in all else, the Christian must try both to say and feel, "Not my will, but Thy will be done."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE IX.

1. Why does God permit lightning and tempest?
2. What Scriptural examples have we of a pestilence?
3. What famines are mentioned in the Bible?
4. What are the most celebrated pestilences mentioned in English history?
5. What expression has been objected to in this Clause, and how is it best answered?
6. What does the word "plague" mean?
7. "*From murder,*" give the two ways in which this prayer may be answered?

CLAUSE X.

"From all sedition, pryby conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment, good Lord, deliver us."



HIS Clause of the *Litany* has reference to three classes of evils: those which assail and injure the State, or Commonwealth; those which poison and infect the Church, and those which ruin and destroy the individual soul!

Sedition, conspiracy, and rebellion are the diseases of the State ; *sedition*, derived from the Latin, and in its root-meaning, setting forth *the going after our own way* ; the preference of one's own plans and party purposes to the good of the whole community. Drawing aside from the great company of our fellow-citizens, to carry out schemes of our own in a spirit of disloyalty and wilful selfishness. The very opposite of the patriotic feeling of the old Roman citizens in their early days, as sketched by Macaulay :—

“ Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the State ;
Then the great men helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ! ”

Sedition gives us in its general meaning an idea of disloyalty, discontent and danger, spread through large masses of men, like an evil leaven, working against law and order ; but we next pray against that dangerous feeling when it is concentrated into an active organization, and a body of conspirators carry out the wishes of a discontented section of the people. Sedition may be compared to infection or malaria in the air. Conspiracy is the disease centred with contagious power in some fever den.

The words of the Litany bring before our minds the recollection of such plots and conspiracies as those which startled our forefathers when they heard of Guy Fawkes rowing across the dark river from Lambeth with his kegs of gunpowder ; or listened in imagination to the hollow sound of pick and spade, as the band of desperate fanatics toiled in the vaults under the Parliament chamber at Westminster !

The words “ *privy conspiracy*,” of course, allude to the private and secret character of such plots, which make their chief danger. Men do not fear an open enemy half so much as a secret foe, and the days in which our Prayer Book was drawn up were especially times in which politicians indulged in secret intrigues, and even

statesmen planned and plotted to remove troublesome enemies by poison or assassination.

There is a striking story told of a secret plot made against one of the Doges (or Rulers) of Venice, in the fourteenth century. His enemies employed a noted assassin, one Lascaris, who disguised himself as a cook, and obtained a post in the Doge's country mansion, into which he gradually introduced several accomplices. The suspicions of an honest country lad, who acted as scullion, named Gibbo, were aroused by finding that the head cook wore armour concealed beneath his garments, and that he possessed a richly-decorated dagger.

Having heard Lascaris rise in the night, Gibbo cautiously followed him, and overhearing the plot of the conspirators to remove a panel and, entering the Doge's bed-chamber, murder him during the next night !

The boy was anxious to warn his master, the Doge, but knew not how to obtain an interview with so exalted a personage. At length he tried a desperate experiment, by climbing one chimney and descending another, which he hoped might open into the state bed-chamber of the great man. Blackened with soot, he crept into the magnificent apartment, and having awakened the sleeping Doge, he explained his errand to his startled master. The Doge, convinced of his truth, arranged that certain trusty men-at-arms should lie in waiting, and when the hour fixed by the conspirators had come, a faint sound told that the panel in the wall was being removed ; an instant more, and a picture, hanging over the wood-work, where it had been carefully sawed through, was pushed aside, and the assassins, armed with their sharp daggers, entered, and rushed to the bedside, but only, as they were about to draw aside the heavy curtains, that they might stab their victim, to find themselves seized and disarmed. The faithful scullion was raised to a position of authority, and lived to be one of the great council of Venice.

The derivation of the word conspiracy, from the Latin to breathe

together, that is, to utter together an oath, evidently points to that customary practice of such dangerous characters to bind themselves together by a mutual oath, not to betray one another. Secret societies of evil men thus banded together by awful oaths to avenge any treachery, have been a great evil both in ancient and modern times, against which we need to pray.

It is said, and said on high authority, that the "privy conspirators" of Russia, called "Nihilists," are both so numerous and so secret that the Imperial family scarcely know in whom to put confidence, and though their palaces are surrounded by their most faithful soldiers, and guarded by the most watchful police, yet they cannot escape threats and dangers.

A little while ago, the wax candles which were placed in the private cabinet of the Czar, were found to be below a certain point mere cases of dynamite, and the Empress was transfixed with horror one evening on finding in her oratory, adjoining her bed-chamber, and placed on her prayer-desk amidst the pages of her own book of prayers, an exquisitely-painted representation of herself on a cross, as though to inform her that though innocent she must expect a cruel death.

"*Rebellion*" is next prayed against, a topic that must have come home most keenly to the hearts of Churchmen in the days of King Charles the First, when the monarch was beheaded; the great and devoted Archbishop executed; Episcopacy overthrown; Cathedrals and Churches pillaged and profaned; the use of the Prayer Book forbidden on pain of imprisonment; and of the Royalist clergy and their families, 30,000 persons, driven from their parsonages.

But though God has mercifully spared us from seeing such mournful things in our own land in these days, yet there are still persons living, within whose lifetime there were enacted all the horrors of *rebellion* in the sister island of Ireland; old people who still count their age by reference to that epoch, and have a vivid remembrance of what they have heard from their elders of its horrors. The peasantry of certain districts, instigated by French

influence, inflamed by strong drink, and infuriated by party feeling, committed the most fearful atrocities.

Thus at Wexford there was a long bridge, and on to this their prisoners were driven, and then four of the rebels with their pikes transfixed their unfortunate captives, raised them in the air, and then flung them into the river below !

Again, at Scullabogue, a barn full of unhappy loyalists was set on fire. It is in "rebellion" that man's worst passions blaze forth, and from their scorching flames may God ever deliver us !

From dangers which may befall the State, we go on to plead for deliverance against those which assail the Church. "*Heresy*" is derived from a Greek word, signifying a choosing for one's self ; that is to say, preferring our own views to the teaching of the Church in religion. +

Heretics arose even in the days of the Apostle John, and he alludes to such false teachers in the early chapters of the Revelation. The early heresies were very numerous, as self-willed men strove to manufacture systems of their own, religious mosaics constructed out of fragments of Jewish, Christian, and heathen beliefs, and loosed from the holy restraints of apostolic morality. But though numerous, they were short-lived. The more celebrated heresies in Church history were those which sprung up after the conversion of the Roman Empire.

Arianism, which denied the full divinity of our Blessed Saviour, and was condemned by the great Councils of Nicea and Constantinople in the years 325 and 381. These were followed by the opposing errors of Nestorianism and Eutychianism, controversies concerning the Incarnation of our Lord, Nestorianism taking a lower and unsound view of His Divine nature, and Eutychianism denying His perfect humanity. To decide the true faith on these subjects the two great Councils of Ephesus in 431 and Chalcedon in 451 were held.

God, in His providence, overruled these heresies for good, for they led to clear definitions of what was orthodox and Scriptural,

just as great floods cause the rising of high embankments for safety in after years. They happened also to exist amongst a people of remarkably keen intellects, and they were fully discussed and determined in a language (the Greek tongue) of exquisite clearness, and capable of the finest shades of meaning, in all which we may gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God.

The words "*false doctrine*" which come before "heresy and schism," seem to set forth the growth of errors in the Church. Like poisonous weeds, they grow faster than useful plants, and in any soil, and swiftly occupying the ground, they choke other vegetation, and develop into full-grown heresies. And often those who fell into errors treated with the fiercest severity the faithful brethren who held fast to "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Quoting from an old writer, called Victor, Charles Kingsley describes the persecutions which the Arian Vandals inflicted on the Catholic party in Africa in glowing words. "Victor," he says, "tells us, for instance, the story of Dionysia, the beautiful widow, whom the Vandals tried to torture into denying the Divinity of our Lord. How, when they saw that she was bolder and fairer than all the other matrons, they seized her, and went to strip her; and she cried to them, 'kill me as soon as you like, but forbear to uncover modest limbs.' But in vain. They hung her up by the hands, and scourged her till streams of blood ran down every limb.

"Her only son, a delicate boy, stood by trembling, knowing that his turn would come next; and she saw it, and called to him in the midst of her shame and agony—'He had been baptized into the Name of the Blessed Trinity; let him die in that Name, and not lose the wedding garment; let him fear the pain that never ends, and cling to the life that endures for ever.' The boy took heart, and when his turn came died under the torture; and Dionysia took up the little corpse, and buried it in her own garden, and worshipped God upon her boy's grave to her dying day."

And may we not as we read such things take up the lines of Heber :

“ They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train.”

Heresy deals with the vital doctrines of our faith ; but it is usual to confine the meaning of the word *schism* to those lesser differences, which, alas, divide those who agree on the great central truths of Christianity. The expression is doubtless derived from the passage where we read that the soldiers at the Crucifixion refrained from tearing into parts the seamless robe of our Lord. That garment was taken as a figure of the Church—as our Lord prayed—“ that it might be one,” united and undivided, and the word “schism,” or “rending asunder,” was applied to those foolish and unhappy quarrels which make men leave the Church of God, and adopt some novel form of worship for themselves.

Schism seems to carry with it a visible mark of the curse that rests on it, for it not only seems unfruitful in good works, but it lacks that foliage of art, beauty and music, with which God has enwreathed His Church, making it beautiful and venerable. What a picture we have of the sour, bitter, ignorant spirit of schism, when we read, for instance, of the Puritans employing one Dowsing to pay half-a-crown per day to a man to break and destroy the rich-hued windows of Canterbury Cathedral, where the pious zeal of ancient men had portrayed saints and martyrs, to the glory of God !

It is the nature of schism to go on dividing and separating.

Thus, in a little town in the West of England, certain self-willed folk left the Church, because they insisted on adult Baptism and immersion ; but after a while they again divided into two sections, on the question whether in Baptism persons should be *wholly* or *partially* immersed in the water !

There are said to be now in England more than 150 different sects and sorts of religion ! The most numerous of Dissenters

are the *Independents*, or Congregationalists, who were originated by one Brown in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; the *Anabaptists*, who first appeared in the sixteenth century, and the *Methodists*, who separated from the Church at the close of the last century, in opposition to the advice of their founder, John Wesley, who said, "If you leave the Church of England, God will leave you."

But those who wrote the Litany knew well that even worse than heresy and schism, which at least imply some thought and interest given to religious matters, is that cold indifference which leads men to treat God's message to their souls with utter neglect, and to despise His glad tidings, and disobey His holy laws. From this worst and most hopeless state of the human heart we pray to be delivered when we say, "From hardness of heart, and contempt of God's Word and Commandment."

William Rufus, even in the rude age in which he lived, was notorious for the boldness of his impiety, and the contempt which he showed for Divine things filled even his contemporaries with horror. When he recovered from a serious illness, he scoffingly said, "Does God think that He can frighten *me* into being good?"

Such, too, was the contempt for "God's Word," or *Revelation*, of the man who offered to believe if the name of God was written in starry letters on the midnight sky, forgetting that the very meaning of faith is that it is different from knowledge.

But perhaps the time when this terrible "contempt of God's Word and Commandment" rose, as it were, to a flood tide, was during the Revolution in France, now nearly a century ago, when the worship of the true God was abolished. The name and observance of the Lord's Day were obliterated out of the calendar ; the words "Death is an everlasting sleep" written over the gate of the great cemetery of Paris, whilst in the apse of the noble Cathedral, once dedicated to the pure Virgin Mother of our Lord, at a festival of liberty, there was seated a wicked woman on the Altar, and she was worshipped as an impersonation of the genius of Liberty !

Such impious profanity brought its punishment on the country,

and bloodshed and humiliation overtook the nation, when it seemed to be at the very height of its glory! Whilst the people who were most instrumental in its punishment were the inhabitants of that island, in whose ten thousand Churches continually was uttered, and, doubtless, by many a devout soul, this prayer, "From contempt of Thy Word and Commandment, good Lord, deliver us."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE X.

1. What does the word "Sedition" mean, and from what is it derived?
2. To what do the words "Privy Conspiracy" allude?
3. Where does the Apostle St. John speak against heresy, or false teaching?
4. What heresies were condemned by the Council of Nicea and Constantinople, of Ephesus and Chalcedon, and what were their dates?
5. How were these heresies overruled for good?
6. Define the difference between heresy and schism?
7. How many Commandments are there in the Old Testament?
8. How are they explained and enlarged in our Lord's teaching?

CLAUSE XI.

"By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation, good Lord, deliver us."



HIS and the next two clauses of the Litany are called by Ecclesiastical writers the *obsecrations*, a word signifying entreaties, or petitions, grounded on certain pleas, or reasons. Thus we, in the following prayers, beseech our Blessed Lord to deliver us, alleging and pleading on our own behalf the great events in the Life of our Saviour, when on earth.

An ancient author, Saint Leo, says, "that all our Lord's acts were sacramental as well as examples; they were each links in the golden chain of salvation, by which the Son of God raised a ruined world from its perishing state!"

This portion of the Litany has ever been felt by earnest Christians to be its most pathetic, solemn, and serious part—a very jewel of

prayer set in the casket of the Church's devotions. We must keep in mind that we are addressing our Saviour, God and Man, and first we plead the wondrous fact of His twofold Nature—Man to feel, God to hear.

This we rightly call a mystery, guided by the passage in which St. Paul (1 Tim. iii. 16) eloquently declares "great is the mystery." "A mystery being that which has a deep and true meaning, though only known to those who are thought worthy to have the secret revealed to them." Some of the old Litanies had—by Thy Advent—by Thy Annunciation; but all this is included under the word *Incarnation*, meaning a Divine Being taking the raiment of flesh—the Son of God assuming a human form.

He, who held it no robbing of God the Father's glory to claim equality with Him, emptied Himself of that glory—became a slave, a serf; and condescended, being in the likeness of man, to the death of the Cross! This is the marvel of the Christian religion—its difficulty in the eyes of the unbelieving world—its glory and grandeur in the sight of the adoring Church.

In the very early pages of the Bible, we see the streaks of the coming dawn. The child of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. The great Lawgiver, Moses, was called to his typical task, by beholding the mystic Acacia tree, which burned with a bright yet unscorching flame—emblem of the Divinity dwelling in an earthly form.

In the once desolate valleys of the wilderness, the wandering Ishmaelites, with startled amazement, beheld the countless tents of Israel, and rising in their midst the holy Fabric—the sacred Tabernacle, with its tall pillar of vapour by day, of flame by night—type of Jesus Christ, the Heavenly Light, tabernacling in the mortal texture of a human body! So St. John writes (St. John i. 14): "God was manifest in the flesh," and "tabernacled with us;" and in the old Hebrew Ritual, where we find that the Tablets of the Law were placed within the Ark (Heb. ix. 4), we see a figure, or parable, of the perfect righteousness of our Lord, who was the

True Ark of the Covenant—the abiding presence of God with His people. We are taught to speak not only of His Incarnation, but of His Holy Incarnation, for the nature He took upon Him was not like ours—stained and polluted—it was not a fallen nature with an innate disposition to evil, just as the earth has a natural tendency to produce weeds ; but it was an Holy Incarnation, through His miraculous Birth from a Virgin Mother.

Traveller tells us that the River Rhone flows through the Lake of Geneva in one rapid stream, without mingling its waters with those of the Lake. By its different colour, its course can be traced through the wide sheet of water, till it emerges on the opposite end. So our Blessed Saviour was in the midst of sinners, yet without sin. Made like unto us in His Humanity, and yet different from all other men in the purity and infinite Holiness of His character. The word “Holy,” it should be remembered, is derived from “wholly,” and signifies the completeness and thoroughness. A holy person is one whose piety is through and through, not merely a surface righteousness. In the character of our Lord Jesus Christ there was no flaw or defect—it was complete and holy, wholly good and beautiful.

It was, we must suppose, impossible for man to behold the full glory of God. The sun’s orb must be veiled by the mist, or cloud, or evening vapour, before we can gaze on its disc. So the Humanity of the Incarnate Son of God enables us to look on Him with steadfast eyes, and to learn something of the goodness and mercy of our God. He, as the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, is “the very image of His substance.” The idea seems to be of the relation of a coin, or medal, to a die, in which it has been struck, or moulded. That which comes forth exactly shows the design and impression of the mould. So our Saviour, by the Incarnation, makes it possible for us to understand something of the Nature of God ! Earthly things can only feebly illustrate Heavenly truths, yet may sometimes be of aid.

In the little Dutch village of Saardam, there is a poor, low, one-

storied wooden cottage, which is, however, very carefully preserved from weather and decay by an elevated roof, supported on pillars. It is thus protected on account of its very interesting history. In this lowly cabin once dwelt the famous Czar Peter, Emperor of Russia. For a space of time he left his dominions, and, disguised, sought the great maritime States of Holland and England.

He desired to make Russia a great power in Europe, and, as a part of this scheme, to supply his country with a Navy. He was determined to know and understand the whole matter for himself, and used to work with his own hands. It was in gaining a practical knowledge of ship-building, in the dockyards of Holland, that he was content to live for a time in this poor cottage, and to lay aside all the pomp, splendour, and implicit obedience of a court, or a camp, to which he had been accustomed.

We may not be able to approve of much of his conduct, but we cannot deny the zeal and the patriotism of the Czar Peter; and we can, in that humble cottage, where he laid his imperial head on a rude pillow, see an illustration of the King of Heaven stooping to the cradle of Bethlehem, and the workshop of Nazareth. And because, through His Incarnation, He enabled Himself to sympathise with man, we venture to plead with Him by these sacred marvels and memories.

"By Thy Nativity." This word occurs in the Prayer Book in connection with Christmas Day—the Nativity, or birthday of our Lord. In Italy it is the custom to bring the recollection of the Saviour's birth before the unlettered peasants by placing in the churches a representation of the scene at Bethlehem. They call it a *"Presepio."* The figure of the Holy Infant is set in a rude cradle or manger, and a live ox and ass, or representations of these, are placed near at hand, and hymns and carols are sung by the choristers. In England the recollection of old Christmas carols has never died out; and now, as sung in many churches, they wake up, by their bright, sweet melodies, the thoughts of that Saviour's love, who condescended to be born of a pure

virgin, and to become man, that by His birth, His life, and His death, He might bring salvation to a guilty world.

“*By Thy Circumcision*” sets forth that as our Saviour, by His nativity, became man, the second Adam, our brother, and one of our race; so, by submitting to the Jewish rite of circumcision, He entered into the national covenant or agreement with God. The noble position of the old Hebrew people ought to be remembered by us. They stood forth to the heathen world like a tall beacon-light shining through a gloomy night. They were a single people, separated from all others; selected by God for the high office of declaring the unity of the Godhead, as contrasted with the multitude of the false gods adored by the Polytheistic nations. The Jewish people were prepared by God to be the depository of true religion before the advent of Christ, and to be the cradle of the developed Church of Christ after His coming. In the old dispensation our Lord “fulfilled all righteousness” by being circumcised and presented in the Temple. In the new dispensation He set forth an example for His disciples by being baptized for a like purpose by His herald, John, the desert prophet. The Litany, as with reverent and adoring footsteps it follows the earthly pilgrimage of our Redeemer, names next after His infant Consecration *His Baptism*.

There is a very interesting fragment of an ancient manuscript, supposed to be a portion of the lost “Gospel of the Hebrews,” which some authorities consider was a life of our Blessed Lord written in that language by St. Matthew, which records an additional circumstance, that when St. John was baptizing our Saviour at the Jordan a Heavenly light shone upon the waters. There is no reason why this should not have been so, for it was necessary that the evangelical histories should be very short and compact, in order for their easy transmission through the world; and, on the other hand, some faint rays of tradition have transmitted to us a little additional light across the first ages of persecution and conflict.

It is strange that any persons calling themselves Christians should refuse to be baptized, when our Lord has given them His own example.

In the old cities of Italy, where ecclesiastical traditions carry the traveller back to almost primitive days, it is very striking to see the large buildings erected as Baptisteries, with a great marble font as large as an ordinary bath standing in their midst, reminding us of the days when pagan converts were brought in from the villages to be baptized in the great Church festivals. The word "pagan,"—a villager, in its original meaning—points to the gradual progress of Christianity in out-of-the-way and rural regions.

When we gaze on the beautiful effects produced by light acting on water—whether it be the sunshine on the fountain, or the moonlight on the wave, or the gleam in the dewdrop, or the many-coloured robe of the rainbow—let us recall how our Saviour has employed this clear, pure element of water to be in baptism the emblem of His cleansing grace, and the instrument of His enlightening teaching, and that His baptism is our example—our baptism a following of that example.

After His double consecration to His great mission, both by the sacramental office of John the Baptist, and by the mightier signs from Heaven of the Father's approving voice and the fluttering wings of the Holy Dove, our Lord entered on the lonely trials of the wilderness—the fasting, which was to humiliate the body, and the conflict with the Spirit of Darkness, which was the crisis of His temptation. And these circumstances in the Redeemer's struggle are not forgotten in the Litany, for it puts into our lips the words "*by Thy fasting and temptation.*"

Our Lord's fasting was doubtless to teach us the value of this means of lessening the sway of the lower or bodily part of our complex nature over that portion which is more lofty and spiritual. Gluttony and drunkenness, though little noticed by the world, are serious enemies of the spiritual life.

That our Saviour should meet with temptation has been a difficulty to some minds. Could it be possible for the Son of God to be tempted? The right answer is, to remember the express limit set down in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) He passed, like the three Hebrew youths mentioned in Daniel's history, "through the flames of the furnace, yet on Him was there no smell of fire." He experienced for a while the force of temptation in order that He might sympathize with those who were tempted; but within His pure nature there was nothing to echo back or to respond to the evil without. And yet how much comfort has flowed to the tried and tempted from the thought that the Captain of their Salvation feels for them.

It has ever been the habit of great heroes to show their followers the reality of their sympathy. When the soldiers of Charles XII. had to undergo cold, hunger, and weary marches, they found their enthusiasm awakened, and their courage animated, by seeing their young king marching on foot by their side, and eating the same rations of hard black bread as were served out to themselves.

As we speak of *temptation* in connection with our Lord, a very comforting thought arises. We are often cast down and humiliated to the very dust by reflecting on the temptations to evil that arise in our souls, sometimes even in the most solemn moments; but temptation is *not sin*. Christ was tempted, and He was sinless. It is only when we let it remain and nestle in our hearts that it becomes wrong, and, if not cast out, will eventually lead on from the evil thought to the sinful act.

Of our Lord's temptations, and of His personal contest with the great enemy of man, we only know what He vouchsafed to tell His Apostles (St. Matt. iii. 1; St. Luke iv. 1); and these three, perhaps the final deceits of the Devil, are told us as specimens or examples of what is not further revealed.

But it has been well suggested that even the very external scene

around—the barren wilderness and the howling of the wild beasts (specially mentioned by St. Mark)—were in themselves incentives to doubt of the goodness of God. Yet whilst Adam, amidst the beautiful Garden of Paradise, and surrounded by docile animals, yielded to the Tempter, our Lord foiled his keenest thrusts in the most marvellous duel between good and evil the world ever saw.

The three temptations of which we read were, first, to *impatience*, “command that these stones be made bread.” This was answered by *submission*. Man is to live by the direction of God. Secondly, to *presumption*, “Cast Thyself from the tall tower of the temple,” the Divine reply was *humility*. The third was to *ambition* and *indolence* combined, to acquiesce in the sway of evil, and obtain the crown without the cross, and the Saviour dismissed it, in all its glittering subtlety, by the grand ideal of *duty*, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.”

The Captain of our Salvation fought clad in the radiant armour of a Heavenly purity. We enter into the dark and terrible conflict weak, and oft with a faltering resolution. Wherefore we pray—

“By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting Tempter's power,
Turn, O turn, a favouring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.”

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XI.

1. What are Clauses XI., XII. and XIII. called, and what does the word mean?
2. What does the word “Incarnation” mean?
3. Mention the error of the Arians, the Nestorians, and the Eutychians?
4. Why do we keep Christmas Day?
5. Mention the institution of Circumcision?
6. Describe the Song of Simeon, and its cause?
7. On what occasions in our Lord's life was a “voice from Heaven” heard?
8. What does our Saviour's fasting in the wilderness teach us?
9. Mention the chief incidents of the temptation as revealed to us?

 CLAUSE XII.

“By Thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion; by Thy Precious Death and Burial; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us.”



WE have in these clauses relating to our Blessed Saviour's life on earth a number of petitions, which in ancient Litanies were kept separate, and each followed by a response from the people. Thus we can understand how Litanies could be lengthened, if it was desired that a procession should wind round the aisles of some great cathedral or pass through the streets of a city. But though we have many sacred circumstances clustered together in *one* clause, there is no reason why we should pass them over, as perhaps we are often tempted to do, without the reflection. Each word and phrase is full of meaning and teaching.

“*By Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat.*” Here we implore our Blessed Redeemer by the remembrance of Gethsemane. The garden near Jerusalem where the Saviour was wont to take shelter, overhung, as tradition and travellers tell us, by great olive trees. Some of our greatest painters, such as Rembrandt and Ary Scheffer, have exerted their utmost skill in portraying the scene—the dark shadows of the garden, the Divine Sufferer on His knees with His hands outstretched to receive the cup of anguish, and the ministering angel approaching.

The word “agony” signifies a contest—a struggle—and Holy Scripture seems to imply that there was in that hour a conflict between the two natures of the Redeemer. That which was human recoiled from, and dreaded the pain and suffering of the Cross. That which was Divine enabled the Mediator to overcome all human weakness by a Heaven-born patience and resignation. The severity of the struggle was evidenced by the physical phenomenon of the life-blood passing through the pores of the skin.

Some writers say that this has been known in other instances of severe mental strain, and a parallel is given in the case of Charles IX., the wretched King of France, on whose conscience lay the horrors of the Bartholomew massacre. But some commentators have thought that there was a deeper cause for the Saviour's agony in the garden than the mere dread of earthly suffering could produce. They deem that in some mysterious manner the shadow of the guilt of all human sin rested on the soul of Jesus, so as to hide from Him for a season the bright sunlight of His Divine Father's favour.

We read in the Prophet Isaiah (Is. liii. 6) that, as we all have gone astray, the Lord has laid upon Him our iniquities; caused them (literally translated) to meet upon His head. So the High Priest confessed the sins of the nation over the head of the scape-goat on the great day of atonement once every year.

An American writer, in illustrating how the sufferings of the Saviour plead for us, tells a story, that in one of the great cities a young man employed in an office had been found out to have forged his employer's name, and was committed to prison. At that time the punishment for forgery was death. The trial came on. The witnesses were in attendance, but were not needed, for the prisoner pleaded guilty. Then the judge arose and asked the criminal if he had anything to say against the just sentence of the law being carried out.

The unhappy youth, with a trembling voice, answered, "If my own lot was solitary I would say nothing. I would not ask for my unhappy and shame-stricken life to be spared. But—*but*, far from this city, in a distant valley, stands a humble yet decent little home, overhung with roses, the very picture of peace and repose. There lives an old man, an old soldier. His right arm is gone. He lost it in the service of his country. He is an upright, honest old veteran, who dreads disgrace more than death; and he lives there in peace, and knows not that his only son has disgraced him by a shameful crime. If

he knew that his boy, of whom he was so proud, had died on the gallows, his head would be bowed—his heart would break with shame. Spare that old man, and, for his sake, spare me. For the sake of his wounds and scars and mutilated body, for the sake of the blood he so freely shed in other years for his country's cause, spare his guilty but repentant son!" And, for the sake of the old veteran, the judge listened kindly to the prisoner's pleading.

Even so, through the merits of Christ Jesus, our Saviour, our sins are pardoned.

"*By Thy Cross and Passion.*" The words seem to grow more solemn as we proceed. The word "*passion*" has strangely changed in its common meaning. By *passion* we usually imply a violent and evil temper. We speak of one who gives way to it as "a passionate person." But its derivation is from the verb to suffer, and only at a later period was applied to those who were suffering from the effects of some very strong outburst of the feelings. "The Passion of our Lord" was at the time the Prayer Book was translated an expression signifying *all* that long series of ill-treatment, insult and cruel torture which our dear Lord underwent after the treachery of Judas Iscariot, culminating in the crucifixion. In old mediæval churches we have what are called "the arms or emblems of the *passion*," by which is meant the representations on shields of the principal objects mentioned in the scriptural narrative, such as the lantern, the scourge, St. Peter's cock, the ladder, the nails, etc., etc. In some churches in Cornwall these emblems are carved on the bench ends, and in Ireland they are often placed on ancient tombstones. And to the pious hearer of those days the words "the passion" would bring before their minds all the implements of, and the whole long course of our Saviour's sufferings.

"*The Cross.*" Nothing can more clearly show the utter and hateful depravity of the human heart than that men should have invented so slow, so lingering, so torturing a method of slaying their fellow man, for often the crucified wretch lingered in anguish

for many days. It was indeed confined to the lowest and most degraded of criminals. "Place the *slave* on the *cross*," says the Roman satirist. And yet there was something of wondrous significance in the form of the Cross in the case of our Redeemer, for the arms of the Sufferer seemed stretched out, as it were, to embrace and welcome returning sinners. Nothing can more show the triumph of Christianity than the way in which it had exalted the once-despised Cross to be the very symbol of our faith, the emblem that crowns our tallest spires, receives our reverent gaze, and comforts with its tender associations the dying disciple.

Jesus Christ dying for His people on the Cross is the very central fact of our religion. So deep a mystery can only be *illustrated* most imperfectly, and with the most reverent touch!

Swiss history tells us of one who died for his people, and procured their freedom by the sacrifice of his own life. Arnold was one of the band of patriotic Switzers who united to throw off the yoke of the Austrian Arch-duke. The battle was fought at Morgarten, near the lake side. The force of heavy men-at-arms was drawn up in a solid mass. On every side their immense spears, ten or twelve feet long, formed a wall of iron, against which the bold mountaineers rushed again and again, without producing any effect.

They were losing hope, finding themselves unable to force an entrance at any side of that bristling square, when Arnold darted forward, and, "not counting his life dear," suddenly grasped in a powerful embrace half-a-dozen of the pike points. In an instant they were centred in his body, but before they could be withdrawn his comrades, sword in hand, sprung in through the gap made by Arnold's sudden effort, and once within the square, and behind the line of lances, or pikes, they soon overcome their enemies, and returned to tell that the victory had been won by Arnold's self-devotion! But our Blessed Saviour died not for His friends only, but for those who were as yet His foes, that He might reconcile them unto God!

This crowning action of the life of our Saviour in dying for us and our salvation, has ever made the symbol of the Cross dear to the Christian.

When Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, and landed on an unknown land, it is touching to read how he raised a Cross on the strand, as it were, to take possession of it for Christ, its Heavenly Ruler.

There is a well-known story of a distinguished man, while yet in his guilty career, being arrested by the sight of a picture of the crucified Saviour, stretching forth His pierced Hands, with the inscription below: "All this have I endured for thee, O sinner; what hast thou done for Me?"

When Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, was dying in his chamber, at King's College, he requested that a picture of the Crucifixion should be placed within reach of his eyes, to teach him patience and hope!

The very shape of the Cross is full of teaching, as has been before suggested; there is *length*, setting forth the extent of that condescension of mercy which stoops from the utmost height of Heavenly glory, down to the lowest degradation of human misery. (Ps. ciii. 11.) The *width* of the horizontal line, which seems to symbolize the benefits of Christ's mediation extending from East to West and blessing the whole race of mankind.

The words of the poet Lyte, written shortly before his own death, have comforted many souls—

"Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies."

"*By Thy precious Death.*" The word *precious*, meaning that which has a price, and is of value, brings before our minds the comforting truth that the Death of our Redeemer has a propitiatory weight and value! "No man can save his brother's soul," writes the Psalmist of men; but with the Divine Redeemer it is different. He was able and willing to die for His people!

In the ancient history of Athens, we read of its last King, Codrus, a man who had a noble and self-denying love of his

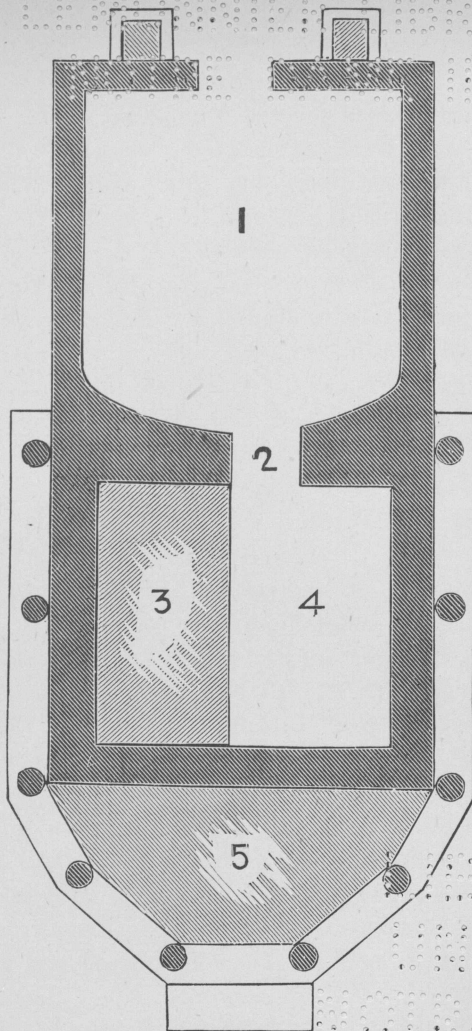
country. There was war between the Athenians and a neighbouring nation, the Heraclidæ. The latter people had consulted an Oracle, and the voice of the Oracle, or Priestess, had declared that if Codrus remained uninjured the Heraclidæ would conquer. Hence strict directions were given to take every care lest spear or arrow should be aimed at Codrus. But he, learning the prophecy of the Oracle, and being convinced that his own death would ensure victory for his own people, determined voluntarily to sacrifice his life for the welfare of his subjects. He laid aside the golden diadem and the gorgeous robes he wore, arrayed himself in mean apparel, and took his way alone, unknown and unsuspected, into the camp of the foe. Meeting some of the common soldiers, he entered into a quarrel with them, allowed himself to be struck down, and when mortally wounded revealed his name !

The Heraclidæ, awe-struck at his courage and devotion, gave up the war ; and the Athenians, filled with admiration, declared they would have no more kings ; for none could be found to equal the self-sacrifice of Codrus. May we not see in this brave old hero's conduct some faint illustration of that mightier Monarch, who laid aside a more radiant crown, who wore a yet meaner disguise, and died by the hands of His enemies on the Cross, "for us and for our Salvation ?"

Many martyrs have died nobly for the faith, but the Divinity of Christ our Lord gave to His human sufferings an infinite value. Thus, it has been said—as a cheque becomes valuable only when it is signed by a solvent person—so the Divine signature gave to our Redeemer's mortal sufferings a unique power and efficacy, so that the Blood He shed was for the remission of sins "for the many."

"*By Thy Burial.*" Here the Litany touches the lowest point of humiliation to which our Redeemer stooped, when it mentions His Burial. Nothing could more have tended to produce despairing thoughts in the hearts of His Apostles than to behold their Master, whom they had deemed "would have delivered Israel," laid cold

PLAN OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



1. The Portico, nine feet in the square.
2. A doorway into the Cave, or Tomb. Three feet high from the floor, by two feet wide.
3. North side of the Tomb where the Body of the Saviour is supposed to have been laid. Over which space is a table by way of Altar, that goes the whole length of the Tomb, and occupies rather more than half its breadth. The Tomb or Inner Chamber is about eight feet long and seven wide.
4. The other part, where three or four may stand, or kneel.
5. The rock, cased with marble within and without, and adorned with ten pillars without.

The surrounding rock has been hewed away, and it now stands in the centre of the round part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104

and lifeless in the tomb ! Many an English Sunday School child, accustomed only to one of our village churchyards, with its grassy mounds, or flat gravestones, has been perplexed to understand the history of our Saviour's Burial and Resurrection, as told by the Evangelists. The form of the sepulchre requires our careful consideration, to enable us to understand the Sacred Narrative.

The Rabbins, in their rules, lay down that a Hebrew sepulchre should have a court before it, through which you are to pass to the door of the cave, or proper place for burial. This court they direct to be made nine feet square. This agrees with the size of the porch of the ancient tomb, venerated at Jerusalem as the Holy Sepulchre. There is much to be argued in favour of its being what it claims to be ; but at any rate, it is a very old tomb, and of the same character, so that it illustrates clearly the history of our Saviour's Burial and Resurrection.

The sepulchre is now in the centre of the Church, under the great dome, originally erected by the Empress Helena. The rock has been hewn away, and shaped into the form of a mausoleum, covered without and within with slabs of polished marble, and adorned with pillasters. The sepulchre is divided into two portions ; the outer one, wherein the soldiers watched before the Resurrection, and where afterwards Peter and John entered. Then there is the small opening (which was closed by the stone placed against it) ; and the inner small chamber, where the Sacred Body was placed. With this plan of the arrangements of an Eastern sepulchre before us, it is easy to understand all the circumstances of the Resurrection history, and how the Apostles had to stoop to look into the inner chamber.

"By Thy glorious Resurrection." The darkest hour of the night is just before the dawn. The disciples of the Crucified Nazarene were at their lowest ebb of hope, and all seemed over, for He, whom they had trusted in, lay silent in the tomb in the icy grasp of death. What a contrast when, a few hours later, the open tomb, and the empty slab, had filled their hearts with

a glow of hope that soon brightened into the full radiance of certainty! The Crucified Sufferer, resigning His soul in weakness, now appeared as the glorious conqueror of sin and death! Not even the long lapse of centuries has quenched the joyous character of the Resurrection festival to Christian hearts. This is especially the case in Russia, and throughout the Eastern Church, where, on Easter morning, everyone greets his neighbour, "The Lord is risen," and the answer back is, "The Lord is risen, indeed," and all rejoice as though it were the immediate anniversary of their Saviour's Resurrection. It is very interesting to observe in many of our old churches a carved and decorated archway, with a tomb beneath. This was called the "Easter Sepulchre," and here, from the evening of Good Friday till Easter Monday, the consecrated bread was placed, in memory of the Saviour's entombment.

At Lincoln Cathedral the "Easter Sepulchre" is very richly carved, and has sculptured on it the figures of the Roman soldiers keeping watch.

In most of the Churches in Italy at Easter time a very tall candle, seven or eight feet high, is placed in a candlestick of similar proportions. It is called the "Paschal Light," and it is to symbolize, by its being lighted, our Blessed Saviour rising to life, and becoming thereby "the Light of the World."

"*And Ascension.*" It is curious to observe that in many spots famed for their scenery, such as Malvern, the cottages of the original inhabitants are often placed so as to have *no* view. They were so accustomed to see the noble landscape that it ceased to interest them or attract their notice.

So, too, is it with many of the most striking facts in the Gospel histories. From very familiarity, we cease to take full measure of their grandeur and importance. Thus we read, without full consideration, the narrative of our Lord's Ascension. We ought to mark not only the dignity of the Divine Priest and King as He gives His benediction to His disciples, but also the display of His

sovereign power. There is no need of the chariot and horses of fire, symbolic of Divine power, as described in the transit of Elijah ; but, by his own inherent will, our Lord overrules all the ordinary laws of the natural world. The mighty law of gravitation holds sun, moon, planets, the universe in its all-pervading chains ; but, in defiance of that almost infinite influence, the Saviour (who had been crucified in a voluntary weakness) assumes His true position, and claims His rightful power, and, as the Master and Creator of the natural world, slowly, yet with equal might and dignity, departs from the scene of His incarnate work, and the clouds hid Him from the straining gaze of His loving followers.

“And by the Coming of the Holy Ghost.” The great series of events connected with the salvation of mankind, which began with the cradle throne of Bethlehem, ended not with the Ascension of our Saviour. Its last act was to be the fulfilment of His promise, the inauguration of a new dispensation—the birthday of the Church. The departing Redeemer had bidden them “wait for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.” Day after day passed, and nothing strange or unusual took place. We can picture them to ourselves as they daily assembled in that “Upper Chamber” which was the first Church—how sacred should we deem them, could we find these walls!—and still their patience was tried, still their hopes were unfulfilled, daily their faith was more strained. A week had elapsed, and yet no sign from Heaven. But at last came the festival of Pentecost. A great day in the Jewish system had arrived. The sheaves of corn, all new and golden, were offered in the Great Temple ; and the little band of the believers in the new religion assembled, and felt that a crisis might be near. Then came the sound as of a mighty tempest, and yet no leaf on any tree was stirred ! The sound was within ; and lo ! the glistening flames of light and harmless fire rested on the brows of the Apostolic band ! Before this manifestation of the Holy Spirit, they were weak, frail men ; afterwards, they were heralds of a Great King, and messengers of a Mighty Power—

the visible descent of the Divine Spirit under the threefold symbolisms of the "mighty rushing wind"—the tongues in shape, and of flame in form—was thus declared to the world. It was "the coming of the Holy Ghost;" and, having come to earth as a blessed influence, He still abides with us in His Church!

As we sometimes see the earth utterly parched and dried up under a long season of drought, the grass turned brown, the streams dry, all Nature languishing, and then there comes a day of rain, that cools and refreshes everything, and makes all around green and healthful, so, at various periods of the Church's history, have there been "times of refreshing," and the vineyard of the Lord has become green and luxuriant under the influence of the Holy Spirit. And by the memory of His *first* manifestation in the Church, and by His other gracious visitations during her history and course, we pray, "Good Lord, deliver us."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XII.

1. Where was the Garden of Gethsemane?
 2. From whom did our Lord seek sympathy?
 3. Where does Isaiah prophesy our Lord's sufferings?
 4. What does the word "*passion*" mean as here used?
 5. Gives some types from the Old Testament of our Saviour's death?
 6. What does the shape of the Cross teach us?
 7. What do we here mean by "*precious*?"
 8. Describe the tomb of our Saviour?
 9. Mention the circumstances of His burial?
 10. Who were the witnesses of the Resurrection?
 11. What is the doctrinal value of the Resurrection?
 12. What is the evidential value of the Resurrection?
 13. Mention the circumstances of the Ascension?
 14. Describe the Day of Pentecost?
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CLAUSE XIII.

“In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth: in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.”



THE Litany having summed up those great events in the life of our Saviour which we venture to plead, so to speak, as arguments why our Great Mediator should aid His people, we now proceed to set forth those critical periods in human life when we have the greatest need of Divine succour. The four times during which the soul of the Christian especially needs assistance are specified as the time of tribulation, the season of prosperity, the hour of death, and the final day of judgment.

First, “*The time of Tribulation*” is mentioned; and the word “tribulation” is, as Archbishop Trench explains, a term full of meaning, being derived from the Latin name given to the rude implement used by the Italian farmers for threshing their corn. It was, in the days of primitive agriculture, a block of wood in which sharp flints were inserted, which, being dragged by oxen over the scattered sheaves of corn, separated the wheaten grains from the chaff and straw. Hence it was applied to signify that process of affliction and discipline whereby God improves and benefits our souls by troubles and sorrows; separating the better part of our character from that which is foolish and frivolous, and making us, as it were, good grain, meet for the garner of Heaven.

We see in life that afflictions come in turn to all men, and are sent for wise and merciful reasons, to chasten and to improve us. Hence Christianity teaches us to call them tribulations, and, as St. Paul tells us (Rom. v. 3), “tribulation worketh patience;” and the great Bishop Butler beautifully remarks that “resignation is the very atmosphere of Heaven.” King David out of his own experience, tells us, “it was good that I was afflicted.” And what a contrast there is between David, the self-

indulgent adulterer, planning the death of Uriah the Hittite, and David the fugitive, humbled and repentant, flying before the advance of his treacherous son Absalom.

The way in which the spiritual life of the soul is benefitted by affliction and trials is taught us under many different figures in the Bible. The vine, by being pruned, brings forth more fruit; the precious ore is purified by the furnace-heat of suffering; the wilderness must be passed through ere the Promised Land be gained, and long years of conflict with the heathen dwellers in the land must be "fought through" ere the days of peace could come. A well-known hymn admirably points out that the beautiful carvings which adorn a palace were produced by many a stroke from the chisel and mallet; the character of the greatest Christians likewise is formed and shaped by many a painful trial and sharp time of tribulation.

A quaint old author, living, no doubt, in the days when our great-great-grandmothers were skilled in producing the sweet-perfumed essence of roses, which are still found in many a tall jar of Oriental china, writes thus:—"As little children, when they see a heap of beautiful and sweet roses lying upon a table before them, and their mother goes and puts them in a mortar, and therein beats them all to pieces, the children cry out, and think the mother spoils them, though she does it merely to make a conserve of them, that they be more useful and durable, thus it is that we think we have comforts like buds of roses, yet when God takes them from us we are apt to conceive that they are all spoiled and destroyed, and that we are utterly undone by it, whereas God intends it to work for our greater benefit." And how often the words of the well-known poetess come true—

"That lips say 'God be pitiful,' that ne'er said
'God be praised.'"

And the time of affliction has often brought men to their knees; but not always so. There are cases where sorrow

seems to harden instead of softening, and a sullen spirit of rebellion and hatred against God, to embitter the sinner's nature, instead of leading him to submission and humility. Wherefore it behoves us to pray earnestly that in the time of tribulation God would deliver us from such spiritual perils.

It is true that often we cannot see how the trial that oppresses us is for our good. But here lies the work of faith and trust, whereby God helps us in the time of tribulation. An old writer says, a stick placed in the water looketh crooked, and no longer straight ; but this is because we see it through the medium of the water. Even so, considering the dealings of God merely through the atmosphere of this life, many of the trials He sends seem to us unfair and unjust ; but when, hereafter, viewed in the light of Heaven, we shall see that it was only the medium through which they were beheld that caused them to seem strange and distorted. Even in this world we are sometimes permitted to see how God delivers men in "the time of tribulation," and even brings good out of evil.

A couple of centuries ago a party of Spaniards were on a journey through a part of South America, when one of them fell ill of fever. For some time, when unable to walk, they carried him along with them ; but at length, unable to be burdened with the sick man any longer, they laid him on the ground, under a tree, with a store of food beside him, and on the edge of a pool of water, thinking he had only a few hours to live. It was a bitter feeling for the poor wretch to find himself thus forsaken, and left to die alone ; but yet a further trial seemed to befall him, for, as agonized by thirst, he dragged his body, burning with fever, to the pool, he found the water was most bitter and nauseous.

Compelled, however, by dire necessity, he drank deeply and often ; and, strange to say, as he did so, found his pains subside, his feverish symptoms decrease, his strength return ! The tree under which he had providentially been left to die was the *chinchona* ; its leaves and fragments of its bark had fallen into the little pool

of water, making it, in fact, an infusion of quinine, which restored the fever-stricken traveller, and led to the discovery of that wonderful medicine, which has, under God, saved the life of so many, and given them back health and strength.

"In all time of our wealth." By the word "wealth" in Tudor English was meant welfare, or prosperity, as we may see it is so used in the Second Collect for the Sovereign in the Communion Service. It may at first seem strange to a child, that he should be taught here to pray for God's deliverance in the season of prosperity, yet the thoughtful and experienced Christian feels how much true wisdom there is in such counsel! There is even in success and prosperity a tendency in the heart to grow hard—to lose the power of sympathizing with others, and to feel less keenly than we ought that our home is not here! There is also danger from want of watchfulness in "time of prosperity." Many a vessel has been wrecked on the smoothest sea, and in the calmest weather, because no one dreaded any disaster, no one kept accurate watch; a gentle current unperceived swept the ship a little out of her course, and with all sail set she floated straight upon some hidden mass of rugged rock, and in a few moments the voices of merriment and security were silenced, as she sank beneath the waters!

There is an anecdote in Grecian history of a certain ruler of some famous city, who, in the pride of his high estate and great position, knew not of the plots of his secret foes. In the midst of his grandeur, a conspiracy was made to assassinate him. The plot, however, became known to one of his friends, who sent a special messenger with a letter to warn him; and as he was on his way, in his lofty chariot, crowned with roses, to a great banquet, the bearer of it handed him the scroll telling of the traitors' plans. But in the calm security of long-continued prosperity he carelessly cast it unopened to a slave, saying, as he did so, "pleasure to-day, business to-morrow." Alas! no morrow came, for he was that very night stabbed by the daggers of the

conspirators. Equally dangerous to the soul is that time of wealth and success which makes us forget to be prayerful, and leads us to neglect self-examination!

"In the hour of death, good Lord, deliver us." There is no petition in the Litany which more comes home to the heart of the Christian! The Apostolic axiom, "it is appointed unto all men to die," is acknowledged by us all! In the far distance it is easy to regard this termination of earthly life with comparative indifference, but when the time comes *near*, even the true Christian must feel it to be a very solemn moment. Though, like good old David, he feels that God's "staff is in his hand," yet he realizes that it is "the valley of the shadow," and looking forward to this period, he prays earnestly that "in the hour," or crisis, of his departure, his Redeemer may be near! The Christian has, by God's grace, often been enabled to contemplate death with the utmost calmness.

There is an anecdote told in the life of Fletcher, the once well-known Vicar of Madeley, in the last century. One day his nephew, a wild and worthless young man, entered his study, and showed him a draft for a sum of money, signed by another uncle, Colonel Fletcher. The Vicar asked to look at the paper, and when he had read it he quietly folded it up and placed it in his pocket, observing that he believed it had been extorted by threats from his brother. The young man was furious, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, pointed it at the Vicar, and declared he would shoot him at once, unless he returned the cheque. But the clergyman remained unmoved; "I am not afraid to die," he said, "but I consider it my duty to retain this paper."

For awhile the youth stormed and raged, but was awed by the quiet determination of the Vicar, and at last confessed that he had extorted the money from the Colonel by a similar threat, which had intimidated the military man, though it had failed to produce any effect on the courage of the Christian, who was not alarmed at the thought of death!

Calmness and confidence have marked the closing hours of

many devoted Christians. Hooker, the great Anglican Divine, whispered, "I feel that inward peace which this world can neither give nor take away."

A noble death was that of Francis Xavier, worn out by his Missionary toils, and expiring on the sea-shore of an island in the Indian Archipelago. "In Te Domine speravi," "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped," his last words. "And now, Lord—Lord, receive my soul," was the last aspiration of the holy George Herbert.

It is part of God's merciful arrangement for us that we do not know "the hour," or manner of our death. As the Rabbins amongst the Jews used to say, "God keeps in His own hands the keys of birth and of death." And our Lord Himself declares, "I am the first and the last, and have the keys of Hades and of death" (Rev. i. 18); but though we know not *when* "the hour" may come, we cannot prepare better for it than by always uttering with true and devout earnestness "in that hour," "good Lord, deliver us."

"And in the Day of Judgment." "Tribulation" is a painful thought even to the patient Christian. "The time of wealth," a time of anxiety to the wise Christian. "The hour of death," a very serious prospect even to the man of faith; but the anticipation of the great "Day of Judgment" must be a very awful subject of meditation to every humble Christian, who feels that the words of the Church's confession are written over the records of the life of each of us! "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and we have not done the things which we ought to have done!"

A great soldier was able to have inscribed on his tomb, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," which no doubt was true of the hero in regard to his country; but of how many of us, in regard to the service of God, it could not be even written with truth, that "we tried to do our duty!" So, looking forward to that solemn event—the great close and winding up of this world, the Christian must, with a deep sense of his own failures and infirmities, exclaim, "good Lord, deliver us."

The subject of the Last Judgment was much in the minds of ancient Christians, and it is much to be regretted that this doctrine of the Christian faith is so little thought of. Popularly speaking, people seem to imagine that a departed soul is at once conveyed to Heaven, or Hell, and no room is left for the day of Judgment, as set forth in the Holy Scriptures ! Rather we should remember that the Bible lays down, and the Church teaches about, a mysterious intermediate state where souls await the Judgment, and where we may hope that many ignorant and irresponsible persons, like the heathen, are schooled and educated for a higher state. Even amongst the Pagans there was a belief in the doctrine of rewards and punishments. In ancient Egypt, on the tombs, and in the manuscripts buried with the dead, there is found a representation of the *weighing* of the soul of the dead man ! When Seneca remonstrated with Nero on his crimes, he replied, "Do you think I should act thus if I believed that there were any gods?" The belief in God has ever been associated with the conviction that He will punish the guilty, and reward the righteous. The Creed of St. Athanasius sets forth this truth in the plainest of language.

In the mediæval Churches it was usual to paint over the Chancel arch this subject : Christ in majesty judging the souls of men ; and the sublimest hymn ever written, the "*Dies Iræ*," depicts its awful grandeur, and points out to us our only ground of comfort, that He who will be our Judge is that Divine Person who was our Redeemer ! Thus, though trusting fully in His mercy and compassion, we should not forget that the anticipation of a coming Judgment should be a strong motive towards a holy life.

In early Church History we read of "a certain Persian noble, of the name of Usthazanes, who, when the King Saporess commenced to persecute the Christians, was so terrified that he abandoned the Christian faith, which he had before held. But sitting at the gate of the court he saw one Simeon, an ancient holy Bishop, led away to prison, and, from old habit, rose up to salute him, which the bishop, observing, met with a frown, and turned away his face

with indignation, as being loth to look upon a man who had denied the faith. Usthazanes fell a weeping, went into his chamber, laid aside his courtly attire, and brake out into these, or like words, 'Ah! how shall I appear before the great God of Heaven, whom I have denied, when Simeon, but a man, will not endure to look upon me? If he frown, how will God behold me when I come before His tribunal?' The thought of God's judgment wrought so strongly upon him that he recovered his spiritual strength, and died a glorious martyr." And the old writer of this story concludes, "Let everyone, then, in all his doings, remember his end, and so he shall never do amiss."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XIII.

1. What is the meaning of the word "Tribulation?"
2. What is the object of trial and temptation?
3. What is meant by wealth?
4. Where is the word used in a similar sense in the Prayer Book?
5. What common mistake is made in regard to the state of the dead?
6. What is the Scriptural view of the intermediate state?
7. What parables of our Lord allude to the Day of Judgment?

CLAUSE XIV.

"We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please Thee to rule and govern Thy holy Church universal in the right way."



HERE is another of those windings, to which we have alluded, when illustrating the progress of the Litany by comparing it with a great river's course. We now come to what are called "The Supplications, or Petitions," but we approach with deep humility.

The Throne of the Great King is placed on steps, that we may kneel as we draw nigh! We acknowledge that we are "sinners," and this is in accord with the parable which tells us

how the publican found approval, who smote upon his breast, and said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." When the offending burgesses of Calais implored pardon from the English king, they knelt before him with halters round their necks, as though conscious of the just penalty they had incurred !

But realizing that as Ahasuerus held forth the golden sceptre to encourage Esther, so our Lord's sympathy is willing to listen to the petitions of the congregation, we proceed to plead for the Church, that is, for the society of Christians which our Lord founded, organized, and left to be His witness on earth. This Church has *two* descriptions given of it, that it is Holy, and that it is Catholic or universal. That it should be a "Holy" body needs no explanation, for it belongs to God, and as all the vessels in the Temple were to be of pure gold, so must all those who serve God be holy and devout members of His Spiritual Temple. That it should be *universal*, is its noble characteristic, in contrast with the Jewish Dispensation, when the religion of the true God was chiefly centred in one race, and its worship located at one spot.

But the Church of Christ is to be found in all lands, its truths are taught in many languages, and believed in by men of various races. It may be compared to a great tree, stretching forth its branches far and wide. Even our own branch—the Church of the English tongue, has overshadowed a vast extent of territory ; and as the sunlight goes round the world, it is followed by the Mattins and Evensong of our Prayer Book.

An interesting anecdote illustrates the world-wide influence of the "universal Church." On a high hill, a couple of miles above a Yorkshire town, lived a worthy couple, who had one only son, a fine lad, who daily went down into the valley to the national school, and climbed the hill again in the evening. But one day he did not return ! How anxiously his parents waited, and afterwards searched for him ; but no tidings could they get, save that someone had noticed some sailors in the town.

Day after day passed, and two long years wore away, so slowly, so sadly, in a terrible suspense, when the postman brought a foreign letter. It was from a clergyman, who acted as Chaplain to a hospital in one of the seaport cities of Australia. He wrote at the request of a dying youth, who had been allured by some sailors to run away from home, and then there came a touching message asking for their pardon. It was sad news, but yet far better than the terrible suspense. And the next mail brought further tidings, that the sick lad had departed, but humbly repentant, receiving the Holy Communion, and trusting to meet his parents in a better life : separated by half the circuit of the globe, and yet united again in the one faith, one hope, one Sacramental grace of the *universal* Church.

But though the Church of Jesus Christ, like her great Master, cannot die, or become fatally diseased, yet she has had seasons of torpor in her career through eighteen centuries, and dreary times of weakness and ignorance, from which it has again and again pleased God to restore her by His *rule* and *governance*.

There was a time of great gloom and depression when, in the fifth and sixth centuries, the fierce flood of the Barbarians overwhelmed the most civilized parts of Europe, and, amidst the general ruin, it seemed to human foresight impossible for the Church to survive the Empire, yet God turned the hearts of the warriors of the North. For instance, Clovis, when entering on the battle of Tolbiac (A.D. 496) was yet undecided, and vowed he would, *if* a victor, become a Christian ; and, having conquered, was immediately afterwards baptized at Rheims. These races, which had threatened to destroy Christianity, became her greatest defenders, and under the mild teaching of the Cross, learned better lessons than their old belief in Woden and Thor had ever taught them.

Farther on in the history of the middle ages, when ignorance had degraded the clergy to their lowest point, and pride and riches had greatly corrupted the bishops, then God in His *rule* and *government* put into the hearts of many men to seek holy and useful lives

in the monastic orders. Such men as St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many other souls, full of devotion to their Saviour, and love to their fellow men, lit up by their lives the gloom of sin and ignorance around. Thus, in some deep valley, or lonely spot, would be seen emerging from the shade of the primæval wood the cowl and habit of the monastic settlers. Then the forest gave place to the field and the garden; the shadows of the oak or willow to the arches of the cloisters; the song of the wild bird to the Chant or Psalm; the Church, the library, the infirmary, were erected; education for the young, and help for the suffering, were freely given, and so the mighty and reviving power of the Holy Spirit throbbed through the pulses of the mediæval Church, in an instrumentality fitted to this particular period.

Again, when monasticism had lost much of its first power and usefulness; when, in the progress of time, the modern world was coming into existence, and the old learning had revived after the fall of Constantinople, another critical period arose in the history of the Church, when God's governing hand opened the great sluice gates, through which poured that tide of mingled good and evil, which easily-satisfied persons call the Reformation; and when, in place of much that was swept away, there floated in on the minds of men the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and the common-sense system of God being publicly worshipped in the language "wherein we were born."

Passing over other critical points, wherein God's hand on the helm is plainly visible, we come to that remarkable guiding by God's power of our own Church into the path and practice of devotion, which had in the last century grown cold and frozen.

Could our grandfathers look into some of our Churches, which in their days were whitewashed and neglected, with high pews and heavy galleries, and the service a dull duett between parson and clerk, how surprised they would be to see the change to the beauty of holiness in many of our sanctuaries, with their painted windows, white-robed choirs, free and open seats, and kneeling

worshippers pouring forth their hearts in solemn music or heart-stirring hymns! And yet this great change and movement has come within fifty years from the day on which a haughty enemy of the Church in the House of Peers scornfully bade "the Bishops set their house in order," sarcastically implying the rest of the prophetic sentence, "for thou shalt die and not live;" but God was pleased "to rule and govern His Church in the right way," and it has, therefore, prospered in the thing whereunto He sent it.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XIV.

1. What parable teaches us that to confess our sinfulness is an acceptable approach to God?
2. Explain the words "universal Church," and show that the Church of Christ was such in contra-distinction to the Jewish Church?
3. Over what portions of the world does the branch of the English Church spread her shade?
4. Describe the Conversion of Clovis to Christianity?
5. Describe the monastic life, and what was its work and results?
6. What was the period of "the Reformation," its work and results?

CLAUSE XV.

"That it may please Thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of Thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, Thy Serbant, VICTORIA, our most gracious Queen and Gobernour."



WHEN we read the directions given by St. Paul (1st Epistle to Timothy ii. 1-3) for prayers and supplications to be made for those in authority and royal place, it gives great force to the Apostle's command, to remember that the imperial throne was then occupied by Nero. If it was the duty of the Christian raising "holy hands" to pray for that monster of crime and bloodshed, how much more is it right that we should ask God's blessing on Sovereigns who are not stained with iniquity, as were many of the Roman emperors?

Monarchs need prayers for two reasons. On the one hand,

because they are exposed to peculiar temptations from the flattery of the self-interested persons around them ; on the other hand, because their example has so much influence on others of lower station.

There was, in former days, a tendency to treat kings with adulation and servility, as is illustrated by the legend of the courtiers of Canute ; but in these days there is an opposite reaction, which denies to great personages the credit which they justly deserve. It may be fairly argued that kings and queens must be, on an average, quite as good and clever as other people ; but it seems to an impartial reader of history that amongst the lists of royal personages more than an average can be marked out for eminent ability, piety, and other high qualities. What an example of charity was the "old English" king who ordered the food of the royal banquet to be given to the poor, and then the silver dishes on which it had been served to be broken into fragments and likewise distributed.

How quaint is the anecdote told of that saint and king, Louis VII., having a poor beggar to sit at his feet at dinner time to eat the superabundance of the royal dinner, a kindness ill repaid, as we are told, by the cunning mendicant taking the opportunity to steal the golden lace from the garment of the innocent-minded king. What a picture we have of the fatherly character of the same monarch, sitting the whole day long under a great oak hearing and reconciling the differences of his subjects till he nearly fainted with hunger.

Doubtless the prayers of devout people for the benefit of their Sovereigns are often answered ; and the Englishman thinks with pride of the great Alfred, the wise Edward, first of that name. He sees how much his country owes to the shrewd patriotism of Elizabeth, and to the calm courage of Charles I. on the scaffold.

There is an interesting anecdote told of old King George III., that, riding through Windsor Forest, he accidentally took a different road from his attendants, and was met by a little ragged

child, who, weeping bitterly, begged him to come to her mother's aid. The good-hearted king at once turned aside with her, and made his way to a gipsy encampment. A poor woman of that race lay dying. There was no one to attend her. But the king, jumping from his horse, raised her head upon his shoulder; and when his retinue, turning back to look for the king, found out the place, he was kneeling on the ground and tenderly supporting the poor sufferer. A deed of humanity which does him more credit than the splendid victories of some military despot.

Even in the case of monarchs who have been selfish and ambitious, there are often gleams of nobility and largeness of heart that do much to redeem their characters and explain the secret of their influence. For instance, Napoleon Buonaparte acted in life too much on the same principle on which he played chess—that the rules of the game must be disregarded when his chief pieces were in danger of being checkmated. But there is a story told which shows that he could sometimes act generously.

A certain high official had been found out to be carrying on a treacherous correspondence with the enemy. He was at once arrested, and his life hung in the balance. His wife, ignorant of his real guilt, made her way to the Imperial Cabinet, threw herself on the ground before the Emperor, and assured him of the perfect innocence of her husband. The Emperor handed to her a letter of her husband, which had been intercepted, and which unmistakably proved his treachery. The poor wife, now convinced of his traitorous conduct, had nothing more to plead but her tears. "Put the letter in the candle," said Napoleon kindly, "and there will be no evidence of his crime."

The various blessings which we implore for our Sovereign may be distinguished and explained, each word having its force and meaning.

We desire that, as the Scripture says "the hearts of kings are in the hands of the Lord" (Prov. xxi. 1), so thus our Queen may be "kept and strengthened." The thought and imagery is taken

from the times of defensive warfare. The castle, on which floated the royal standard, needed to be guarded night and day with the stout mail-clad men-at-arms, and if the forces of the foe drew nigh, to be further strengthened with fresh entrenchments and new bulwarks.

In life, as it goes on, whether with the monarch or the peasant, each stage and season of existence brings new and different spiritual perils. The temptations of childhood cease to have power, but those of youth rise in their place. "Grown-up life," advancing years, old age, have all their own difficulties and their own peculiar dangers, so that we ever need to have our souls "kept" and garrisoned, by God's help, and as the attacks of our ghostly enemy alter or grow more fierce, to be "strengthened" the more against them.

What a noble commencement of his reign was made when the late Czar of Russia, in the grand Cathedral of St. Petersburg, pronounced the decree which gave liberty to two millions of serfs. Alas ! not being "kept and strengthened," as he *might have* sought to be, this reign closed in gloom and terror, when the mangled body of the most powerful ruler in the world, torn and bleeding from the explosion of the dynamite conspirators, was carried into one of his splendid palaces, only to die in agony.

There are two respects in which we pray that our Chief Ruler may be "kept and strengthened," "in true worshipping of God," by which we must understand right and sincere views of religion, as understood by the head, and accepted by the heart ; and "righteousness and holiness of life," by which is meant the framing of the life and actions in accordance with the commands of Christ our Lord. Too often kings have professed great zeal for the true faith, fought battles, and spent blood and treasure in religious wars, whilst their lives were utterly untouched by its power and influence ! Louis XI. used to go about with his hat surrounded by little images of the Madonna and Saints, before which he prayed most devoutly, but his conduct was full of meanness, cruelty,

and treachery! Henry IV., of France, fought bravely for the Protestant cause in France, but, when king, abandoned it for political reasons; but whether a Huguenot, or a professed subject of the Pope, in his private life he was a self-indulgent heathen. And alas, those in high ecclesiastical authority, winked at his errors, instead of "strengthening him to holiness of living." Thus it may be one effect of our prayers for Royal Personages that those who are their spiritual guides may deal honestly with their souls. "When my other Chaplains preach," said Louis XIV., "they leave me pleased with myself, but when Fenelon leaves the pulpit, I feel dissatisfied with myself." "That, sir," said the good Archbishop, "is just what I desired, to rouse your Majesty's conscience."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XV.

1. Where in the Scriptures are we commanded by St. Paul to pray for kings, and for all that are in authority?
2. Mention some instances of the piety and benevolence of monarchs?
3. From what imagery are the words "kept and strengthened" drawn, and why do we need this keeping and strengthening through life?
4. In what two respects do we pray that our Queen may be kept and strengthened?
5. Mention two instances of kings who, while professing great zeal and piety for religion, lived selfish and unchristian lives?
6. How may our prayers for our monarchs affect the teaching of their spiritual guides?

CLAUSE XVI.

"That it may please Thee to rule her heart in Thy faith, fear, and love, and that she may evermore have affiance in Thee, and ever seek Thy honour and glory."



THE Church of England has ever been loyal and devoted to the Crown, not, as her enemies would say, from a slavish spirit of Erastianism, nor merely for the sake of worldly advantages, but because convinced that Monarchy was of Divine institution. With simple-hearted piety our

forefathers read the history of Samuel anointing Saul, and afterwards David, and recognized our Royal House as chosen of God.

Nothing can be more pathetic than to read the records of the attachment of the clergy to the Stuarts in the days of their misfortunes, and how nobly they sacrificed wealth, learned endowments, high positions, their homes, and all they held dear, rather than desert their royal master !

No wonder that we find the Litany very fervent in its petitions for the Sovereign. In this clause we ask first that God would "rule her heart," reminding us of the grand opening of the prayer in the Daily Service, "O Lord, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes." We desire that the heart of the Sovereign may be ruled, or, rather, overruled, from its natural evil tendencies, to walk in the divine pathway of "faith, fear, and love." By "the faith" we mean the religion of Jesus Christ, our Lord, with all its supernatural facts, which transcend our experience, but are humbly accepted by believing hearts.

We are told of Mrs. Tait, the excellent wife of the late Archbishop, that on one occasion, being greatly distressed by hearing some bold declarations of unbelief, she withdrew to her chamber, and there repeated to herself aloud the Apostles' Creed, that she might reassure herself, by its familiar words, of the confidence she felt in the truths it teaches. (2 Cor. iv. 18.)

By "the fear" of God we mean reverence for all that belongs to His Name and His House.

The story of King Edward VI. refusing to use a Bible as a footstool is too familiar to be quoted ; but we may, in illustration of a royal heart, full of the fear and love of God, extract the following lines from Bishop Jebb's Biography:—"When in England, in the year 1809, it had been his privilege to see King George III. in his own Royal Chapel at Windsor, the venerable air of the king, as he entered the Chapel, leaning on the arm of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia—his state of total

blindness rendered more touching by the fervent devoutness of his responses—made and left an impression which the Bishop loved ever afterwards to recall and describe. The king's voice throughout the service expressed the profoundest humility of devotion. But when he came to the verse of the 'Te Deum,' 'Heaven and earth are *full* of the majesty of Thy glory,' the words were uttered with a fervour and a fulness which swelled through the whole building, 'as though,' observed the Bishop, 'he would express the nothingness of his own majesty when he thought about the majesty of the King of kings.'"

Next we pray that our Sovereign may "evermore have affiance" in God. "Affiance" is an old word, used by Shakespeare, from the Latin "Fides," faith; through the French "affier," to put trust in.

Many are the striking instances in the Old Testament histories of the Hebrew kings placing their confidence in God in times of the greatest perils, and of God delivering His servants. Such as (2 Kings iii.) when, for the sake of the good Jehoshaphat, the Prophet Elisha consented to come to the aid of the distressed kings.

Or, again, what more touching example of "affiance" in God can be quoted than the touching narrative of the good Hezekiah, wounded and insulted by the haughty language of the mighty Sennacherib, "going up to the house of Jehovah, and spreading the letter out before the Lord." Or compare the story of Asa. (2 Chron. xiv.)

The words "and to seek Thy honour and glory," suggest a grand ideal for a Royal person to aim at—not their own fame, but the glory of the King of kings.

There is something very striking about the old mediæval custom, still kept up in the Court of Vienna, when on Maundy Thursday, in humble imitation of our Blessed Saviour's conduct, the Emperor of Austria, kneeling down, washes the feet of twelve poor persons; an example of one of the greatest of earth's potentates, following in outward form, and why should we doubt, in spirit also, the humility of action shown by our Heavenly King, when on earth.

To the desire to "seek God's honour and glory," glowing brightly in the souls of our kings and queens, we owe the building of many of our noble Cathedrals and Churches, and the founding of many useful institutions. Our great Abbey Church of Westminster owes its foundation to King Edward the Confessor; its glorious fabric to Henry III.; its rich Eastern Chapel to Henry VII. St. Katharine's Hospital still exists to commemorate the pious charity of an early queen. And hundreds of parishes throughout England have their endowments increased by Queen Anne's Bounty, being the revenue restored to the Church by that queen. And even in our own day we find that almost every good object and charitable work has for its patron, and numbers amongst its supporters, our Queen and the members of the Royal Family.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XVI.

1. What is meant by affiance?
2. What proof of attachment did the Church show to the Crown in England in the seventeenth century?
3. What was the conduct of Hezekiah when insulted by the heathen conqueror?
4. What examples of God's delivering pious kings are found in the Book of Chronicles?
5. What great architectural structures in London are the monuments of Royal piety?
6. What queen of England restored a portion of the Church's property?
7. What act showed the reverential spirit of Edward VI.?
8. What remarkable ceremony is still kept up in the Court of Vienna?

CLAUSE XVII.

"That it may please Thee to be her defender and keeper, gibing her the victory ower all her enemies."



THE previous clause teaches us to pray for the Sovereign chiefly in a personal capacity, that God's glory and honour be the Royal purpose and aim. But here we proceed to implore the Divine blessing on the national acts of our Monarch.

We ask God to be their defender and keeper ; the word "*keeper*" being the old expression for what we should now call guardian.

In old times, when it was usual for warlike kings, with their crown encircling their helmets, to go forth to battle, we often find a sincere trust expressed that a Divine power might defend them.

At Poitiers, Froissart describes the chivalrous "Black Prince" as saying to his men-at-arms, "Now, sirs, though we be but a small company as in regard to the puissance of our enemies, let us not be abashed therefore, for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but wherever God will send it."

And Shakespeare, describing the victory of Agincourt, tells us that Henry V. exclaimed, when he heard the herald's report, "O God, Thy arm was here. And not to us, but to Thy arm, alone ascribe we all !"

Modern times do not indeed expect a king to appear in every battlefield, but they have produced a more constant and terrible danger, for it is one that may arise at any moment. It seems a common form of insanity for maniacs to try to avenge imaginary wrongs, or to obtain notoriety, by attempting the assassination of Royal persons. Our unoffending Queen has been repeatedly fired at, and almost every Sovereign in Europe has been thus endangered. So that there is in this matter ample need for our intercession.

But far more terrible than the madman's pistol or dagger is the existence, in the last and in this century, of confederations of desperate men, banded together to resist all authority. "Red Republicans," "Communists," "Socialists," "Nihilists," under these various names striving to uproot the solid foundations of society, and to set at naught the laws of God and man.

The space of a hundred years has comprised the murder of the gentle Louis XVI. by the guillotine, and the assassination of the late Czar of Russia. Some of these unhappy men are knaves, some fools, but all, alas ! enemies of our Sovereign. Unhappily they seek to spread their pestilent views in our own country, and

we must pray against such as the dangerous foes of our Sovereign. Foolish persons are apt to be deluded by promise of the riches of the wealthy classes being divided amongst the poor, forgetting that such a plundering of the monied classes would mean ruin and stagnation of commerce and trade, whilst the amount of money which could be theoretically divided amongst all would be contemptible.

Some years ago it is said that the great banker, Rothschild, was sitting alone in a back parlour of his bank at Frankfort, when two desperate-looking men pushed their way in, and one of them gruffly began to talk of the inequality of wealth amongst different persons, and to hint at strong measures to redress this supposed wrong. Rothschild thought he saw pistols protruding from their pockets, but calmly replied, "My friends, my wealth is popularly reported to be so many millions of dollars, and the number of the population is also calculated to be so many millions. Now, if this were equally divided, as you wish, it would give about two dollars a head for each individual. Now, here are your two dollars each. Take them, and begone!" And the two fellows, awed by his firmness, and unable to answer his common-sense argument, retired without delay, leaving untouched the piles of gold which lay on the table!

But trusting that God may hear our prayers, and keep our throne and land in security from communism, socialism, and such evil forces which are inimical to our Sovereign; we may feel in another way the value of this prayer when it applies to a time of warfare. So great a country as ours, with such wide-spread Colonies, must often be drawn into wars, even with the utmost desire to live in peace. When our soldiers or sailors are bravely fighting in some distant land, it must cheer them to think that far off in old England, in their native village, their dear ones, gathered together in the House of God, are praying for their success. And may we not think that many a deed of daring has owed its prosperous termination to the prayers of the Church.

It is now many years ago, and people have forgotten the heroism which was displayed at the siege of Ghuznee, in India. It was determined not to take the usual slow methods of blockade, but to try an attack, and for this purpose to blow open the strong gates of the fortress. A "forlorn hope" rushed over the intervening space, crossed the bridge, and carrying with them bags of powder, piled them up against the gate, lit a fuse, and hurried back. All now waited for an explosion, but it did not occur—the fuse had failed! But the garrison, now aware of their danger, protected the approach with their guns, and filled every embrasure of the battlements with a sheet of flame! But an Englishman was ready to face that deadly peril. A young officer rushed across the space, amidst a very tempest of bullets, crept beneath the shelter of the gateway for an instant, whilst he re-lighted the fuse, and then, leaping into the ditch, awaited the tremendous explosion. In an instant the whole gate was shattered, the air black with smoke and dust. But the English troops, dashing forward, seized the fortress, and found to their joy the brave volunteer, blackened, scorched, and hurt, but yet alive, and able to receive that praise he so well deserved.

The Christian will attribute the success and bravery with which our armies and our ships have fought against the enemies of our crown and country, not merely to the courage of our race, but to the merciful answer that God gives to the prayers of His people.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XVII.

1. What is the old meaning of the word "keeper?"
 2. What danger now tries the courage of Royalty, as much as their presence in the field of battle of yore?
 3. Who are the most dangerous foes of the throne and society?
 4. Show the hollowness of Socialistic schemes?
 5. St. Paul's directions as to paying tribute in the Epistle of the Romans?
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 CLAUSE XVIII.

“That it may please Thee to bless and preserve . . . Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family.”



THE Christian, from the earliest days, as taught by St. Paul, prayed “for kings and all that are in high place” (1 Tim. ii. 1-3); and English Churchmen have ever been found the most loyal subjects of the Crown. Very naturally, therefore, we are led to plead in the Litany, not only for the Sovereign, but also for those that are near and dear to the occupant of the Throne. Diadems do not prevent the anxious throbbing of the brain, and royal robes often cover a careworn heart. Kings and queens are human beings, and often have severe trials in their domestic relations; nor should we grudge them our sympathy. Our own Queen has told us in her diary with what emotions she heard supplications made for herself and her home circle.

This petition was once a novelty in our Prayer Book, when, after the long childless reign of Elizabeth, it was introduced for the benefit of the family of King James I.

The legend of King Edward I. presenting his infant son to the subdued Welshmen at Carnarvon, as their prince, is too well known to be more than alluded to. All are not perhaps so familiar with the origin of the name of Wales, and why that Western region was so called. When the fierce warriors from what we know now as Denmark, the Saxons, Angles and Jutes landed on our shores, they, as we all know, drove the Romano-Britons westward, in a series of conflicts, till at length the promontory of Cornwall, and the mountainous territory beyond the Severn, became the refuge of the fugitives. They called themselves the Cymry, but our English forefathers named them the foreigners, or strangers; the Wealhas, or Welsh.

And similar names have been given by the German nation to

bordering tribes. Thus they call Italy Walschland. In another direction, the country of the Bulgarians was called Wallachia, and the foreign nut brought from Italy was called the Walsh nut, or as is now abbreviated, the walnut.

The history of the native princes, ending with Llewellyn, is a mournful one, but the union of Wales to England has doubtless been a good thing for both countries. Of those princes who have borne this title, the mind readily recalls the weak and unfortunate Edward II., who perished mysteriously at Berkeley Castle, and whose placid-looking effigy still remains at Gloucester Cathedral.

"The Black Prince," whose fame at Cressy and Poitiers was sullied by the cruelty of his later victories.

The undisciplined youth of Henry of Monmouth is forgotten in the splendour of Agincourt, and the conquest of France, and every child knows the story of Prince Hal and the undaunted Judge Gascoigne.

The elegant "perpendicular" Chapel on the bridge of Wakefield preserves the memory of the young Lancastrian Prince of Wales, so savagely killed on that spot; and the visitor to the Tower of London looks with a shudder at the place below the stairs where tradition has fixed the graves of the Yorkist Prince of Wales and his little brother. Two princes—Arthur, the son of Henry VII., and Henry, the eldest son of James I.—died in their youth, the latter much lamented, and full of promise. It was he who, remarking the profane language used by the courtiers in their pastimes, said that "all the sport in the world was not worth a single oath!"

The aspiration of King Charles I., for his son, that he might not be called "Charles-le-Grand, but Charles-le-Bon," was not fulfilled; but the circumstances of his early years may be pleaded as some excuse for the dark shades of his character.

Our prayers are needed for those of lofty rank, as the flattery and adulation which it receives form a most dangerous moral atmosphere.

When we see a person on some very lofty standing place, such as the narrow wall of the ruined tower at Tintern Abbey, or on the edge of some cliff on the Cornish coast, we cannot help feeling a certain anxiety, for we perceive that a heedless step or a slight stumble may cause them instant death.

One of the noblest Latin sequences from which our anthem in the Burial Service, "In the midst of life we are in death," is taken, is said to have been composed by a monk amongst the Alps, as he watched some workmen building a lofty bridge over a mountain torrent.

But if high places produce a physical feeling of giddiness, if they strike the looker-on with a sense of dread at their danger, much more perilous to the soul's welfare are exalted posts of earthly pomp and dignity!

The ancient monarch, Philip of Macedon, employed a slave to remind him daily, "Philip, thou must die!" lest the glare and glitter of regal splendour should blind him to the recollection of his mortal state and certain doom.

Those in great dignity, who seldom, if ever, hear the words of plain, unvarnished truth, greatly require our prayers, that the voice of conscience may admonish them to show a good example, when their conduct and influence have so much weight for good or evil.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XVIII.

1. At what time was the prayer for the "Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family" introduced into the Prayer Book?
 2. Who was the first Prince of Wales of our English race?
 3. Mention some of the different Princes of Wales, and facts in their lives?
 4. Relate the story which gave rise to the sequence in our Burial Service, "In the midst of life we are in death?"
 5. Mention the name of the ancient monarch who employed a slave to remind him of his death?
 6. What saying of King James' eldest son is well worthy of recollection?
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 CLAUSE XIX.

“That it may please Thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with a true knowledge and understanding of Thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly.”



JUST as a great army cannot exist without officers, and those officers must be placed in degrees of authority, in order to carry out discipline and to prevent confusion, so the Church of Christ our Lord is an organized system. It has the glorified Redeemer for its head, “the great Captain of our Salvation” (Heb. ii. 10), and under Him, in due order, are the threefold ministry—some appointed to command and direct, some to work and obey.

There is a great power in discipline. The man who is accustomed to obey and act under orders is a much greater force than the mere individual who only does what he likes. Often this has been strikingly shown in times of tumult and insurrection, where some turbulent mob has set all authority at defiance, burnt houses, plundered the dwellings of the defenceless, spread abroad terror through the city, and committed deeds of bloodshed, till military assistance was sought; but when the measured tread of the soldier was heard, the gleaming lines of bayonets seen, and the loud word of command became audible, then there was a change. Their numbers may be few, but they all act and march and move as *one* man; and before this power of discipline the crowd tremble and lose courage. They may be ten times their number, but there is a moral weight in a disciplined and trained body of men which awes and disperses a mere mob.

So in the Church of God there is a power and an influence, because men do not act as separate and weak atoms, but as parts of a united body.

The preacher speaks not on his own authority, but as one sent

by a Higher Power. The lowliest pastor works not as a solitary labourer in the Lord's vineyard, but as one of a great army. And to feel this is itself a source of strength.

The work of the Church as an organization, officered and disciplined, was clearly visible in the early days of the Church's progress, when she cast down the strongholds of Paganism. Her threefold ministry gave her *Deacons*, for service; *Presbyters*, for Sacramental ordinances and popular instruction; *Bishops*, for supervision and authority.

The order of Bishops, according to the faith of the Church, takes its origin in the commission of the Apostles—

“His twelve apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.”

Those whom our Blessed Lord ordained to this ministry and apostleship, together with St. Paul, who was in a miraculous manner “called to be an apostle,” exercised a recognized and admitted authority in the infant Church, as is clearly shown in the book of the Acts; and that they transmitted a similar influence and position to certain chosen followers is clear from the construction and language of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

Then when we turn from Scripture to Ecclesiastical History, we find, in the records of the Primitive Church, Polycarp, Ignatius, Irenæus, and others acting as Bishops, and their authority acknowledged, and this at so early a period that there was *no time* between the death of St. John and *their* existence to introduce Episcopacy, *if* it was a novelty, and not an institution of the apostles.

The name “Bishop,” slightly abbreviated from the Greek word “to oversee,” implies the work of a Bishop—to direct, to rebuke, and to supervise those under his care. And his emblems of authority are very significant—the pastoral staff, which marks the chief shepherd; and the mitre, emblematic, in its divided shape, of the

"cloven tongues as of fire," which descended on the Day of Pentecost.

From the many examples which might be quoted to show what grace God has given to His Bishops to glorify Him, both in their life and death, it is enough to mention St. Alphege, as a very high example in a gloomy age—the tenth century—and Bishops Patteson and Selwyn in our own times.

Alphege was Archbishop when the Danish pirates cruelly ravaged Kent and the borders of the Thames. Turchel was their leader, and all men dreaded their ferocity. They besieged Canterbury, and threw the venerable Bishop into a narrow dungeon; but a pestilence having broken out amongst them, they brought him forth, and carried him in his chair aloft amongst the people. In token of forgiveness he distributed bread which he had blessed amongst the Danes. But when the sickness had abated their avarice returned, and they demanded sixty talents of silver as a ransom from Alphege. They again cast him into prison, and at length called him into the presence of the chiefs at a drunken revel, shouting, "Gold, Bishop, or thou shalt to-day be made a sight of!" Still, with calm dignity, the Archbishop refused to give up the sacred vessels, or other possessions of the Church, at which refusal the Danes lost their patience, and began to hurl at him with all their force the bones which remained from their feast. He was struck to the ground, cruelly injured, and at length freed from further suffering by a blow from a battle-axe.

Some might say that such faith and courage have disappeared from the lives of great Churchmen in these later times; but it is with pride that we reflect on the characters of our nineteenth century prelates, such as Selwyn and Patteson—Selwyn swimming rivers, travelling constantly, labouring with the half-tamed cannibals of New Zealand and the rough and reckless English settlers on the same islands. None who ever saw him, or heard his pathetic eloquence, as he grew stooped and old in the service of God, but must have felt that in him had been answered the prayer that

God would "illuminate His Bishops;" and alone amongst our modern Prelates, the green-sward around his grave is worn by the steps of pilgrims to his tomb!

And when the missionary annals of our Church are written, that will be a noble page which tells how Bishop Patteson, in his efforts to do good to the oppressed South Sea Islanders, fell pierced with poisoned arrows!

The principal duties of a Bishop are to confirm, or lay hands on the young; to consecrate churches; and to ordain Priests and Deacons.

This power of ordination the Church believes to be inherent in, and confined to, the Episcopal order; but it is usual at an ordination for some of the chief Presbyters to join the Bishop in the imposition of hands. Of the wisdom and necessity of Episcopacy no one can doubt who ever had to do with the management of public business; and all councils, committees, and conferences find it needful to have a head or president of some kind. Otherwise confusion and inefficiency would be the result.

The Roman Republic had a theory of equality in their Senate, but when any crisis arose a Dictator was found essential, and always employed.

The second order of the ministry is the Priesthood. The word "priest" is sometimes objected to by ignorant persons who do not understand that it is merely a shortened form of "Presbyter," the Greek word meaning an elder person, which is constantly used in the New Testament.

We can all easily understand that it was usual for the apostles in the earliest days to select for positions of ministerial responsibility older men out of the converts, as having greater experience and firmness of character. Hence the name "the older ones" became applied to that division of the clergy. They are set apart by a solemn laying on of hands by the Bishop, to minister in things divine, and, as the representatives of the Bishop, to baptize, to instruct, to absolve, to bless, and to celebrate the Holy Communion.

This system of orderly regularity and special duties displays the dignity and discipline of the Catholic Church.

When the well-known Dr. Wolfe was going about as a "non-attached" Missionary somewhere in the East, certain Oriental Bishops met him, and enquired what he was doing. He immediately replied, "Preaching the Gospel," and quoted the passage from Rom. x. 14, "How shall they believe in Him if they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" "Go on with the passage," said one of the Eastern Bishops. "And how shall they preach except they be sent?" "And pray, sir, who *sent* you here?" The argument was too strong for an honest man like Dr. Wolfe to evade; so, after thought and consideration he returned to England, and sought ordination from one of our Bishops, that he might feel confidence in his being "duly called and sent" to labour for his Lord.

The order of "Deacons" arises naturally from the energy of the Church; which is not merely a casket of doctrinal truths, but is a powerful engine for doing good; it is a tree, but a tree laden with fruit. The poor widows of the primitive Christians in Jerusalem, by their claims first suggested the need of Deacons, or helpers (Acts vi.); but the wants of the poor and the afflicted outside, and the minor duties within, of aiding the Priest in the administration of the Holy Communion, the teaching of the young, the care and cleansing of holy vessels, and the conveyance of the alms of the faithful to those who needed them; all supplied abundant work for the Deacon in ancient days, and with some modifications for those who hold this office in our own times, in which it is too much regarded as merely an approach to the Priesthood. The first Deacon—Stephen—was the first Martyr, but his example of faith and courage has often been followed.

Very noble and touching is the history of St. Lawrence, the Archdeacon, or chief Deacon, at Rome, in the days of persecution. It was in the year 258, that Lawrence saw his Bishop, Xystus, led to martyrdom. "Whither go you, Father," he exclaimed, "without

your son? Whither, holy Priest, do you hasten without your Deacon? You were never wont to offer the sacrifice without a Deacon. Make trial at least whether you have chosen a fit Deacon, to entrust with the consecrated Blood of the Lord." Xystus is reported to have replied, "I forsake you not, my son, but a greater combat is reserved for you. We, like old men, undertake a light skirmish; you, as a young man, a more glorious triumph awaits! Weep not, you will follow me!" The persecutors demanded from Lawrence, "Where the treasures of the Church were?" He promised to show them on the morrow, and when the day came, he brought before them a crowd of poor and afflicted persons, and displaying them, announced, "These are the treasures of the Church!" The enraged and disappointed enemies of the Faith put Lawrence to a cruel death by fire.

We often listen carelessly to the beautiful expressions of the Litany without reflecting on their meaning. How expressive is the word "illuminate!" If it is taken in the simple sense of lighting up from within, it brings before our eyes the long range of windows in some palace, a little while back all dark and gloomy, shining out brightly, and casting forth cheerful rays into the outward darkness, welcoming the stranger; or we think of the anxious mariner, off a dangerous coast, ignorant of his whereabouts, and a storm coming on, watching eagerly for something to guide his course, and then, across the dusky twilight, comes a gleam—the lighthouse is *illuminated*! The idea which underlies the word seems to be that of the light of God's grace shining forth in the lives of His chosen servants!

Or we may think of the application of the word "illuminate" to the art and skill with which the monks and scribes of old adorned their manuscripts—the loving care with which they lavished gold and colours, thought and time, in making their books works of art. So we pray the Great Artist and Author of our lives, to embellish and enrich the characters of His ordained Ministers with Heavenly colours of virtue, zeal and ability. One

great charm of the art of the mediæval illuminators is that every work is original ; each manuscript has diverse designs—all the result of a creative brain and a skilful hand. For example, there is a copy of the four Gospels in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the work of a scribe in the seventh century. The capital letters are ornamented with interlaced patterns, of so minute a character, that in a square inch it has several hundred interlacings ! And venturing humbly to compare things earthly with those which are higher, may we not reflect how God deals *individually* with His Ministers, fitting them for their several spheres, and giving them those bright hues of character, or those forms of influence, which may best attract the souls of their people to the messages of the great Master written on their lives !

The Divine colours, with which we ask God to “illuminate” the hearts of His Priests and Pastors, are especially these two : “knowledge and understanding of His Word.” His “Word” signifying the Revelation of God’s character and wishes, as contained in the Bible, and the teaching of the Church ; the one being regarded as a written document, the other its explanation, as carried out in practice.

An ignorant clergy is a great misfortune to any national Church, and in proportion as the clerical order are learned and devout, their influence for good increases. God desires to be served intelligently, and has sent His Revelation into the world that His servants may both know its letter and understand its meaning. In the sixteenth century, at the revival of classical learning, there were many tales told of the want of scholarship amongst the rural priesthood ; and one tells of an old priest, who would always say, “mumpsimus,” in one of the Latin prayers, when the word happened to be “sumpsimus.” His error was pointed out to him, but he stoutly refused to alter his practice. “He *had* always said mumpsimus, and he always would do so !”

But knowledge of learning, even in the sacred fields of theology, is not enough for the formation of a good and useful clergyman.

There needs that he should be able to "set it forth" in "his preaching," and "show" its influence, power and reality in his life and conduct.

This is one great peculiarity in the Christian religion—that its officials were to be teachers, publicly and privately instructing their hearers in moral duties. Amongst all the ceremonies of Pagan worship this idea of *teaching* men to be good seems never to occur.

The word "preaching," in the original language of the New Testament, means to act as a herald, as God's ambassadors. Even in modern days, at the close of the war between England and Russia, crowds gathered in the public places to hear the Royal heralds, in their quaint costumes, with a "flourish of trumpets," publicly proclaim peace! But the influence of the pulpit is of little value unless backed up by the weightier power of a holy and consistent life. The old story used to report that a certain preacher said, "Do as I say, and not as I do," but he might have saved himself the trouble, for the example of a life always speaks louder than a sermon!

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XIX.

1. How many orders in the Anglican Church?
2. What is the meaning of the name Bishop?
3. What do the Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy and Titus teach us about Church Government?
4. How do we know that Episcopacy was primitive, and no novelty?
5. What are the principal duties of a Bishop?
6. What is the origin of the word Priest?
7. What are the offices of the Priesthood?
8. Meaning of the title Deacon?
9. Where are Deacons first mentioned in the Scriptures?
10. What was the origin of their institution?
11. Give the meaning of "illuminate," with illustrations of its use?
12. What are the insignia of a Bishop?

CLAUSE XX.

“That it may please Thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the Nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding.”



It is not the will of God that all men should be equal in rank. He has created men with natural inequalities. Some are tall, some short ; some can see almost any distance, some are short-sighted, some even are blind ! And men's minds are as various and unequal in their powers as are their bodies. It is impossible to deny that some are born to rule, and some to obey ; but Christianity supplies something far better than an imaginary equality, namely, the brotherly love which those feel who own one great Father in Heaven—the sympathy which those feel for one another, who realize that they are redeemed by the same loving Saviour. So that “the brother of low degree rejoices that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low ;” each alike acknowledging that the wise and just hand of God has placed them in that relation toward one another which is best for their eternal welfare.

Moreover, the reader of history sees how God has arranged men in various ranks and orders for their good, giving to some an influence and power over others which has often been exercised for their common benefit. Thus, in the conversion of the Northern nations, it was often the example of some king, which induced the circle of his chieftains to follow him to the font, and be baptized. Some would say this was a mere outward form, but not so, when men learned to put before them, as the object of their worship, not the bloodthirsty Woden, but the gentle Redeemer, who died forgiving His enemies. What a picture of the transition state of those fierce souls is the anecdote of the Frankish Chief, who, hearing with rapt interest the history of the Saviour's Crucifixion, at length burst out, “If I and ten thousand of my Franks had been there we

would not have let Him suffer ! ” But where there are ranks and classes of men, it is natural that the governors of a people should be selected out of the number of those who are most influential by wealth, intellect, or station. We pray “for the Lords of the Council,” and the expression here, and in the Church Militant prayer, carries us back in its form of words to the mode of government in the Tudor days. From the earliest times our kings used to gather round them some of their favourite nobles, and to these they added the advice of some of those reputed to be wisest, when cases were brought before the royal court to be settled.

There is an ancient illuminated MS., which has a very early picture of the monarch in robes and sceptre, sitting with his chief advisers around him. The royal court in those days went from place to place. The king spent Easter in one city, Christmas in another, receiving all the homage and gifts he could get, and administering rude justice to claimants. The nobles in attendance on the king gradually became his counsellors, and thus grew up the arrangement of a body of favourite courtiers, or specially influential nobles, who conducted the affairs of the country. The early Parliaments seem chiefly to have confined their work to granting money, or passing laws, and were of very short duration, and it was by very slow degrees that the present plan of conducting public affairs grew up. The privy council seems to have conducted the business of the country, its members being chosen by the Crown.

At length the governing work was given to a few statesmen, called “the Cabinet,” which was selected out of the larger number of Councillors. “The Cabinet,” so called from the idea of a small body of the king’s friends sitting in his private closet, formed a party in Parliament to support their views. But at length it was found practically impossible for a Government to rule, unless supported by a parliamentary majority, that majority being supposed to represent the wishes of the country. And so, after the time of King George III. we come

to the present arrangement, when the Sovereign requests some leading statesman, who is supposed to have the confidence of a large section, if not the majority, of the House of Commons, to act as first Minister of the Crown, and fill up from his followers the chief offices of the State ; these persons are called "the Ministry," and may be looked upon as answering to the expression, "the Lords of the Council," in the Litany. They hold a very important and responsible position. Wise statesmen have done much for the greatness and glory of their native land, and our country can reckon many such.

The wisdom of Cecil, during his long administration of forty years, was the great strength of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Often he withstood the violent spirits who would have plunged the country into war. A favourite maxim of his was : "War is the curse, Peace the blessing of God, upon a nation ;"—"that a realm gains more by one year's peace than by ten years' war !" There is an anecdote about him that in the Council, when Essex was strongly urging on the war with Spain, Cecil took from his pocket the Book of Common Prayer, and in silence pointed to the words, "Men of blood shall not live out half their days !"

The word *endue*, which we use in this petition, means "to put on ;" "to clothe ;" and this expression gains force when we remember that by the old Plantagenet times the nobles of the realm had their dignity conferred by the king girding on the sword, and putting on a cap of fur under a coronet of gold, when he created a Duke. This was called "the *investiture*," or solemn dressing ; and still at a coronation they wear robes of velvet, lined with white, and trimmed with ermine.

But the Litany desires for them better things, "the enduing" "with grace, wisdom, and understanding." By *grace* is meant that help which the Holy Ghost bestows ; by *wisdom* that knowing the right rules of conduct so needful for those in high places ; and here we are reminded of Solomon's choice, when he asked of God, "Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out

and come in before this people" (2 Chron. i. 7-13); and with "*understanding*" that is, with the application of that knowledge of what is right to all the practical matters of daily life. Amongst the list of England's nobility have been many names remarkable for goodness and piety—responses to this constantly offered prayer. For instance, there was a nobleman, Lord Wharton, who left an estate to buy Bibles for poor children, in the North of England—a bequest still religiously observed; or we might speak of that Earl of Shaftesbury who identified himself with the Ragged School Movement, and many other philanthropic efforts; and if we go back we find innumerable instances of good works originated by our ancient nobles.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XX.

1. Are all men intended by God to be of equal rank?
2. Why has God placed men in different ranks and conditions?
3. What is the real use of rank and wealth?
4. How has the inequality of men promoted the early spread of Christianity?
5. What was the origin of the Royal Council?
6. What was the Tudor method of Government?
7. What is the present system?
8. Whom do we pray for as "Lords of the Council?"
9. The meaning of the word "endue?"
10. The difference between "wisdom" and "understanding?"

CLAUSE XXI.

"That it may please Thee to bless and keep the Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice and to maintain truth."



WHEN we read the history of our old kings before the Norman times we find that the king was supposed to decide on difficult cases, just as the question of the two children was brought before Solomon in the Bible narrative. He usually kept around him in his Court learned men to advise him, and as the Court moved from place to place he

administered justice in different localities. But it was soon found convenient to appoint judges to represent the monarch, though the highest court was still called "The King's Bench." The judges used to go on circuit round the country, and as the roads were in these days too bad for wheeled carriages, they went on horseback. An old version of the Litany alludes to this, "That Almighty God may send them grace so to govern and ride the land."

By the word "magistrates" here used may be understood all who hold office under the Sovereign to act as judges and magistrates.

No greater curse can befall a country than when the fountains of justice are poisoned by bribery and corruption. This causes the greatest suffering and oppression in the East, where the guilty can often escape punishment by paying the judge; and law suits are settled, not by equity, but by bribes.

Against this evil system the Old Testament prophets speak out very strongly.

Even in England, the great Bacon, philosopher as he was, did not escape the influence of evil customs, and was at length dismissed for receiving gifts from suitors.

Of our celebrated English lawyers, we have alluded to Judge Gascoigne elsewhere, who had the courage to rebuke Prince Henry. Another was the famous Sir Matthew Hale, whose lines are often quoted—

"A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sunday profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is the certain forerunner of sorrow."

That, too, was a noble decision of an English magistrate, who declared that no slave could exist in our land; and thus, by stepping on England's shore, the slave became free.

We ask for our judges and magistrates two things—"grace to execute justice," and "grace to maintain truth." Often

justice is foiled by the cunning of some evil-doer ; and it requires the greatest skill to unravel the tangled skein of some dark series of crimes. It is, therefore, well for us to pray that *grace*—that is, Divine aid—may be given to those who have to sit in judgment, and on whose fiat hangs life or death.

Some years ago, for instance, there was a question before the court of the genuineness of a will. The judge was convinced that it was a forgery, and yet there was nothing in the evidence to prove it false. In vain the judge examined the document. All seemed perfect and in order, and the signatures seemed indisputable. But at length an idea suddenly flashed across his mind. He held up the paper to the light, and looked at the water-mark in the paper, which is usually impressed with the date. That date he carefully examined, and saw that it was of *later* date than the time mentioned in the will as the period of its signature. Thus it was proved to be a forgery, and the wicked plot was discovered by this acute thought of the judge.

There is a curious Oriental story how the keen-wittedness of a child led to a right decision being made by a court of justice. The Caliph of Bagdad was puzzled one day as he sat on the judgment-seat, by the counter-claims of two applicants. Ali said he had, before starting on a three years' journey, left a jar of dates with his neighbour, Cogia, to be kept till he came back, but he concealed below the fruit a sum of money. On his return he received back the jar, quite full, and apparently untouched, but the gold was gone. Cogia denied that he had ever opened the earthen vessel. Both protested vehemently their truthfulness. The Caliph deferred judgment, but pondered over the matter. He was, the tradition says, in the habit of wandering about in disguise through the main streets of Bagdad, and in an open space he paused to watch a group of boys at play. "We will play at judge and prisoners," said one. "Yes," cried another, "we will try over the hard case which everybody in the city says puzzled the Caliph the other day." So the children went through the

mimicry of the court, appointed one as judge, and others to act as Ali and Cogia. And when they had stated each their side of the question, the child who was judge said, "Where is the jar of dates?" They "made believe" to bring it. Then the pretended judge gave orders, "Summon hither several date merchants, and let them give evidence if the dates are four years old, as Cogia declares, untouched since he received them, for if not, it is a proof that the jar has been tampered with, and Ali has been robbed of his store of money." The Caliph had been listening unnoticed by the young folks, and at once perceived that the boy had struck out a method of discovering the truth in this difficult case.

It is God who bestows on men the intelligence needful to meet the schemes of evil persons, and to protect the rights of the innocent.

The *quick* and *easy* administration of justice has ever been a great boon to the poor and oppressed.

Thus we find there is in the ancient city of Bristol a court of justice which has existed from the oldest times, which is called the Court of Pie-Poudre, that is, of the dusty foot, for it was instituted to meet the wants of the traffickers at the great fairs, and held originally in the open air, to meet the wants of those who came all dusty-footed to ask immediate settlement of their disputes.

Of the rankling and evil effects of bad judges we read in the history of the sons of Samuel. (1 Sam. viii. 3.)

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXI.

1. What is meant by magistrates?
 2. Examples of conduct of English judges?
 3. Sir Matthew Hale's advice?
 4. Why do judges need "grace?"
 5. What old form of Litany alluded to their circuits?
 6. What was the most ancient form of the "King's Bench Court?"
 7. What was the accusation against the sons of Samuel?
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CLAUSE XXII.

“That it may please Thee to bless and keep all Thy people.”



HE Litany having prayed for those on the throne and in the palace, for the ordained ministers of God in the threefold order of the clergy, for the councillors and statesmen of the realm, and for all who administer law and justice, then implores the blessing of Heaven on the multitude, on the dwellers in the land who belong to none of the classes before-named, but who are the great majority—the masses of the people, as we say now-a-days.

We should here remark that “the people” are named as God’s people. At the time these words were written in the Prayer Book the English people were all baptized. The mournful neglect of baptism is a great evil in the present day. The effect of baptism is to put the infant into covenant with God. In baptism we become His people.

In one of Cicero’s fine orations he eloquently describes how it was the pride of the Roman people to be the citizens of so great a city and empire, to be able to say, “Civis Romanus Sum,” and that whenever they met with ill-treatment or oppression they fell back on this proud position, that they were Roman citizens, and that all the force and power of that mighty empire would be summoned to avenge their wrongs.

But far higher and nobler is the position of the baptized member of Christ’s kingdom. For him the Saviour has died. To him the grace of God the Holy Ghost is given. He is a soldier who fights under the eye of a Heavenly King. He is a servant who works for a Divine Master.

An old writer describes how the Christian can look around on all nature and admire its beauties with keener enjoyment than others, for He feels that it is his Father in Heaven who made and owns it all.

To be God’s people is a high privilege, but it demands the high

standard of a holy life. There is a great deal of meaning in the old French saying, "Noblesse oblige," that is, if we claim a noble position, we must live worthy of it. If we rejoice to think that God is in a special manner regarding us as His people, then we must seek His glory and the spread of His kingdom.

What a striking scene is that which the historian describes of Columbus, after his long and toilsome voyage, reaching the first land of the New World, and leaving the weather-beaten "Caraval," attired in scarlet, and holding the Royal Standard of Spain, and after the keel of his galley had grated on the shore of the strange land, kneeling down to thank God, and rising up to plant the banner of his country in the soil, and thus claiming possession of the new territory in the name of his Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella !

Just so should we strive to promote Christ's kingdom, to enroll new souls under His banner. To name only one example, how much might be done by Sunday Scholars and Sunday School teachers to ensure the baptism of infants? How many parents neglect this holy Sacrament through mere indolence? How often the offer of some kind-hearted Christian to act as sponsor would ensure the little one being brought to the holy font! How well it would be to form a guild and confraternity having for its object the seeking out of the unbaptized infants, and supplying them with watchful Godparents. How many might, like Columbus, place a new island of an individual life under the care of Christ our King, and over a freshly-added soul might float the banner of His love, expanding under the breath of the Divine Spirit.

But if we consider the petition that God would "bless His people" in this land in an historic sense, and reflect how it has been answered, what cause we have for grateful reflection. We see a land where justice is done to the poor and weak; where, by the law of the land, no man in real want can be refused food and shelter; where there is provision made for the aged and the helpless; where there are free hospitals for the diseased, asylums for the insane; together with a multitude of voluntary efforts to help

the distressed, such as orphanages, almshouses, and charitable societies. A country which is divided into parishes, each with an appointed clergyman to shepherd the souls therein, with a House of God in its midst, always with some, often with many, services, prayers and Eucharists offered within the walls of that Sanctuary. A nation where the influence of our Lord's teaching has made a remarkable interflow of sympathy between all classes.

These benefits result from God's blessing the work of His Church and answering our prayers; and we here fervently ask that He would both bless and "*keep*" or protect His people by preserving and prolonging the enjoyment of these blessings.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXII.

1. What makes a nation God's people?
2. Into what relation to God does baptism place us?
3. Why does this petition come in this place?
4. What gives the petition an individual character?
5. In what ways can we enlarge the number of God's people?
6. Name some of the principal blessings which God has given England as a nation?
7. As a Church?
8. Meaning of "keeping" His people?

CLAUSE XXIII.

"That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord."

IF we picture to ourselves in a Church standing on the edge of the shore, the worshipper raising his eyes, and looking forth through the window, he sees the wide expanse of the sea, and beyond this he knows that there are other lands, with men of different tongues and diverse races. Many of their nations, he knows, belong to the Christian Faith, and bound as those dwellers beyond the sea are to us in the bands of a common humanity, and some by the closer tie of a common religion, he feels that the Litany is right to pray for "all nations." The child, as he listens

to these words, will naturally think of men of varied colour ; of the red Indian, and the swarthy Turk, or the yellow-faced Chinese, and the coal black negro in the centre of Africa. The thoughtful man will reflect on the curious fact in history that the spirit of *nationality* has survived the efforts of conquerors and lawgivers. One great distinction between the ancient and the modern world is, that the notion of a single universal empire has so wholly disappeared.

There was a time when the sway of Nebuchadnezzar extended over the most populous regions of the earth. His sceptre passed into the hands of Cyrus and the Persians, to be succeeded by the fiery conquest of the young Alexander. Then on the ruins of the Greek supremacy rose the majestic form of imperial Rome. The results of which Empire are still felt, yet in its decay the separate nations of Europe emerged from the flood which overwhelmed the past. This remarkable change was clearly foretold by the Prophet Daniel. He explains the vision of the great statue, with its golden head, silver chest, brazen loins, and iron limbs turning into clay (Dan. ii.), as the course of the four great Empires, and the remarkable way in which the might and strength of Rome separated into the European nations, as, for the most part, we see them now existing.

Once, by means of one language, and the same kind of money, and under the same laws, and over the same system of roads, a traveller might journey from the shore of the Tay to the cataracts of the Nile. Now he must use many languages and many different coinages, and pass through the dominions of many rulers. Everywhere we read and hear of nations, nowhere of an universal empire over the civilized world.

And this breaking up of mankind into different bodies, having often opposing interests, makes it easy for wars and conflicts to arise. Hence the greater need for prayer in the followers of the "Prince of Peace." History records, since the days when our Litany was first sung in its English form, many a terrible war amongst the nations. Such was the dreadful struggle called "The

thirty years' war," when the Palatinate, the most fertile part of Germany, a rich plain, smiling with cornfields and vineyards, and thickly inhabited with prosperous peasants, was rendered a perfect wilderness, and utterly ravaged by fire and sword.

Then there was another conflict, which was called "The seven years' war." A painter has executed a picture of war times, in which he shows what no doubt was a common sight either in "the thirty years" or "the seven years' war." A pretty cottage is on fire, the flames bursting through the thatch; a band of foreign soldiers are riding through the trampled cornfields, and driving before them a miserable band of captives—men, women, and children—bound with cords. Around lie many dead bodies, and from a tree is swinging the corpse of a man who has been hung, perhaps the owner of the little farm.

But often the horrors of war are intensified by religious hatred. The followers of Mahomet have attacked Europe with fanatic fury.

It was a terrible time when the citizens of Vienna looked forth from their walls and saw everywhere around the black tents of the Turkish army. Day by day their fears grew stronger, their hopes weaker. The Emperor came not to their relief. The siege became closer, food became scarcer, and fighting men died on the walls or in the sorties. They had sent messengers to brave old Sobiesky, the King of Poland to come to their aid; but day went past after day, and no help came. When all their hopes had nearly faded into despair, the watchman from the tall spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral, whose weary eyes had long watched in vain, saw the signal fires begin to blaze on the distant hills, and the morning sunlight glistened on the far-off lances of the brave Poles drawing near to their deliverance. From that day the advance of the Turks has ceased. They have been driven back towards the confines of Europe, and that great continent is for the most part under the influence of the Cross.

The different sections of Christendom have, to their shame, fought with one another with almost equal rancour.

Religious wars are the blackest pages in all history.

Our Lord's solemn prayer was for His people that "they might be one," and the Church re-echoes the Saviour's aspiration that to the nations might be given *unity*, the blessed power of spiritual vision to see all truth on the same side and in the same light.

And by *unity* the Litany here means oneness in religion.

But how many divisions and dissensions still require us to pray for "Unity" as well as "Peace" amongst even our neighbouring "Nations." And for the nations individually we ask that they may dwell "in concord;" for civil war is a most terrible curse, when families and neighbours are divided, and perhaps meet sword in hand!

Concord signifies being all of *one heart*. There used to be gold rings made for gifts, and their form was that of two hearts joined together on a gold hoop—an emblem of *Concord*. For this precious blessing for all nations, that they may be preserved from fierce internal struggles, we therefore humbly pray at the close of this clause.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXIII.

1. A great difference between the ancient and the modern world?
2. What preceded, and what has followed, the existence of great empires?
3. What were the four great empires of antiquity?
4. Who described them in prophecy, and how?
5. What were some of the most celebrated wars of modern times?
6. When, and how, did our Lord pray for Unity?
7. What most stopped the invasion of Europe by Mahometans?
8. Derivation of "Concord?"

CLAUSE XXIV.

"That it may please Thee to give us a heart to love and dread Thee, and diligently to live after Thy Commandments."



IN the first place, remark here a proof of that knowledge of the human heart, which was a special possession of the theologians of old. That whilst we are thinking of the spiritual state of others, we are apt to be filled with self-

pride, and forget our own weak points and need of improvement. From praying for and thinking about *all* nations, their ignorance, their bloodshed, their feuds and misery, perhaps with somewhat of that insular vanity which has ever been the failing of John Bull, the Litany, with a sudden change, turns our thoughts upon ourselves, and tells us to ask for a "heart," that is a spiritual state or frame of feeling, which should be full of the "love and fear" of God. What our feelings ought to be towards God we are told in the words of our Saviour. (St. Mark xii. 30.) We may not be able, through the weakness of our nature, to live up to this noble ideal of man's relation to his Great Maker, but we must seek to rise to it, if not here fully, yet hereafter in a higher degree.

" When I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought."

But it is a lower step in the religious life, and one to which we all may attain—to reverence God—which is the meaning of the word "dread," as here employed, for the Christian's motive is higher than a mere selfish dread. It is not the feeling of the slave crouching before the lash, but the awe and reverence which a good son feels towards a wise father. And this spirit of deep reverence ought to be felt towards all connected with God—His Holy House, His Day, His Name, His Sacraments, His Book, His Ministers.

In the early churches there was an outward porch, called the Narthex, which was entered before coming into *the church* itself. So there ought to be a space for thought and solemnity before we rush into the immediate presence of the Most High. Whilst all laughter and worldly talk is indecent within sacred walls!

The Holy Name of our blest Redeemer should never be repeated lightly or carelessly.

The well-known Dr. Johnson never repeated God's name without uncovering his head. It is painful to hear our Saviour's name often so carelessly used. The apostles, after His ascension,

seem to have spoken of Him generally as the *Lord* Jesus; and we should remember that in the original Greek the article always precedes the name. It is "The Jesus," and there is none of that apparent familiarity which misleads readers of the English translation, and which has perhaps sometimes led persons to forget that He who was made man for our salvation is also God.

The Seventh Canon of 1640 wisely advises us to show our reverence to our Lord's name by bowing our heads as we utter it or listen to its mention.

With regard to *God's Book*, so ill-treated because it is bought so cheaply, the Mahometans might give us an example, who will not wantonly destroy any fragment of paper, for they say the name of God may be written on it.

With regard to the *Lord's Day*, many of the present disputes about its observance might be settled by remembering that our Saviour has claimed it as *His* own, and therefore it is not well to look upon it as *our* own, as the self-indulgent spirit of the age seems to wish.

Those solemn Sacraments, which the Lord Himself has ordained by outward sign and symbol, meeting the requirements of a being who is compounded of body and soul, should ever be treated with the utmost reverence! No wonder men's respect for these holy institutions grew cold, when the old stone font was turned into a receptacle for candle ends, torn books and rubbish, and baptism was administered from a little crockery basin, put on the Altar Table! Or that a rickety table, a ragged cloth, a common black bottle for a flagon, and a rare performance of the holy rite, led to persons forgetting the importance of the sacred Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ.

There is an interesting story told of a heathen king who sent two of his chieftains to the Court of the powerful Frankish King at Paris, who were to bring back an account of the new religion. They returned, and told of the solemn services they had witnessed.

The Bishop in his gorgeous vestments and glittering mitre, the sacred vessels of precious metals gleaming with jewels, the clouds of fragrant incense floating round the representation of the Crucified God, and above all the intense devotion with which the powerful King himself knelt in prostrate adoration. And they reasoned—"how mighty must be the Divine Being, before whom the powerful Monarch of the Franks thus bows with such dread, and whom he serves with such magnificence! Our counsel is that we should follow his example." We may rest assured that "a heart" full of "love and dread," or reverence to God, will not only yield peace to ourselves, but also exercise a powerful influence over others to lead them towards devotion and piety.

But the clause we are considering goes on, as it should do, to remind us of practical duties—"to live diligently" after, or according to God's "commandments." The word "diligently" comes from a Latin one, signifying "loving or choosing," and the idea is that a man applies himself with the greatest energy to that work which he himself chooses or loves. Nothing is commoner than to hear said of a man, "his heart is in his work." So we should not do our duty coldly, but *love* to do it.

It is related of a good old judge, Sir John Branston—who, in the time of Cromwell, withdrew into private life, and was attended on his deathbed by one of the persecuted clergy of the Church—the Divine was using the Litany, and came to this part of the prayers, "diligently to live after Thy commandments." "Ah," said the dying judge, "what a word is that diligently!" as conscience suggested how much was implied in the expression.

Keble, annotating on this clause, reminds us of the plain direction of our Saviour to the young men, if thou would'st enter into life keep the commandments (Luke xviii. 18-27), and points out that dutiful children do not choose which of their parents' commands they will mind, but strive to obey all.

There is a story that the holy Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, was once, in very lowly attire, overtaken by night in a journey, and

sought refuge in a small farmhouse. He was kindly received, and after supper sat with the family round the fireside. The pious master of the house, as was his custom, began to catechise his children and the farm servants, and, as the questions went round, the inquiry came in turn to the stranger, "How many commandments?" to which the traveller's answer was "eleven," replying, to their surprise, by quoting, "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another" (St. John xiii. 34); so the rustics found out they had a theologian in the "inglenook." This injunction to Christian charity, which is the sum of all the second table is perhaps the hardest to obey!

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXIV.

1. How did our Lord sum up the Ten Commandments?
2. What does "dread" here mean?
3. How should we show our reverence in Church?
4. How should we show our reverence towards God's Holy Name?
5. How should we show it as regards His Day?
6. How as regards the Sacraments of the Church?
7. Give the derivation and meaning of "diligently?"

CLAUSE XXV.

"That it may please Thee to give to all Thy people increase of grace to hear meekly Thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit."



IN annotating on this passage, Keble points out that we are making an advance on the preceding prayer. Then we ask for a heart or disposition to live according to God's laws. Here we go on to implore help for further progress in the Christian life.

For this intended march forward on the battlefield of an earnest Christian life, we make preparation by seeking for an "increase" or addition of "grace." "Grace" seems to mean *favour* or *kindness*, with the further idea that it is given freely, unbought and undeserved.

The story of good Queen Elizabeth, of Hungary, taking up in her arms the loathsome and shrunken form of a leper, and carrying him with much exertion into one of the rooms of her stately Castle, is a faint reflection of the compassion which the Lord on High bestows on the sin-diseased souls of men, and on whom He bestows the invigorating power of the Divine Spirit.

The additional help we ask for is to enable us to do these specified duties ; to hear meekly, to receive rightly, and to use profitably God's message or revelation, which we briefly name *His Word*.

If asked what was meant by God's "Word," many would at once answer, the Bible, but Christians place themselves at a disadvantage with the assailant of our Holy Faith, who argue from the Bible only, and forget that there are other ways in which God has also revealed His Will and Nature to us. The Book of Nature is written also for our instruction, and the records of history for our edification, and the living and undying Church whispering to us in her old age the lessons the apostles and martyrs taught her in primitive days. In all these ways God speaks to listening souls. The Bible may well be compared to organ music—in that noble instrument are many pipes, some large and some small, all have their place and purpose, but all are breathed through by the same air. Thus the breath of the Divine Spirit influenced the individuality of the divine writers of Holy Scripture, and produced the grand music of their writings.

In the Bible, omitting for a moment the Apocryphal, or rather Deutero-canonical Writings, are 66 books, written by many men of different ages, ranks, and characters, the period of the writings extending over many hundred years.

Sometimes infidels attack this wonderful collection of inspired writings, and attempt to point out errors and mistakes. The Christian can find a reply to their attacks by remembering, firstly, that the Bible nowhere promises that it should be kept free from the accidents which happen to other ancient manuscripts ;

secondly, that parts of it are matters of *revelation*, in which God speaks directly, while other portions are *inspired only*, such as historical accounts ; and thirdly, that the Christian religion rests wholly on *facts*. Were it possible for the Bible to be destroyed, the Church of Jesus Christ would still remain as His representative !

To "hear meekly" points to the duty of receiving the instruction contained in the Bible in a meek and peaceable spirit.

There was once a very self-opinionated old lady, who laid down her views and opinions very strongly, and when a passage from one of the Epistles was quoted in direct contradiction of what she had stated, she coolly replied, "Ah, that's where St. Paul and I differ."

It is one of the glories of the Church of England that she loves to read the Scriptures aloud to her people daily and in their own language.

Next to listening comes the duty of receiving with "pure affection" the teaching of God which has been well explained, "with a single and simple purpose to please Him."

Often may be seen the gardener's effort in very dry weather to water some plant, but the ground is so hardened that the water will not soak into it, but runs off ; and so, too, in the parable of the sower we read of the seed which fell on the hard ground.

"Pure affection" means a disposition of mind not hardened or embittered, or twisted in a wrong direction, but healthily open to receive good impressions.

There is a story told of one of Spain's great painters, Velasquez, that he had a slave, an Indian boy, employed in his studio to rub the paints, and do similar work ; but the lad, his mind open to ambition, determined both to become a painter and to obtain his freedom. Secretly, and very stealthily, he watched the artist and his pupils, and learned to paint. Often the king himself visited the studio of Velasquez, and had the pictures, finished and in progress, placed before him. Amongst a

number of his master's canvasses the youth had concealed one of his own. On the next royal visit this was turned over for inspection. "This is no work of thine, Velasquez," said the king; but at that instant the slave fell at the feet of the king, and explained his efforts with the brush, and implored his liberty. "The sons of art should be free," answered the king; and, having obtained his freedom, the youth pursued the study of art, and rose to be a successful artist.

So should we, by nature slaves to evil, seek ever to imitate the work and life of our Lord and Master, painted as it is in Divine colours, and so shall become at length freed from all bondage of sin, and followers of His life.

Lastly, we have "to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit,"—an image often found in Scripture, where man is compared to a tree, either fruit-bearing and useful or else barren and worthless. The typical history of the fig-tree on the road to Jerusalem, and various other passages, will at once recur to the mind as illustrating the words of this passage. (St. Matt. vii. 18, 19; St. Mark xi. 13, 14, 20.)

But there is sometimes a temptation to acknowledge the general duty, and yet to excuse ourselves on the ground that we can do so little. But the smallest effort made in God's service—even giving a cup of cold water—shall not pass unnoticed and unrewarded.

• There was once a poor widow, living in a small seaside village in Scotland, who maintained herself with great difficulty by spinning. Her husband, a fisherman, had been drowned by his boat striking against a dangerous rock at the entrance of the harbour. Gladly would she have erected a lighthouse on the spot to save others. But this was impossible; but she did what she could. She worked an hour longer every day at her wheel to enable her to buy a candle, which nightly she lit and placed in the uncurtained window of the cottage, high on the cliff, that at least the fisher boats out late on stormy nights might have some little beacon to guide them homewards.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXV.

1. What is the Scriptural meaning of the word "grace"?
2. Into how many books is the Bible usually divided?
3. To what different ranks and occupations did the writers belong?
4. What are the Deutero-canonical books of the Bible?
5. What is meant by affection?
6. In what passage of Scripture is the Christian compared to a fruit tree?
7. What parable and what miracle illustrates this comparison?
8. Where are the "fruits of the Spirit" enumerated by St. Paul?

 CLAUSE XXVI.

"That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived."



N explaining this passage the author of the "Christian Year" says, "After praying for all people that they may become good, and then that they may go on better and better, we proceed to pray for different sorts of persons who more particularly need our prayers," and amongst them first are placed wanderers in spiritual matters—those who have lost the right road in things religious, and who, therefore, although they themselves perhaps are ignorant of their danger, do indeed require our sympathy and prayers.

The pure faith of our Blessed Lord is here regarded as a road—the way of truth firm and well made, straight as an arrow across the marshes of doubt and over the hills of difficulty, like one of the famous old Roman roads, which crossed the country direct, and turned aside for no obstacles.

The Litany here meets that growing error of our times—that we cannot know what is truth. We must struggle against that mental indolence, which says, "Truth may or may not lie at the bottom of the well, but we shall not take the trouble of drawing it up."

Everywhere God rewards labour, and there will be no exception in this case. The honest quest after truth will meet with its guerdon.

But there are many who have lost their way; some through ignorance, and some who have been deceived by false lights, and led astray by untrustworthy guides.

Many are the stories which travellers relate of the perils of leaving the right path. A visitor recently arrived in New Zealand, ascended to the top of a mountain overgrown with the huge ferns of that country. He had climbed up by a winding road, cut through the bushwood, and was advised by the rest of his party to return by the same circuitous route; but he was tempted to make a short cut, and go straight down the side of the mountain. So he started, and went on rapidly for awhile, but soon he found that the ferns of New Zealand were far taller than those of England. They rose over his head. They shut out light and air. Beneath their palm-like leaves the heat was suffocating, and soon he panted for breath.

To retrace his steps was impossible. He could not see in any direction, but tried to follow the rapid slope of the ground, hoping to meet some open space. But his progress among the innumerable tall stems of the ferns was necessarily slow. The ground was so steep, it was difficult to keep on his feet, and in the dim green twilight he felt himself getting more and more exhausted; and when, in a fainting condition, he emerged at last on to a pathway, he had bitterly regretted his folly in wandering from the usual road.

Self-pride and self-interest have often made foolish and ambitious men seek to be religious leaders. Mahomet has had his myriads of followers, and perhaps the portion of truth in his system, like salt, has preserved the rest from decay. But how mean and degraded does his religion appear, when compared with the pure and lofty teaching of our Saviour! Mahomet lowered his system to suit the fallen passions of men. Our

Redeemer raises men by the moral lever of His Gospel to aspire to higher things.

Because one of his wives refused to believe in his prophetic character, Mahomet, in his Koran, excludes women from Heaven. How mean a revenge. Yet in this false prophet tens of thousands yet believe; and we can, on account of their bigoted and exclusive pride, do little beyond praying for them that God would bring them into the way of truth.

To "err" means to wander, to go astray, and the Church is full of pity for those in this condition.

Thompson, the poet, has, in one of the most touching passages in "The Seasons," described the poor labourer perishing in the snow. He has, in the deep snowdrifts, mistaken the path; and though he sees in the far distance the light of his cottage, he can no longer struggle on, but sinks, exhausted, to die within sight of *home*.

So, even within earshot of our Church bells, often there are dwelling those who have erred, or who have been deceived. We should not regard such cases with apathy. Books, papers, conversation are all useful in undeceiving those who have been misled with false views on religious matters, and such efforts, when accompanied by prayer, may be crowned with success.

Bishop Butler, the great pride of the Church as a philosophic writer and defender of Christianity, was a youth brought up outside the pale of the Church; both he and his friend, Archbishop Seeker, with many another valuable teacher, have doubtless been brought back into the true fold of Christ by such prayers as this clause in our Litany.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXVI.

1. What is the meaning of "to err?"
2. Who was the false prophet?
3. What book of precepts did he leave for his followers?
4. What is the great difference between the Koran and the New Testament?
5. What great Bishop of the Church was in early life a Dissenter?

CLAUSE XXVII.

“That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet.”



THE Bible describes the followers of the Saviour as pilgrims, travellers, and soldiers, and teaches us not to expect ease and rest, but dangers, difficulties, and temptations, and it is easy to find a dozen texts to illustrate this truth. And yet, as we reflect on the difficulty of doing our duty, and keeping to the narrow path, there is much comfort in remembering that our fellow Churchmen are praying for us continually, and especially in this particular prayer in the Litany.

“To strengthen such as do stand,” implies that they are hard pressed; it seems to describe a very sore struggle, “they stand,” but it is with much effort, and they greatly need the aid of God. This is often the case with Christians, especially young Christians, who, for a season it may be, are placed in some post of great danger, some circumstances of fierce temptation; how cheeringly does St. Paul write, that “God will, with the temptation, make a way of escape.”

On this point may be told a story. There was a gentleman, who went out one day to try and shoot wild birds on the shore of Southampton Water, near which he lived. The estuary is at high tide a wide sheet of water; but when the tide ebbs it leaves vast banks of mud, and stretches of sand, which are for several hours quite dry and hard. Across these spaces the gentleman, absorbed in the pursuit of the wild fowl, wandered, till he was a long distance from the shore, and what was worse, he perceived that the tide had turned earlier than he had expected. He began to retrace his footsteps, but when he came towards the land, to his dismay he found that the spot on which he stood was a mud-bank, higher than the intervening space, through which

the rising tide was now pouring, with considerable speed, making it into a wide stream, which, after various trials, he found was already too deep for him to ford !

What could he do ? He shouted for aid, but there was no one passing through the lonely marshy fields near that part of the shore. There was no boat or vessel sailing by, and the twilight of a late autumn evening was fast settling down !

Still he determined to make an effort to save his life, as he perceived that there was no wind, and thought that perhaps it would not be a "spring tide." He sought out the highest point of the bank on which he stood, which was quickly becoming a very narrow island, and taking his gun, which had an unusually long barrel, he drove it into the mud and sand, with all his power, to a considerable depth, and then, tearing his silk handkerchief into strips, he bound himself to his upright gun, and with occasional shouts for help, and prayers for God's mercy, he watched the approach of the rising tide.

Silently but swiftly the tide rose, the little island was quickly covered, and then the cold water began to immerse him. In the deepest anxiety, he watched its progress, as he clung to his frail support. At length, button after button of his coat was submerged, and when the last disappeared, and his head only was above the wide waste of waters, he felt that his case was hopeless, and already each ripple sent its foam over his head.

But just then, in the moment of his most trying anxiety, he saw, to his intense joy, the uppermost button reappear. With trembling suspense he watched ; yes, it was true, the tide had reached its height, and had commenced to recede. And so, after several more weary hours of waiting, he was able to escape, half-dead with cold and hunger, across the once again drying sands, to the shore, and reach his home.

This was an escape from peril to the body. God did "strengthen him that stood" solitary in the rising tide, without human help or aid. But the dangers which assail the soul are far more to be

dreaded ; and yet amongst these temptations God can “strengthen them that do stand.”

Then the prayer pleads with our heavenly Father, that He “would comfort and help the weak-hearted.” There are many persons who try to do their duty, but they are “weak-hearted,” they have little confidence or resolution, and they have scarcely courage to persevere cheerfully in the course they have entered on.

They need not only to be “helped,” but also to be “comforted.” There was a German pastor, in the sixteenth century, when Germany was split up by fierce quarrels between those princes and dukes who adhered to the Pope, and those who supported Luther, and the new system. The pastor got notice from the Prince of the territory where he lived, that unless he could make his religion agree with that which the Prince had adopted, he must quit parsonage, and glebe-lands, and seek some other principality. His conscience would not let him remain, and ten days after, amidst the sobs and prayers of his people, the clergyman packed his wife, children, and household goods and possessions, on a great waggon, and started away to seek some new home.

They had a long journey that day, to their first halting place ; and early the next morning the pastor took his way into a little wood, to lay his troubles before God, and his thoughts were very heavy, and his heart much cast down, for was he not homeless, helpless, and friendless ? But as he despondingly thought of his troubles, and all the uncertainties before him, and his dear ones, there came into his head the text, “Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good, dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” Here God was “comforting the weak-hearted,” but He was also about to “help,” for as the clergyman returned to the village inn, a horseman in splendid livery rode up, and inquiring for him, handed him a letter from a neighbouring duke, who, belonging to the “reformed religion,” had heard of his expulsion, and hastened to offer him and his a comfortable refuge.

The next part of the prayer appeals to one of God's noblest attributes or qualities, His willingness to receive and restore the penitent sinner. When a man has fallen into crime, or disgrace, his fellow men do not care to touch the fallen wretch ; they despise him, as a degraded being, and leave him to his fate. Yet the sympathy of the good has often saved the erring wanderer from total ruin.

A lecturer, standing on a platform, with an immense crowd of persons hanging on his words, began thus, when all were silent : "Seven years ago, I was a miserable, hopeless drunkard, leaning against a wall in a small town in one of the Western States of America. I had no friends, no home, no money, not a hope in the world.

"Just as I stood, ragged and miserable, a kind hand was laid on my shoulder, and a friendly voice invited me to come that night to a temperance meeting. The kind touch of the hand on the shoulder of a ragged drunkard touched my heart. I went to that meeting ; I signed the pledge, and here I am ; and you see what kindness and sympathy have by God's blessing done !"

Here was an explanation of the "fallen being raised," and the degraded slave of strong drink being elevated to become a great power for good ! Thus does God often answer this prayer in our Litany.

The concluding words are a request that God "would *finally* beat down Satan under our feet." "Satan," a name which means the "adversary," is that fallen angel whose aim and work is to influence our souls for evil, even as the Holy Spirit would educate them for Heaven.

And the image set before us is, without doubt, taken from the paintings on old glass in church windows, and the sculpture in Gothic Cathedrals, where very often the Archangel Michael was represented with sword and spear, trampling down the Wicked One under his mailed feet. One of the noblest pictures of Raphael, the great Italian painter, which hangs in the celebrated gallery of the

Louvre, at Paris, depicts this conflict. But they who wrote the Litany, knew that the struggle between God and Satan, between good and evil, was not yet over; so they told us to pray that *finally*, if not in our day, the fight might be over, but meanwhile, as the Baptismal Service tells us, "we," each of us, must be "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants."

But these words may be illustrated by a homely example, taken from English village life.

There was a cobbler in a Yorkshire hamlet, a plain, honest fellow, but fond of the public-house. The cheery fire, the amusing gossip, led him on to frequent it more and more, till he found that habits of intoxication were becoming chains dragging him downwards body and soul.

However, by God's help, he stopped short, nay, he turned round. He broke off, by a mighty effort, his old habits, and it was soon the village talk that the cobbler had "turned tee-totaler." By-and-bye he had to undergo a great deal of sarcasm and many witticisms from his old friends; but one of them stung him a good deal, for one of his old companions taunted him with being afraid to *look* at a bottle of drink or all his good resolutions would fail. "You shall see," said the cobbler, and instantly taking out the money, he went and bought a bottle of brandy. This he placed in front of him, in the window of his workshop, and there it stood for years, unopened, untouched, for his good resolutions, strengthened from on high, stood firm, and he was able to tread under foot, as it were, the evil habit which had wasted his money, destroyed his health, and led him astray from the service of God.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXVII.

1. In what language does the Bible describe the followers of the Saviour?
2. And what lesson is to be drawn from it?
3. What is the meaning of the name "Satan?"
4. Where does the name occur in Scripture?
5. What is the method of his evil work?
6. From what artistic representation may the language of this Clause be taken?

CLAUSE XXVIII.

“That it may please Thee to succour, help and comfort all that are in danger, necessity and tribulation.”



AN eminent writer says: “We should all look at the Prayer Book as though we were little children kneeling at our mother’s knee to learn how to pray;” and in the Litany we are led on from one subject to another, just as it used to be the custom in old cathedrals to pass in long procession with waving banners and clouds of incense from shrine to shrine, from chapel to chapel, with appropriate psalms and prayers at each, till the whole building had been perambulated. Having interceded for the tried and militant Christian, we now plead with God for “all that are in danger, necessity and tribulation.”

Danger is derived from a word meaning “the power to harm,” and how often we are exposed to perils of one kind or other. How many men lead lives of constant “danger” to supply us with comforts and luxuries. How little do we think, as we stir the fire, of the collier, whose days are spent in darkness, and surrounded with all the perils of “fire-damp,” suffocation, explosions, and even entombment in the depths of the earth. As we sip our tea, we do not remember the poor mariners, whose services have brought it across 10,000 miles of stormy ocean. We sit at ease in the swiftly rushing train, and do not recollect that the lives of those who drive it are at stake if any accident occurs! In many ways our fellow men, for our benefit, are exposed to risk and danger—it is but a slight thing on our part to remember them in our prayers.

There is a touching custom growing up in many churches built in seaside places to sing on stormy nights that beautiful hymn, “For those in peril on the sea.”

In a recent colliery accident, when a number of men were imprisoned in the earth for many hours, one of them who survived

said that their chief comfort was the thought that their friends were praying for them.

"Necessity," from the Latin, "no room to escape," Dr. Johnson defines as meaning "want, need, poverty," and the words called up to us the picture of hungry children crying for bread, and many another sad scene in human life. Sometimes we try to harden our hearts by saying that these miseries are the result of men's own crimes and follies. This may be true, but how many of the innocent suffer through the faults of the wicked, and for these helpless ones our prayers should arise !

The word *tribulation* has been before explained, and though it implies much sorrow and many tears, yet there is in the expression a gleam of hope. It is a black cloud ; but there is a fragment of the silver lining showing. In its original signification of a threshing instrument, to separate the corn from the chaff, it reminds us that troubles do not come by chance, but are sent to discipline and improve us, and to prepare the good for the garner of Heaven.

How different the compassion and patience of God from the sternness of man to his offending fellow.

Frederick, the warlike King of Prussia, had, on an occasion when an attack was expected, ordered, on pain of the severest punishment, all lights in the camp to be extinguished, but on going round the entrenchments that night he noticed a faint gleam. Entering the tent from which it proceeded, he found an officer writing a letter to his wife. He knelt at the king's feet and implored pardon, but the stern monarch bade him add to the end of his letter that in two hours more he would be shot for disobedience ! How unlike the patience of our Heavenly King, to whom we may draw nigh, and knowing His character, ask that He would "succour, help, and comfort poor suffering humanity !"

To "*succour*" is a striking derivation, to run under—that is, to hasten to raise one that is falling. On the one hand, the picture

of the sufferer, sinking exhausted with cold or hunger or disease, on the other, the strong, warm-hearted Christian hurrying to lift up the falling figure.

There is a Church in Spain called the Church of the Cup of Cold Water, to which an interesting tale belongs. A certain good-hearted but very poor priest, living in a little village not far from the mountains, was one day startled by two or three gendarmes entering his house, and carrying with them a bleeding brigand, with a broken arm.

The priest hastened to bind up the wounded arm, though the captors seemed to care little whether or no their prisoner lived. The injured man, who bore his sufferings without a groan, then begged for a drink of water, and, as he raised his head to receive it, encouraged by the priest's kind manner, he whispered that his two children were left friendless on the edge of the wooded hills. When the prisoner had been dragged away, the Curé went in search of the poor children, found them crying and hungry, and brought them to his humble home. Then, poor as he was, he sent the boy to school, and the girl to a neighbouring convent; and by much self-denial, and in spite of many severe remarks on his folly, provided for their support.

Years passed away, and the children were almost grown up, when one day a magnificent carriage stopped at the door of the humble parsonage. A fine-looking man in uniform, his breast covered with glittering decorations, stepped out. He explained that he was once the wounded brigand, that he had escaped, and in one of the many Spanish revolutions had chanced to be of the winning party, now held a high office, and had returned to claim his children. And when he had affectionately greeted them, he asked permission of the good old priest that he might build him a new church in the place of the shabby little mountain chapel, and that it might, in remembrance of his kindness to the suffering, be called "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water."

The word "help" has a curious origin, from the root-idea of

being *able*. We may get sympathy from the weak, but help must come from the strong, and so when man is in some dire necessity, when he feels his utter want of power to aid himself, it is then that he welcomes most the power of one who is "able to help to the uttermost."

We also ask for those in tribulation that they may receive comfort. And God consoles His servants by enabling them to realise that their sufferings happen not by chance, but for wise reasons. In some operations in our hospitals, when the surgeon is at work, another medical man keeps his finger on the patient's pulse to learn how long he can bear the pain without fainting, so we may trust the Divine Physician "will not suffer us to be tempted beyond that which we can endure." Sometimes, even in this world people are allowed to see how good comes out of their afflictions.

There was a spot somewhere in South America, where some poor but industrious labourers had formed a large vineyard. With much toil they had terraced the hill, and carried up soil, and tended and trained their vines, but just as the fruit was ripe it caught fire, and the whole was consumed. It was a bitter disappointment, but, after a while, beginning to till the ground once more, they discovered to their joy that the earth was full of silver ore, some of which had been fused by the fire, and had in a melted state appeared on the surface, and so they discovered a rich mine.

The word "comfort" meaning to strengthen in company with one another, reminds us how we may patiently endure our "tribulations" if God is our helper. It reminds us of the description of the re-building of the walls of Jerusalem, when the citizens toiled together, though in fear and dread. Nehemiah came round with the trumpeter by his side to cheer them in their work. If we are raising the fortifications of faith and patience and a holy life we shall find that God is "fortifying together with us" our hearts!

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXVIII.

1. Mention some examples of dangerous occupations?
2. The meaning of the words "necessity" and "tribulation"?
3. The derivation of "succour"?
4. Of "help" and of "comfort"?
5. What was the promise of the Saviour concerning a cup of cold water?
6. What does St. Paul promise concerning trials and temptations?

CLAUSE XXIX.

"That it may please Thee to preserve all that trabel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children; and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."



HUMAN nature is essentially selfish—when we are in comfort at home we think little of those exposed to danger and weariness, as they journey on their way. When in health, we often forget those who are tossing wearily on their sick beds. The Litany does well to remind us of those who need our prayers. There was a trace of piety in the old custom for ships to set sail on Sunday, doubtless, originally in the desire that they should be "conveyed" and sent forth with the orisons of their friends and neighbours. We have now grown so accustomed to easy and rapid travelling, that we forget how much our forefathers often suffered from cold and exposure on unavoidable journeys.

There is an old autograph letter in one of the glass cases at the British Museum, which shows this—it is from Judge Parker, written in the year 1766, and describing his efforts to reach York, to preside at the Assizes.

"We had a very bad journey all along. The ways having never been so bad since the memory of man. On Monday, it rain'd all day, from morning to night. On Tuesday, ye ways were so deep, and being all clay, that the fore-wheels going over the plowed ground cut in to the axis, and by degrees the clay fill'd up the spaces between the spokes, so that the wheels became solid globes

of clay. Drawing this prodigious weight in soft ground, I thought it would have broken my horses' hearts. On Thursday night there fell a great quantity of snow; and on Friday, it snow'd all day, with a strong easterly wind. We could not travel above two miles an hour most part of the way. But Saturday was a terrible day; it continued snowing all that day also; and having in company the stage coach, in which were the council, they were got fast two or three times, and there must have remained, if we had not lent y^m horses to draw 'em out, tho' they had six horses, and myself but four.

"We were six hours and a half getting to Ferry Bridg, which is but nine miles, because of the great drifts of snow in which we were forced, by horses going before and riding in them backwards and forwards, to make a track for the coaches. When at Ferry Bridg, we had eighteen miles to York, and ten of them as bad as any we had come; and conferring together, we were all of opinion, it was impossible to get to York that night in our coaches.

"Finding this to be ye case, and that my Lord Chief Baron could not think of riding, because it snow'd very fast, and a strong northerly wind driving it with great force; I offered of my own accord to ride on horseback, tho' it was now al'most four o'clock, and charg'd thro' all the way and weather, which nobody can describe the badness of; a strong northerly wind all the while blowing the snow in my face. But having a very good horse under me, I got to the place where the Sheriff was before it was dark, being very wet and weary. After ye Commissions were read, I took care of myself, and, thank God, am now very well."

From such hardships the railway has almost entirely delivered us; but it has dangers of its own—the breaking of a rod, the failure of an axle, the sinking of a sleeper—may turn the flying train into a mass of ruin. The slightest confusion in the mind of the signalman may convert the crowd of passengers, dreading nothing, into a number of mangled, bleeding, and dying persons, scorched or crushed to death.

A railway accident, which happened many years ago, by its appalling character fixed its memory on those who were then alive. An excursion train broke down in a long tunnel on the Brighton line. Before it could move on, a second thundered into it, and threw the carriages of the first train across the other line : when, a few minutes after, they were dashed into by a third train, proceeding in the opposite direction. All was in suffocating darkness, and a great number of persons were killed, besides those who were more or less injured. It was on a Sunday morning, and we must trust that the prayers of the Litany in the many thousand churches of the land were heard for those poor souls thus suddenly and awfully hurried into another world !

And then we pray for those "that travel by water," whose perils are far greater. Whole volumes are filled with the dismal records of wrecks, burning ships, lonely mariners dragging out their existence on some sea-surrounded rock ; or, worse still, escaping the sea only to fall into the hands of cruel savages.

We never kneel in Church but at that very moment thousands of ships are crossing the ocean in one direction or another ; many crowded with emigrants, seeking a distant home ! Sometimes no living soul remains to tell the sad tale of perils by the sea. For instance, a sailor writes this account :—

" At night the weather was so thick we could not distinguish any object twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast head, and a constant watch. There was a strong breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead !' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. We struck her amidships. The greater size, the weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves ; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked creatures rushing from her cabin. They just started from their beds to be swallowed, shrieking, by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingled with the wind ; I shall never forget that cry.

"It was some time before we could put about. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place; but all was silent. We never saw or heard anything of them more."

There is one class of those who "travel," who particularly deserve to be mentioned in our prayers. Those who, in the interests of religion and civilization, like Livingstone, and others, devote their health and strength to explore wild and savage lands!

The celebrated African explorer, Mungo Park, tells us, that once when lost in the desert, without food, help, or guide, he was ready to give way to despair, when his eye caught sight of the tender grace of a solitary little flower, and the thought, an answer perchance, to some far-off uttered prayer, rose into his heart; that if God had so cared for this little blossom, nourished it in the wilderness, and clad it with colour and beauty, He would not fail to help his human child, lost in the desert. So comforted he rose up, and struggled on till he found help!

Next we implore God's mercy for mothers in the hour of suffering—a phase of trial which obtains the Apostolic sympathy. (1 Tim. ii. 15.) How little do we think what a debt of gratitude we owe to our mothers! That is a pleasing example of consideration which is told of the chivalrous Edward Bruce, halting his whole army for a day on account of the illness of one poor woman who was amongst the camp followers!

Then comes a petition which is very often accentuated by a pause, in order that the congregation may add to these general supplications the thought of some sick persons whose case or name has been laid before them; and we should recollect that the sick are often too ill to pray for themselves. The promise of Scripture, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick" (St. James v. 15), is full of encouragement.

There was once a poor Irish woman who, nearly fifty years ago, took her way to a house where comfort and competence abounded, but where lay the shadow of great troubles. The master of the house had died recently. Two dear little maidens

had been laid beside him in the cemetery, and his widow—her refined face and sweet eyes bearing the marks of her deep sorrow—was hanging in almost hopeless suspense over the sick-bed of her only boy. He was a very delicate child, already tried by very severe illness, and it seemed impossible that he could survive. And when the poor woman entered the house, and heard all the sad tale, her warm heart glowed with sympathy. She fell on her knees in the hall; and, though she belonged to a different faith and a different race, she poured forth to Heaven a fervent appeal for the recovery of the dying child.

The prayers then offered by her and others were granted, for the little sufferer regained health and strength, though not without traces of what he had passed through; and when grown to man's estate, he lived to build a church in a neglected hamlet on the edge of a wild moorland to the memory of the mother who had nursed him so tenderly through that illness. And that church, with its many services, its painted windows, and its summoning bells, may be regarded by the trustful Christian as an answer to "prayer for the sick."

"*Young children*" are next brought before our thoughts; their very helplessness must touch our hearts. They cannot pray for themselves; therefore we must pray for them. And how often, when cruelly treated, they cannot even complain. In these days of huge "Board Schools," from which the kindly eye of the parson is so often excluded, this petition is very needful.

There is perhaps no sphere in life in which the devil seems to have triumphed so utterly as when he destroys the very instincts of motherly love. The horrible system of "insuring the lives" of infants has, alas! often insured their deaths. For the sake of the money to be obtained for their burial, unnatural mothers condemn the unfortunate babes to die. No violence is used which can be detected. They are simply suffered to expire for want of food, the wretched parent spending her time elsewhere, and leaving the infant to pine and wail itself away.

These crimes, though suspected, are hard to prove ; but we have the remedy of prayer, to commend to the care of God "the young children" of our land.

"*To shew Thy pity upon prisoners and captives,*" is a petition that shows how much the Church was in advance of the age in which the words were first printed, as during that time, and for nearly a couple of centuries after, the condition of prisons was most terrible. There was no classification of criminals. Their cells were dark and pestilential. Gaol fever was a frequent disease ; and on one occasion, at the Oxford assizes, not only did the prisoners suffer, but the judge, jury, lawyers and officials caught the infection, and more than forty persons died ! They were often loaded with irons, their food was scanty, and little effort was made to reclaim them. Even those who were only imprisoned for debt were often almost starved ; and the citizen of old London was accustomed to see a begging box held through the iron bars of the prison by some poor debtor.

But God answered this prayer by raising up John Howard, the philanthropist of the last century, who devoted himself to the noble work of improving the prisons of Europe, and of introducing order, decency and humanity within their gloomy walls. Sometimes, we are told, when he visited a prison the unhappy criminals would crawl, so far as their chains permitted, to kiss his feet in gratitude ; and for their sakes he pleaded before kings and nobles, and raised, by his writings and efforts, so great a sensation on the subject, that the former evils can never return in civilized lands.

Another servant of God was raised up to remind Christians how much might be done by kindness to raise fallen souls—Elizabeth Fry, a benevolent woman, who devoted herself to softening and elevating the female prisoners in one of our gaols, and the good feeling she aroused still survives !

The compassionate words of the Litany, pleading with God "for prisoners," must have often struck the ears of Englishmen

with great force in the stormy days of old. When, for instance, within the gloomy walls of the Tower the gallant Raleigh spent his weary years, or when it contained the loyal-hearted Strafford, or the Sainted Laud, or the noble "Seven Bishops." And may we not trust that many a sad heart, pining in imprisonment, has found comfort in listening to the words of the Litany, and remembering that for their sad case prayers were being uttered. (Acts xii. 5.)

There is a touching story told that at the end of the long French war a rough sailor landed near London Bridge, and meeting a man selling larks in a cage, bought the whole lot, and then, opening the door, let the birds fly free. The bystanders remonstrated, but he replied with a laugh, "If you had, like me, spent six years in a French prison, you would learn to feel for caged things!"

But though we may not have had personal experience, yet a little reflection will make us feel more deeply in this matter. When our forefathers heard in this passage the word "captives" they would think, naturally, of the poor Christian slaves who were forced to row in the galleys of the Algereen pirates, or of the sufferings of our early colonists, who were carried off into the woods by the blood-thirsty Red Indians of North America; and fearful indeed were the stories of their cruelties to the white settlers who in time of war fell into their hands.

The romantic history of Captain Smith, one of the early colonists of Virginia, would be familiar to many a seventeenth century hearer of the Litany; he, when made a captive, and doomed to be tortured and scalped, only escaped by the compassionate feeling which, rising in the heart of Poccahontas, the chief's daughter, made her protect him, and enable him to escape.

In our own times these words have had a terrible significance, when certain of our kindred in India were "captives" during the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny. And now we may think, as we use the words, of the horrors of Central African slavery; the miserable bands of "captives" who, tied together neck to neck, are

driven from their village homes, already in flames, and condemned to a life of slavery.

There is a very striking narrative in the memoirs of a gentleman in the Civil Service, in the early part of this century, which tells of God "showing mercy on the prisoner" in a remarkable way. The writer tells us that he was employed in the office of the Secretary of State, and that one night he could not sleep. He was quite well, had no anxiety on his mind—could not in any way account for his restlessness. At length, weary and utterly unable to sleep, he rose, dressed, and walked forth in the early summer morning, between three and four o'clock, across St. James's Park. Passing near the office in which he was employed, a sudden whim seized him to go inside. A latch-key was in his pocket, so he let himself in.

All was still, silent, and deserted, and he was just about carelessly to go away, when his eye rested on a paper lying open on one of the desks. It was a reprieve! and he started to see that it had not been sent. A moment's glance told him it was for a convict sentenced to the gallows on that very day. He seized the document, and rushed, full speed, across the park to the private house of the head of the office. Knocking furiously at his door, he insisted on seeing him in bed, found out that by some mistake it had not been sent, and obtained the necessary authority to try and remedy the omission. All this had taken a considerable time, and the prisoner's life hung on a thread. In those days there were no railways, no telegraph wires. He hastened to the proper department, and despatched a mounted express, full speed, to the distant town where the execution was to take place. The messenger arrived as the condemned man was being led on to the scaffold.

Thus, by a remarkable chain of circumstances, did the Almighty save the life of this prisoner, and give him space for an amended life.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXIX.

1. What occupations involve continual danger ?
2. How does the Litany correct our natural selfishness ?
3. In what Epistle is prayer for the sick inculcated ?
4. Mention special reasons why we should pray for the sick and the young ?
5. Who was an eminent philanthropist of the last century ?
6. Mention the names of remarkable prisoners in the Bible ?
7. What alteration has Christianity made in our opinion of slavery between the ancient and modern world ?

 CLAUSE XXX.

“That it may please Thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.”



TILL before us wends the long procession of those who need our sympathy, who require our intercession on their behalf. In all ages the defenceless have been the prey of the selfish and the grasping. The old fable of the wolf and the lamb is true to human nature. Any excuse is sufficient to justify harshness and oppression to those who have no strong arm to “invoke” in their behalf. And *fatherless children and widows* are especially subjects of this kind of wrong. It was to prevent injustice of this sort that in the middle ages the plan was devised of making orphans the wards of the crown—the origin of our modern system of “wards in chancery.” We ask for the fatherless children from God, in the first place, that they may be “defended” from oppression and injustice, and secondly, that God would “provide” for their wants.

There is an interesting account of the way in which a little fatherless lad was sheltered, during the Wars of the Roses, in the home of a shepherd, and passed many of his youthful days looking after the sheep on the wild hills of the North. He was of the race of the warlike Baron Clifford, and when his father had

been slain in battle, the family lands confiscated, and the child's life was scarcely secure, he escaped notice in a lonely cottage, and grew up strong, yet gentle.

“ . . . Long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed and tamed,
Love had he found in huts where poor men lie.”

But when the red rose again came into power, he was found and restored to his lofty inheritance of castle and demesnes; but to quote Wordsworth's lines, who has written a well-known poem on the history of “the Shepherd Lord” :—

“He kept in lofty place the wisdom which adversity had bred,
And ages after he was laid in earth—
'The Good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore.”

How many are the passages in the Scriptures in which the widow and the fatherless are mentioned! A gentleman looking over an old Bible one day, found in it a slip of paper. The book had belonged to a widow, and she had carefully noted on this loose sheet the many passages of Holy Scripture bearing on God's care for these two classes, and they formed a long list. One that is familiar to us all is, “God is the Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows.” (Ps. lxxviii. 5.)

Perhaps it is on the coasts of our island home that the saddest scenes of widowhood arise! A spectator of one of those mournful catastrophies, that often spread sorrow amongst our fisher-folk, writes thus:

“There were five young wives who stood anxiously looking out to sea, their hands shading their eyes, and straining their eyesight to watch a small fishing boat, now rising on the waves, and now sinking low out of sight.

“Still the anxious wives wait amidst the sympathizing crowd on the cliff. All the other fisher-boats have reached the harbour, but the last boat, containing the strongest, boldest young fishermen, still plunges and struggles amidst the rolling surges. But at last it rose no more. The poor women turned away their eyes in agony,

and slowly, with many a sob and shriek, the *five* young widows returned to their desolate homes, where none could comfort them with any gleam of hope ! ”

But it is when the lamp of human joy is utterly extinguished that the God of all consolation “ can raise the heart that lies prostrate in the dust, with the hope of re-union, and unceasing joys in a better world than this ! ”

The entreaty for the widows is fitly addressed to that thoughtful Redeemer, who, even in His agonies on the Cross, entrusted His widowed mother so tenderly to the care of His dearest earthly friend. The words were introduced in the edition of 1549, and are suggested by many passages (Ps. cxlvi. 7 ; Jer. xlix. 11) in Scripture.

And those touching words, “ all that are *desolate and oppressed*,” strike on the heart like a distant bell, plaintive and pleading. It is those who have none on earth to cheer and comfort them whom we recommend to the consolations of Heaven. “ Desolate ” signifies to make lonely.

In how many a miserable drunkard’s home are the hungry children left desolate !

How often the good and the gentle have been sorely oppressed, yet sometimes in answer to the Church’s prayers unexpected relief has come.

In the life of good Bishop Bedall, we read a pathetic history of his trials from the Irish rebels in 1641. “ The Bishop still relieved many poore people in his out-houses, but it was a most grievous burden to his heart, that he was forc’d to hear the cries and see the cruel sufferings of these poore and naked people daily under his walls. One time amongst the rest, when a company of Irish, of whom some few had musquets, were rifling and tearing amongst those almost naked people, the cry was so great and dolefull that the good Bishop would needs go out himself to their rescue. Those about him judg’d it very hazardous, and labour’d to dissuade him. But notwithstanding all these persuasions, he would go out, taking three others in his company, all unarmed ; only the Bishop

himself had a good long staff in his hand, handsomely carved and coloured. As soon as they perceived the Bishop they left harassing the poor English, and fled about a stone's cast; and then two or three of the musqueteers made a stand, and presented their musquetts right against the Bishop's breast. But the Bishop still went on, and clapping his hand above his breast bid them shoot there, rather than offer violence to those miserable people. And God was pleas'd hereupon so to awe them, that they dismounted their musquets, and went away."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXX.

1. What are the two blessings implored on behalf of the "fatherless children and widows?"
2. Give some Old Testament examples of the Divine care and protection vouchsafed to the "fatherless and widows?"
3. Give some New Testament instances of the same?
4. What passages in the Old Testament illustrate this clause?
5. What is the derivation of the word "desolate?"

CLAUSE XXXI.

"That it may please Thee to have mercy on all men."



IN this petition it has been well said that it is the greatest glory of the Litany. The brightest jewel in that diadem of prayer! One great Churchman says of it, "The Church here spreads her wings, as it were, to gather under them the whole world of sinners, beseeching the God of *all* to have mercy upon *all*." It has been remarked that English people have little idea of the size and population of the world. A day's travelling in most directions brings us to the sea-shore. And it is only when we land on one of the great continents, and travel on day after day, seeing continually new cities, and new districts, that we begin to realize how large the world is, and then, when the mind sinks oppressed by the thought of the multitudes of our human brethren, what a

comfort is it to raise our eyes aloft, and rest our souls by the thought of the might, the love, and the compassion of the great God who knows and pities them all ! We little realize what a multitude of human beings people this world of ours, and yet the thought of their all depending upon God for each breath they draw gives us a grand idea of the omnipotence of the great All-Father.

It has been calculated that the population of the globe is about thirteen hundred millions. Now, supposing this number of persons to pass through a turn-stile at the rate of one in every two seconds, or thirty a minute, and to pass forward at this pace for twelve hours a day, and for seven days a week, it would take one hundred and sixty-five years for them to pass through ! And yet each of this vast multitude has his own individuality : his own joys, trials, sins, experience, and the great heart of God beats with Divine compassion for each, whilst the Church on earth reflects its Master's loving-kindness, and prays for all men !

The celebrated French painter, Ary Scheffer, has selected for one of his noblest paintings the representation of Christ our Lord as the Consoler of the world, and he paints sufferers from all regions looking to the Saviour ; the negro slave dropping off his chains ; the mother, holding up her dying child ; the widow, wiping her tear-stained face ; the martyr, lifting up his eyes in confidence ; all from all regions looking to the Great Redeemer as the Being who, by His death and sufferings, has won the confidence of men !

At one time it was an argument against the Bible's truth, that all the races of mankind, so different in colour, in stature, language, and habits, could not descend from one origin. But now men of science have changed their note, and been obliged by the very force of scientific research to confess that facts point to the unity of the human race, and this has been shown "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ;" for the remarkable resemblance of nursery stories, legends, and "folklore," customs, found in most distant parts of the world, and amongst the most dissimilar races,

points as its solution] to the oneness of the human family!

This petition "for all men," seems to have in it a breath of Divine inspiration, for that age (1544), when the Litany began to be known in the English tongue, was a time of *narrowing* tendencies, when men were engaged in that painful home struggle between the accustomed form of the faith, and the disturbing influences of the new learning, when the severance of England from the lands which still remained under the Roman obedience, though it brought with it certain benefits, yet did indeed insulate our religious thought, and made many good men more proud of their Anglican angularities than anxious to hold broad loving views of Catholic verities.

Yet it was at this exact period when we were becoming very isolated, though perhaps not from any fault of our own, that our own English Mother Church began to teach us to pray for "all men." And perhaps it was so inspired, to prepare the minds of men to take kindly thought of those multitudes of heathen and strange nations with whom her England's sons were about to become acquainted, as mariners and merchants. The placing of this prayer in the Litany just precedes that rise of English adventure, which made the flag of our country float in the breezes of either Indies, and inaugurated that outburst of our island's commerce and discovery over the whole world.

Thus we read of the rapid rise of the great trading companies—"The Eastland Company," "The Muscovy Company," "The East Indian Company," "The African Company," "The Merchant Adventurers' Company." When commerce and discovery had made us acquainted with "all men," then the spirit of Christianity gradually stirred up the conscience of Englishmen, and we may trace answers to this supplication in the freeing of the slaves in the dependencies of England. The introduction of justice and protection through the wide empire of India, and the great efforts of our Missionary Societies.

Those of high rank have sometimes been disposed to

look with contempt on the masses of mankind, and to think "the common herd," with their ordinary cares and interests beneath their notice. Not so with God, whose mercy and individual care extend to the lowliest and the most neglected of the multitudes.

This finds illustration in the apologue of the Eastern Dervish, who was entrusted with the training of the king's son. They wandered through the borderlands of India, and saw many men and divers strange sights. "How foolish must the natives of this district be," remarked the prince, "who spend their time in feeding a multitude of contemptible worms!" "Prince," answered the Dervish, "are you not aware that it is to the labour of those insignificant worms you are indebted for the shining silken robe that enwraps you!" Journeying on, they came to the dried-up bed of a torrent, where many men were carefully searching amidst the sand, and sifting the gravel with eager looks. "Why," said the prince, "do these idiots work amongst the sand of the torrent when they might till the fertile ground on the banks?" "Know you not," said the Dervish, "your Royal Highness, that they find oftentimes amidst the pebbles and sand of the stream gleaming diamonds, fit for your diadem!"

Even so amongst the unnoticed crowds there are many patient souls weaving for themselves robes of light, and amidst the masses of mankind—numberless as the sand—there are sweet and noble souls who shall one day glisten amongst the jewels of their Saviour's celestial crown.

"Lights which earth-born mists have darkened,
There are shining full and clear,
Princes in the courts of Heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

"None can tell us, all is written
In the Lamb's great Book of Life,
All the prayer and faith and patience,
All the toiling and the strife.

"*There* are told Thy hidden treasures;
 Number us, O Lord, with them,
 When Thou makest up the jewels
 Of Thy living diadem."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXI.

1. What is the supposed population of the world?
2. Why should we scarcely have expected to find in the Litany a petition of such wide sympathy?
3. Why does this petition assume now an almost prophetic aspect?
4. What passage in the Epistle of St. Paul bids us pray for "all men?"
5. What period in English history was distinguished for adventure and discovery?
6. When were our Church Missions established?

CLAUSE XXXII.

"That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and to turn their hearts."



THE Litany here calls us to pray for grace to carry out the most difficult of Christian duties—the "forgiveness of our enemies." This was a flight far beyond any heathen virtue. The natural instinct of man is to retaliate, to strike back again, to give blow for blow. Nay our fallen nature leads us to be proud of cherishing a revengeful spirit. Men take a pride in never forgiving or forgetting an injury. In savage lands the Red Indian will hunt down his enemy with a relentless pursuit, waiting, it may be, for years to find an opportunity of stealing forth from the dark forest, and, tomahawk in hand, of falling on the unsuspecting foe, and then carrying off his bleeding scalp as a trophy of gratified vengeance.

But the religion of Jesus tells us, "forgive our enemies," and the Great Founder of it led the way by praying for those who

were nailing Him to the Cross, "Father, forgive them," even adding an *excuse* for their conduct, "for they know not what they do." And it is our duty to follow in this matter the blood-stained footsteps of our Blessed Saviour. But how hard it is to do so.

There is an interesting story of the exercise of this forgiving spirit in the life of St. Francis de Sales. The story is this:—Once in Padua there was a midnight brawl amongst a body of the wild students in that Italian city. Swords were drawn, and in the darkness a young man received a deadly thrust. The student who had given the stab had fled to the house of a widow lady, with whose son he was most intimate, and asked her to shelter him, and she promised to give him a refuge. But by and bye the sound of hurrying footsteps was heard. They halted at her door. A dead youth was carried in. It was the corpse of the widow's son. His friend came forth from his hiding-place, and finding what he had unwittingly done, offered to give himself up to the hands of justice, but the mother, with wondrous command over her natural feelings, told him to remain, and even assured him of her pardon. And her Christian effort was rewarded, we are told, by a vision which came to her soon after, in which she saw her dead son, who assured her that in recognition of her forgiving spirit, his soul was in peace.

"*Our persecutors.*" As an example of the difficult duty of forgiving our persecutors, we have the history of *St. Stephen*. (Acts vii.) But many another martyr has shown the same noble spirit, in which matter we see most distinctly that God does give His servants power from on high to overcome the strongest instincts of our nature, and replaces the natural feelings of revenge, hatred, and indignation with those plants of peace, charity, and forgiveness, which are of Heavenly growth.

And yet, just as we see how the gardener, by great care, gets some delicate exotic flower to grow in our cold, bleak climate, so does the Divine Spirit cultivate in our souls that patience which

suffers long and is kind, and the spirit of pardon which overlooks injury and ingratitude.

It is most touching to read the record of the last hours of the martyr, Archbishop Laud, and the noble words of his prayer on the scaffold for his persecutors. He prayed, "Lord, pardon them all, and those especially who have drawn down this present judgment upon me;" and in his dying speech he concluded, "I forgive all the world, all and every one of those bitter enemies which have persecuted me." And seeing through a chink in the boards of the scaffold that some persons were standing under the place where the block was fixed, he requested the officer in attendance either to stop the crevices with dust, or remove the people thence, for it was not his wish "that his blood should fall on the heads of the people," no doubt remembering the Scripture words on the subject, lest it should happen to their condemnation; and putting some money into the hands of the headsman, he said, "Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and I do!"

But there are persons whose power to injure us cannot be dignified with the importance of a persecution, and yet whose words often cause us much pain and mortification—those who slander and misrepresent us. Often this is the work of mean and malignant minds, and it is behind our back that they take the opportunity of speaking evil of us.

The derivation of the word "slander" is said to be from the name of the spring of a trap. We can easily imagine the alarm with which a timid bird hears the noise which shows that it is suddenly caught, and realizes the cruel cunning which has imprisoned an unsuspecting captive. Just so a slander is often a mixture of cunning and unkindness, planned so as to injure the innocent.

In the life of that well-meaning authoress of the last century, Mrs. Hannah More, we read how much she was wounded by the way in which her benevolent efforts to teach the ignorant peasantry in Somerset was attacked and described as revolu-

tionary and dangerous. In one of her letters she describes, with some humour, the narrow-minded, ignorant farmers going to a fortune-teller to consult him about the new school which these good old ladies had started, and objecting even to the tunes to which the children sang hymns, "For if the hymns were not Methodistical, the *tunes* were!" whilst one rich farmer affirmed "that the poor were *fated* to be wicked and ignorant, and that wise as Mistress More was, she could not alter what was *decreed*."

But under all provocations to anger or impatience the Litany teaches us "a better way." We are to pray that it may please God to *turn their hearts*. That He would alter the direction in which the feelings flow, change the channel of their bitter and angry passions, and lead them from evil to good. The same natural energy which might make a wicked man a dangerous enemy might, under Divine grace, cause the same individual to be an active worker in good things.

The zeal of Saul in persecuting the Christians was fiery and glowing. The same fervour glowed in the enthusiasm of St. Paul after his "heart was turned" in answer to the Prayer of St. Stephen.

A martyr's death has often resulted in the conversion of his enemies and persecutors—a victory purchased by his life-blood.

We are told that for some time after the Roman Empire had become Christian the horrible combats of the gladiators still continued in the great amphitheatre at Rome. Conflicts only ended by the death of one of the gladiators. But one day a brave monk, full of Christian fervour, rushed down into the arena and stopped the fight, denouncing its cruelty, and declaring it unfit for Christians. The people's anger at this interruption of their savage amusement blazed forth, and they overwhelmed and slew the good man who had rebuked them, with stones and missiles. But his death was not in vain, for when their impatient anger had cooled they acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, they repented of his death, and from that day forth abandoned those barbarous and bloody sports, which terminated in the death of their fellow men.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXII.

1. Describe the difference between heathen and Christian virtues?
2. Give Scriptural injunctions as to the forgiveness of our enemies?
3. How has our Blessed Lord given us an example of His conduct to His enemies?
4. Mention some examples of the forgiveness of persecution by Martyrs?
5. What is the derivation of the word "slander"?
6. Show how the hearts of evil men were "turned" by the death of brave Christian martyrs?

CLAUSE XXXIII.

"That it may please Thee to giue and preserue to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them."



HIS is one of the few petitions which has reference to temporal matters, perhaps to teach us of how much less importance are the things of earth compared with the interests of the soul. We ask that the produce of the soil may be given to us, which means that the corn should germinate and grow, and not perish in the ground, and also that it should be *preserved* from the many dangers to which it is exposed, before it can be placed safe in the garner.

There is something very remarkable in the way in which God has ordained that the ear of corn should grow on so tall and fragile a stalk, which bends before every blast, and is so easily laid low. By its very character and growth it bids us remember our dependence on God's preserving care.

The word "kindly" is often misunderstood—it means "natural," "produced after their kind," so Wicliffe, in his translation of Rom. xi. 21, "The kyndlie branches."

This prayer represents in shorter form many fuller requests in the old Western Litanies. "Give us serenity of sky," asked one; "Good temperature," was the plea of another. The Sarum Primer has, "wholesome and reasonable air."

In former times the whole parish went in procession through the fields at Rogation-tide, imploring God's blessing in Litanies.

This is still legal, though it has degenerated into the custom of "beating the bounds" of the parish, which is still practised in Oxford and elsewhere. In Brittany we are told the ceremony of blessing the fields in the early spring is most picturesque, as with uplifted cross and slowly rising clouds of incense the clergy and choristers take their way through the wide stretches of arable land with prayer and chant.

In God's good time we must hope that such exhibitions of faith and prayer will be seen in our land also. The seasons and the weather are in the hands of God, so the Christian believes! Upon the Divine mercy in this matter the comfort, and often the lives, of thousands depend.

For instance, in Egypt the population watch with intense anxiety the rising of the Nile, on the height of whose flooded waters the prospects of the harvest hang, and yet that inundation is caused and influenced by the temperature amongst the mountains of Central Africa.

Thus link after link we follow the chain, but He, in whose hand the first motive power rests, is the Almighty God we worship and acknowledge.

In the Isle of Man, under good Bishop Wilson, an addition was here made in the Manx Prayer Book, "and to restore and continue to us the blessings of the seas," in reference to the "harvest of the sea," to benefit by which the fleets of Manx fishing boats used to sail forth.

When we reflect on the words "give to us the fruits of the earth," we may for a moment with grateful hearts observe how much God has been pleased to increase our resources in the way of food since commerce has brought the products of distant lands to be "gifts" for our daily food; our tea, our coffee, our cocoa, our sugar, our potatoes; the very commonest requisites of our table were luxuries which the great Elizabeth never enjoyed, whilst the disappearance of leprosy, that scourge of the middle ages, is traced to the introduction of many wholesome vegetables, and

to the constant supply of fresh meat, the result of root crops, which enable the farmer to support his cattle during the winter.

The many blessings with which God has enriched our daily table should not be received with sullen and selfish indifference, but should awaken thankfulness.

"So as in due time we may enjoy them," as the prayer continues, implies that we do not ask from God miracles, but that He would so order the course of nature as to continue to us "the appointed weeks of harvest."

And thus, when God has heard our prayers, we can thank Him with loving hearts, and "enjoy" what He has bestowed.

There are few things more cheering than to notice how the custom of holding Church Harvest Festivals is spreading over the land. It seems to cheer our hearts that when some are denying that there is any God, and many doubt that He takes any active Government of His world, yet in parish after parish the merry bells ring forth, the old church is decorated from font to altar with fruits and flowers, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving resounds through the aisles, acknowledging the Lord of the Harvest, and young and old seek to "enjoy" the blessings which He has given.

It is said that in several Indian languages there is no word signifying "gratitude," a fact which, as in a mirror, reflects the cold depravity induced by heathenism. So does St. Paul, in counting up the sad list of Pagan vices, add, *"neither were (they) thankful."*

May God both give and provide us the fruits of the earth, and give us grateful hearts to "enjoy them in due season."

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXIII.

1. Which petitions of the Litany refer to temporal wants?
2. What does the word "kindly" here mean?
3. On what day of the year were Litanies in former times sung in procession, imploring God's blessing on the crops?
4. What additional "fruits of the earth" have been given us during the last three centuries?
5. What services of thanksgiving have become frequent and popular?
6. What did St. Paul enumerate as among the crimes of the heathen?

 CLAUSE XXXIV.

“That it may please Thee to gibe us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to Thy holy Word.”



HE long list of our supplications here fitly ends with a confession that even our prayers are unworthy, and that our best efforts to be devotional need pardon, both on account of our ignorance as to what we should ask, and of the right way in which to ask. Likewise for our wandering thoughts.

There is a parable of an angel who gave to a saint the power to hear all the *real* prayers which were uttered in a whole crowd of kneeling persons, and there were but one or two which were real and earnest, the worldly thoughts and wandering attention of the rest allowing indeed their lips to move, but their hearts to be straying far away from God.

We ask, therefore, here, in the first place, for *repentance*—a word now, alas! too much neglected.

“It would be better,” says a preacher of to-day, “if we heard less talk about the Gospel and more frequent mention of repentance, which is its true outcome.” Repentance is a very full and forcible word in the original Greek, meaning, as it does, a change of disposition.

We are told in the life of the well-known Paley (whose writings were more familiar to the last generation than to the present) that when he first went to Cambridge he entered fully into the careless, thoughtless life of boisterous merriment, which was usual amongst the students of those days. One night, when Paley had gone to bed, after a long and noisy supper-party, and was sleeping very heavily, he was suddenly awakened by one of his boon companions standing by his bedside. “Paley,” said he, “somehow I could not sleep, thinking about you. You are different to the rest of us. Even if we tried to learn, we have small brains, and

couldn't do much ; but you have splendid abilities, and it is a perfect shame for you to waste them by going on as we do." Paley was struck by this warning. He made fresh plans and gave up former follies, and applied himself so diligently to his books that he rapidly rose to distinction in the University and eminence in the world.

This anecdote exhibits chiefly an intellectual phase of repentance—changing from a life of pleasure and carelessness in order "to live laborious days," and to win the golden spurs of scholarship. But there is more needed in man than an acute intellect and a well-stored brain. To please God, it is required of us that the whole moral nature should be turned towards Him. The sunflower is said to turn its blossoms towards the great orb of light and heat, and so the soul of man should look towards his Creator.

It is not enough that there should be repentance, but it needs to be *true*, that is, lasting and sincere. Judas repented, and cast down the silver coins ; but it was not a true repentance, for it ended in despair, and not in amendment. The criminal imprisoned in his gloomy cell regrets that he committed the crime which brought him to conviction, but if his grief is only because he was found out, it is not worthy of the name of true repentance. Again, we must observe that *it* is a gift of God ; the tendency of sin is to harden the heart, to make it callous, as the frost turns the ground to iron. But it is the sunshine of God's Spirit that softens the soil of the soul again.

Through the gate of "repentance" the returning sinner seeks that his sins may be forgiven.

There is a pathetic story told of a couple of aged parents whose only daughter ran away from home, and lived far away in misery and degradation. But the old folks cherished the hope that some day she would repent and return, and they never barred or locked the door of the cottage when they went to bed at night, for they said, "Perhaps she might *this* night come back, and it shall

never be that the door of her old home be found barred against her ! ”

But parental love is only a faint reflection of the merciful compassion of God on High, “Who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness.”

But the great evil of our popular religion is to ignore the importance of a real penitence for sin, and a deep abasement of the soul before the offended Majesty of High Heaven. People have heard so much of “free pardon,” and God’s willingness to forgive, that they forget that such promises are *conditional* on a “true penitence,” and that God is not to be mocked by a few empty words. Even if of His great pity He condones the eternal punishment of our sins, He justly leaves us to suffer the “temporal” penalties, which, by the working of His great Moral Law, descend on transgressors.

But not only must we seek the forgiveness of sins, but also of *our negligences*.

When good Bishop Hammond was on his deathbed, he prayed, “Forgive especially my sins of omission.” How often a little carelessness and neglect has been the commencement of the ruin of a soul !

There was once a Canadian boatman who, waiting on the river’s bank, stepped into his canoe, lightly casting a cord from the bow round a stake on the bank. Soothed by the ripple of the water, he fell asleep. But the current began to act, the cord to tighten—it had been negligently fastened. Presently it uncoiled under the pressure. The boat drifted down the stream, and the man only awakened, when it was too late, in the roaring rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

“*Ignorances*” is a very heart-searching expression, probing our consciences, for it speaks of faults committed ignorantly, but it implies that we are responsible for such ignorance.

There was once a household who seemed to enjoy every advantage for health. Their house, built on the edge of the ocean, with

the fresh breezes from the Atlantic meeting the pure keen air of the Devonshire hills, and the wild heathery country around was free from all breath of infection; the water was brought with care from a distant spring in the hills, that it should be kept from any chance of contamination near the house. But the beloved and only daughter of that lovely mansion—one of the most beautiful in England—sickened and died, and when they sought for some cause it was found that some careless labourer had emptied a load of manure across the little stream which supplied the house, and the poison thus communicated had brought death and desolation into that delightful home. It was doubtless done ignorantly, but for such ignorances there is little excuse.

How watchful should we be, lest by our words, without intending it, we do others harm—not considering what an example may effect, we lead others astray. “The young man drank nothing when he first came amongst us, but I soon laughed him out of his scruples,” said one, but though the seasoned drinker went on, the youth, less able to stand on the slippery edge of the precipice, ere long filled a drunkard’s dishonoured grave!

But against these dangers we must arm ourselves. The brave soldier of old time had not only a shield to protect himself, but a sword to defend others.

We ask our great Captain “*to endue us with grace*” from on high. A distinction should be observed between *enduing* and *endowing*. We do not ask to be endowed, for it is our duty to be content with those natural gifts which God has bestowed on us, but we may have a noble ambition to be endued, that is invested with Heavenly privileges, and the knightly robes of a spiritual crusader.

Let us try and paint a scene, which may often have occurred in mediæval times. Imagine with what interest some sick child, lying in his bed in the tower of the castle, would listen for the clatter of horses’ hoofs, which told of news. How eagerly would he hear how the Hermit Peter stood by the old stone cross, and,

in impassioned tones, thrilled all the great crowd ; how he told them of the Christian pilgrims, robbed and scourged, and insulted ; how the sepulchre of the Blessed Redeemer was daily profaned by the insolent pride of the Saracens, till the strong men clenched their fists in wrath, and the women wept and groaned. And then as the enthusiasm fired the multitude the ardent young spirits cried aloud, " We will go ! " "*Dieu le veult*," " God wills it," and the Hermit had to tear his cloak into shreds that he might fasten the sacred emblem of the Cross on the shoulders of the volunteers, till they could be fully endued and clothed with the red-cross cloak which would distinguish the crusader. And the sick child would pray that he might some day also bear the red cross, and go forth to the Holy War.

The grace and gift of the Holy Spirit is the Christian's great need, to be his armour and his robe in the fiery conflict which he must wage. Especially he needs the Holy Spirit to aid him to form good resolves, and to keep them firmly. Resolution is a noble trait in a character.

In the life of Pizarro, we read that he and his companions had, after many hardships and much sickness, reached a small island in the Pacific. A council was held on the shore ; the adventurers had grown weary of seeking to realize their golden dream of reaching Peru and possessing themselves of its wealth. They were most of them dispirited and home-sick, and longed to return, but Pizarro drew a line on the sand with his sword point, and crossing it said, with unconquerable determination, " I go to the south, let who will follow me." And one by one his companions followed him across the line and stood by his side, influenced by the power of his determination. So should we make, in the strength which God supplies, firm resolutions " to amend our lives."

And there is a pattern set before us, just as in the days of Moses, when the workers in metal commenced to fashion the golden vessels and the mystic ornaments of the Tabernacle, there was

a Heavenly pattern and model set before the artificers. So with us, we are to amend our lives "according to His Holy Word;" to frame and fashion them in humble imitation of "the blessed steps of His most Holy Life," who took flesh, and dwelt amongst men, that He might be their example.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXIV.

1. What is the meaning of "repentance" in the original Greek?
2. What is the difference between true and false repentance?
3. Distinguish between sins of negligence and sins of ignorance?
4. Draw a distinction between "endowing" and "enduing?"
5. What is the pattern given for our amendment in life?
6. Mention seven distinct persons in the Bible who said "I have sinned?"

CLAUSE XXXV.

"Son of God: we beseech Thee to hear us.

Son of God: we beseech Thee to hear us.

Ⓞ Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world;
Grant us Thy Peace.

Ⓞ Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world;
Have mercy upon us.

Ⓞ Christ, hear us.

Ⓞ Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us."



IN these short ejaculations a devotional writer beautifully remarks that they may be compared to almost inarticulate sounds with which an infant cries to its mother, and which are more pleading than any words to a parent's heart.

Or they may be regarded as arrows of prayer shot upwards by adoring hearts. There is a curious illuminated page in an ancient

manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, which represents the suppliant on his knees with bow in hand, and up the page of the manuscript are the rising arrows, which he has sent up, each arrow having a little scroll, bearing on it a prayer, and thus illustrating the idea of ejaculatory prayers.

Here the ministrant's addresses to our Lord are re-echoed by the kneeling congregation—hence it is sometimes called the Lesser Litany.

Nothing can be more solemn, more earnest, more touching than these twofold supplications where priest and people, with mingled voices, implore the mercy of the Saviour by His names and titles.

There seems to come across the mind the recollection of His own example in Gethsemane, "being in an agony He prayed more earnestly."

We may observe the various aspects of these intensified appeals. His Divine Nature is first dwelt upon—"Son of God." The world has ever been ready to lower and degrade the Redeemer. It will allow that He was a prophet, a philanthropist, a good and perfect man, but it stumbles at owning the lowly crucified Jesus as the co-equal Son of God.

From early days this has been so, for when the ruined walls of Pompeii were excavated, some rude caricatures of a crucified one were found scribbled on the walls, near the guard-house, with the words scrawled below, "Alexander worships," thus showing the rough scorn with which some heathen soldier had treated the faith of one of his Christian comrades.

The faith of Christians has overcome the cold rationalism which would lessen the position of Jesus their Lord, and whether they look at Him in His lowliest habitation, or in His highest glory, they alike adore Him as Divine.

He, then, before whom we kneel, has power to help us, for He is the Son of God. Our hearts dwell upon the thoughts of the omniscience and the omnipotence of our Redeemer.

In contrast with this stands out strongly the weakness of human aid, as, for instance, when the starving widow, in the Siege of Samaria, cried aloud to the king for help, and the monarch, irritable with the sense of his powerlessness, rent his royal garments, and displayed the sackcloth beneath!

Then we next approach our Saviour not only as Divine, "the Son of God," but as the Divine Mediator, as the appointed Intercessor, as "the Lamb of God."

Here we are led to remember the whole doctrine of sacrifice, of the death of the innocent for the guilty, of the expiatory character of blood offered on the altar. That the modern civilized world has so totally lost sight of all bloodshed in sacrifice is a wondrous testimony to the belief in, and the reality of, that sacrifice, which by its majesty and greatness fulfilled the requirements of God and man, so that for eighteen centuries the conscience-freed sinner has been able, with awe and joy, to see the one offering again and again represented by the Church before her God.

The appeal, "O Lamb of God," reminds us of the old dispensation, the offering of Abel, the sacrifice of the law, the scape-goat departing to the wilderness, and under a better dispensation, the herald cry of John the Baptist, and most glorious of all, those sublime visions in the Apocalypse of the throne of "the Lamb as it had been slain," surrounded by adoring saints and angels.

The wondrous doctrine of the incarnation, and the atonement of "the Lamb of God" on the altar of the Cross—at once Priest and Victim—by its grandeur and unanticipated character, shows its Divine origin; and the sinner, as he kneels before the crucifix, takes comfort, for he realizes that the Redeemer has died "for us and our salvation." It is hard to illustrate this from earthly comparison, but there is a tale of self-devotion found in the "Records of the Bastile," or, as that was destroyed in an early outbreak of the Revolution, it may refer to some other of the prisons of Paris.

In one of those gloomy dungeons were herded a crowd of prisoners—their crime, that they had incurred the suspicion or dislike of the revolutionary government. Amongst their number were two—father and son—having, as is not unusual, the same name, Jean Goujon. Dismal as were the days of the captives, there was one period of terrible and exciting suspense—when each morning the gaoler read out the list of those who were that morning to be the victims of the guillotine! The early dawn pouring its light through the grated windows roused the father, whilst the son still slept on, exhausted with grief and anxiety. There came in due course the official's stern voice, reading out the list, and the name of Jean Goujon was in it. The old man started up at once in reply. He knew perfectly well that it was his son, who, as the more prominent person, was the one intended; but rejoicing that the mistake had been made by the carelessness of those who had prepared the list, he kissed his still slumbering son on the brow, and hurried forth to die in his place. And the young man escaped through the confusion of the names and the self-devotion of his father.

“For a good man,” says St. Paul, “some would even dare to die; but while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.” (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

Twice do we appeal to our Saviour by this sacrificial title, which binds together the two dispensations; and, in response, the people ask first for “peace.” That is the reconciliation between God and man, which flows like a pure stream from the foot of the Cross; and the second time for “mercy,” which is the application of the cleansing stream to our sin-stained souls.

Then we call on our Saviour by His title, “The Christ,” that is, the Messiah, the Anointed One; by that single word implying all His threefold offices of King, of Priest, and of Prophet—a title whose expressive meaning is lost when treated merely as a name.

The vessel which contains the oil used in consecrating our kings and queens is called the “ampulla,” made of gold or silver-

gilt, and in the form of a dove, to be an emblem of the blessing of God the Holy Ghost, who was manifested at the baptism or spiritual anointing of the Saviour.

Then we address Him as "*Lord*," which is the translation of the word "*Kurios*." This Greek word is throughout the old Septuagint version always employed, where Jehovah is used in the Hebrew. The English word has an interesting derivation, "*Lord*" coming from the same root as "*Loaf*," and the lord of the household being so named from his breaking and distributing the bread amongst the family.

When we apply this old English title to our Saviour, we seem to behold Him giving to humble, loving souls, as they kneel at His Sacred Feast, the Bread of Life.

But the repetition of this call of His people on their Saviour as Christ and Lord, reminds us of its first source. The earnest entreaty of blind Bartimæus, as he sits by the wayside at Jericho, in an agony of anxiety, lest his appeal should be unheard; lest the Great Prophet should pass beyond the sound of his entreaty, and his years continue all darkened and bereft of sight.

We, too, may place ourselves, as it were, in his position, poor and blind, not knowing how to ask aright, yet pouring out our hearts before Him.

The poet Longfellow has beautifully versified the appeal of Bartimæus—

"Blind Bartimæus at the gate
Of Jericho in darkness waits.
He hears the crowd, he hears the breath
Say, 'It is Christ of Nazareth!'
And he calls, in tones of agony,—
'Ιησοῦ ἐλεησον με!'"

Keble says, "We must not think that because it is easy to repeat prayers that are short, easy, and plain, that therefore it is easy to pray them," and that "when we have got to be quite

earnest in these calls, we have made no small step in the spiritual life."

It is recorded of a God-fearing cavalier, in one of the battles of King Charles' time, that, pausing at the head of his cavalry, before the fight began, he took off his hat and devoutly said, bending his grey head, "Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day, and if I forget Thee, do not Thou, O God, forget me!"

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXV.

1. Derivation of the term "ejaculatory prayer?"
2. What doctrine concerning our Saviour has met most opposition?
3. Why is Christ called the Lamb of God?
4. What does this allude to in the Old Testament?
5. Where alluded to in the New?
6. Meaning of the title "Christ?"
7. Derivation of name "Lord?"
8. What was the blind man's prayer?

CLAUSE XXXVI.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

○ Lord, deal not with us after our sins.

Neither reward us after our iniquities."



AND after repeating the imploring appeal of Bartimæus, the Litany next places in our lips the Lord's Prayer, as though, having exhausted all the pathetic urgency of human devotion, the Church betakes herself to her Master's words, for as David said of the sword of Goliath, "Give it to me, for there is none like unto it!"

The Lord's Prayer is given to us by St. Matthew and St. Luke in slightly differing words—the Doxology being added in St. Matthew's Gospel, and being absent in St. Luke's. In the latter

evangelist it is recorded to have been taught to the disciples at their special request. It has been said by a quaint writer to be like a letter. "Our Father," is the superscription, "in Heaven" is the address, then comes the contents, and the "Amen" is the seal.

Another writer has thoughtfully pointed out that though it is the prayer of the whole Church, yet each clause belongs as it were to a different class in the great multitude of God's creatures. Thus, "Thy Name be hallowed" is the request of angels; "Thy kingdom come," that of departed saints; "Thy will be done," is suitable for living men; "Daily bread," the cry of all creatures; "Forgiveness" the prayer of sinners; and the last petitions are especially suited for the weak and the young.

The Lord's Prayer has been called "The Mediatorial Key of Gold," which opens the door of Heaven for our worship to ascend. There is a great depth of comfort in the opening words. God we are told to call on not only as a Father, but as *our Father*. Through the mediation of His Blessed Son we are placed in this happy relation. What a strong and powerful feeling is parental love!

Humboldt, in his "Travels in South America," tells us that far up the course of one of the rivers he came to a high rock, which was named "The Mother's Rock." It seems that about the year 1770 there was captured as a slave an Indian woman, who was found in a solitary hut with three children. The father, with the elder children, had gone out to fish. She tried to fly with her little ones, but in vain. She was hurried into a boat, and taken to San Fernando. From this place she repeatedly tried to escape with her children back to her old home and other children, but she was recaptured, brought back, and severely beaten. At length it was determined to separate her from her three children, and to send her up in a boat to a station called Javita. Seated in the bow of the boat, the mother knew not where she was going. She was bound and solitary; but she

judged from the direction of the sun that she was going away from her children. By a sudden effort she broke her bonds, plunged into the river, swam to the bank, and got on a rock. She was pursued, at evening retaken, brought back to the rock, where she was whipped till it was marked with her blood—which gives it the name of “The Mother’s Rock.” Her hands were then tied behind her back, still bleeding from the lashes of the “manata” thongs. She was then taken to the station at Javita, and put into a kind of outhouse. The night was profoundly dark, and it was in the midst of the rainy season. She was now seventy-five miles in a straight line from her children, and forests, morasses, and rivers lay between. But she succeeded in biting through the bonds which fastened her wounded arms, and in the morning she was not to be found. After three days she had found her way back through the pathless woods and swamps, and was watching near the hut where her children were. She was seized once more, and before her scars were healed was again separated from her children, and sent away to the Upper Orinoco River, where she drooped, and shortly after died, refusing all kinds of nourishment.

Few can read such a history without admiring this mother’s love. And these warm parental feelings were implanted by God, and intended not only to beautify the relationship of earth, but to reflect the love of Heaven. (Is. xlix. 15.)

Comforted by this thought, we next observe the words which follow, “which art in Heaven.”

Though we know that God is omnipresent, yet, in compassion to our weak imaginations He permits us to paint to our minds the Almighty in that home of ineffable splendour, where angelic beings wait on His behest, and adoring saints gaze through the open door.

“When we pray ‘*Hallowed be Thy Name,*’” says St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, “we know that God’s Name is holy, whether we say so or not ;” but we desire that all men may regard it as such.

Old Bishop Andrews explains that we should pray that this work of God's Name being made holy should be carried on *in us*, and *through us*, by our influence over others.

We may not be able to build a cathedral to the glory of that Sacred Name, but we can avoid all carelessness and irreverence in its use. We may not be able to raise the lofty arch, or cause the light to pour through stained windows, but we can erect the temple of a holy life, and ask that the light of God's Spirit may illuminate our actions and words with Heavenly colours. And one way in which we ought to carry out the spirit of this prayer is to make the Houses of God very solemn and beautiful, and every vessel and ornament of the Sanctuary should be treated with the utmost reverence, so that all who draw nigh, or see our conduct, may feel, as Jacob did of old, "This is none other than the House of God—this is the gate of Heaven !"

Thirty or forty years ago our Churches were seldom entered except on Sundays. Now our children are often within their walls ; sometimes decorating them for festivals, sometimes at "practice" over the hymns and chants. In many places the church door always stands open. And, in consequence of this change, there is often a temptation for the young to forget the sanctity of the Church, and to treat with familiarity and irreverence the spot where His "Name should be hallowed."

An old classical writer relates that "when Alexander the Great was offering sacrifice, a young nobleman attended upon him, and held the censer of incense, in doing which there fell a red-hot coal on his flesh, and inflicted a most severe burn, but because he would not disturb the king in his religious duty, he did not stir to shake off the fiery ember from his hand, but held the censer perfectly *still*," an heathen example of steady devotion which few Christians could imitate !

"Most churches have two doors," remarks a quaint writer, "and often superstition has come in by one, only as it were to be shouldered out by profanity entering by the other !" May God's

Name ever be hallowed by us both with body and soul whenever we profess to worship Him.

"Thy kingdom come," is the Christian's noblest aspiration. He looks around, and he sees the powers of darkness are strong. He turns away, often dispirited and heart-broken, to feel within, and to watch without, how mighty are the influences for evil ! He looks forward with longing for the blessed time when Christ's kingdom of purity and goodness shall be all-powerful. And meanwhile he is not slothful and inactive, but he strives to enlist souls beneath that banner, and to extend the borders of that kingdom.

There is a lofty rocky headland on the coast of Ireland, called in Irish the blood-stained promontory, about which there is a wild legend that two chieftains started from the shore of Scotland, with the agreement that the one who first touched the Irish land should possess it. The two boats, urged to their utmost speed by the sturdy strokes of their respective oarsmen, drew near the Irish strand. The chiefs stand on the prows ready to leap on the land ; but, at the most critical moment, one boat gains on the other. Maddened by the wild rivalry, the losing chief, with a blow of his battle-axe, cut off his right hand, and flinging it across the foam on the shore claimed the territory as his own !

Even so the Christian, by hope, grasps the ideal of Christ's kingdom, still incomplete, though daily gathering strength, and longing for its full sway prays "Thy kingdom come." When uttering this request we should not forget the remarkable portion of the Scriptures wherein this grand ideal is prophetically introduced.

The Book of Daniel is most remarkable in this respect, it is the *pivot* point on which the scheme of God's government revolves. There we see the comparatively narrow platform of the Hebrew race disappear, and prove itself to be but a scaffolding for succeeding fabrics, which in time are to be superseded by the everlasting dynasty and the eternal palace of the Son of God. Nebuchadnezzar's vision, the great statue with its golden head,

and feet of iron mingled with clay, was in due time, with all that it symbolized, to give place to "the kingdom which shall never be destroyed" (Dan. ii. 32-45), and for the advance and progress of our dear Master's kingdom, we must both continually pray and work. We may have a very small post to fill, but the lonely sentinel, who keeps his watch patiently and cheerfully may be gaining his king's approval, equally with the great general, whose breast is glittering with decorations.

There was once a little boy coming home late from school along a dyke in Holland. He noticed that through a tiny hole in that bank the tide was finding entrance. He calculated that if not stopped it would soon widen into a dangerous gap. He thrust his finger into the hole, and found that it closed up the dangerous though tiny stream. So there he determined to remain till other help came, or till the tide had turned! And there, in loneliness and darkness, the brave child sat for many hours, till the ebb came, and by his presence of mind and endurance, men said he had probably saved the low lands from a dangerous inundation! Let us then all cheerfully hold the smallest posts of duty in extending the kingdom of the Lord.

"Thy will be done" is a part of the Lord's Prayer often on the lips of Christians. "Resignation," says the great Bishop Butler, "is the very atmosphere of Heaven." We learn it on earth amidst trials and afflictions; but it is a plant that, commencing its growth on earth, will show its flower and breathe its fragrance in a nobler world. There is nothing to which man so closely clings as to his own will. Self-will appears in the infant character before the child can speak; and self-will sways the dying man in his last illness. Our own way, our own wishes, the exercise of our own will, cost what it may, is the desire of the untamed heart. But the noblest triumph of the Christian faith is when all this natural self-will is crushed and subdued, and instead is heard the voice of humble submission, "Not my will, but Thy will be done."

Nor are we here left without the footprints of our great example

going on before. The light of the Paschal moon, shining through the olive trees of Gethsemane, shows us Jesus, made very man "for our salvation," in deep agony, and yet breathing forth, "The chalice that My Father giveth Me, shall I not drink it?"

A clergyman was one day visiting in a little white-washed cottage an old woman who had been for many months confined by rheumatism to her bed, and spoke of patience and submission. "Yes," she said, "we must take what God sends." "But this," he replied, "is not what I mean. We *must* suffer and endure what the Great Ruler sends. But what is required of the Christian is that *our will* should yield in humility to *His will*." A slave may lie helpless in a dungeon, loaded with chains, and yet his will be as strong as ever, though his power of action be taken away. And it is in this region of the will that there is such room for resignation, humility, and faith. How touching, for example, was the uncomplainingness of Job, when sorrow after sorrow, shock after shock, descended upon his devoted head. (Job. i. 20-22.)

How often good men have conquered their natural tendency to impatience and discontent, by remembering that this prayer is not only to be said with the lips, but observed with the temper.

Of our mediæval saint, Richard of Chichester, it is told that when ill news was brought him, of fire or any other damage done to his property, he would say, "Be not sad, my friends, we have still enough left to supply our wants. This has befallen us because we gave not sufficient alms. We order, then, that larger alms be given in future of our goods."

There is a well-known story, illustrating the resignation of true Christians, that Bernard Gilpin, the famous preacher, in the neighbourhood of Durham, in the days of Edward VI., was wont to say that all that happened was for the best; and when he fell into disgrace with the authorities in the next reign, and was ordered to appear in London, this saying of his was brought up against him, but he still held to it. On his long journey,

somewhere near Bedford, his horse fell with him, and his leg was broken. "Is this also for the best?" mockingly inquired some of his guards, who had, no doubt, heard of the good man's favourite saying. "I doubt it not," he placidly replied, as he was carried into a house and laid on a bed; and there for many days he lay in much suffering, but yet, as though to reward his faith and resignation, whilst thus detained in the country the Queen's sad life closed, and Gilpin was set free, and restored to labour, and to preach amongst his rude parishioners in the far north.

But there is another, and an active meaning of the prayer, "Thy will be done;" it is the desire that the expressed wishes of God may be obeyed and carried out. Amongst the heathen in old times, men who wished to do right must have often felt perplexed to know what was their duty; how they could please God. And it is remarkable to observe how, when God proceeded to choose out and educate the Hebrew race as His people, He began by giving them the tables of the Law. It is not sufficiently remembered that the Scriptures assert that God *spoke* them with an audible voice, amidst the thunders of Sinai. And when our Lord inaugurated the younger dispensation, in His sermon on the Mount, He made their force and meaning yet more plain and clear. We cannot say we do not know God's will, but do we see that "it is done" in our lives?

Some old writer tells us of a certain monk, who was bidden by his Superior daily to draw water from a distance of two miles, and pour it on a dry stick, and this he had to do for a whole year, and yet he did his task willingly and without a murmur. Few, if any, of God's commands seem thus unreasonable; nay, we can trace their wisdom and usefulness, and yet how soon we grow weary in well doing! Therefore it is added to the prayer that God's will be done in earth, that is to say, in our earthly frames, on this earthly ball, we call our world, "*as it is done in Heaven.*" We may not know much about that celestial region, but we can at least form an idea how God's will is there performed. It is

without doubt done swiftly and readily, carried out completely and unweariedly, fulfilled gladly and cheerfully ! What a picture of this we have in that passage in Daniel, where the great Angel Gabriel says, "At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment went forth," and "being caused to fly swiftly," the messenger arrived, as Daniel records, "while I was speaking in prayer." (Dan. vi. 20-22.)

We are often indolent in doing God's will; we do it at best feebly and imperfectly, and worst of all we often do it grudgingly, and, like the Jews in the days of Malachi, saying, "What a weariness it is." O ! that we thought oftener of how it is "done in Heaven !"

When that great writer, Richard Hooker, to whose calm wisdom the Church of England owes so much, lay on his death-bed in the rural parsonage of Bekesbourne, he was asked by his friend Saravia of what he was thinking? He replied, "I was meditating on the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven ; and, oh ! that it might be so on earth !" Milton says of the Almighty—

"His state is kingly.

Thousands at His bidding stand and speed

On land and ocean without rest."

"*Give us this day our daily bread,*" are words concerning the right translation of which many pages have been written, but it is enough for us here to consider their plainest meaning.

We are to keep in mind continually our dependence upon God. As the prophet Elijah was daily fed with his appointed portion, as the manna was spread abroad in the plain for the daily maintenance of Israel, so we are to ask from God our food for *each* day. The spirit which would "lay up much goods for many years and forget God" is utterly condemned ! As our daily wants arise we lay them before our Father in Heaven, and He of His bounty, and as He sees fit, daily supplies our needs ! There is something very beautiful in this sense of close dependence

between the Christian and his Heavenly Father. The idea of dependence on another may be illustrated by the following anecdote.

A clergyman tells us—"I have seldom seen a more pathetic instance of trustfulness than in the case of a poor old man who dwelt in a little town in Ireland. He was too old to work—a hungry, wretchedly-clad object he looked. Many a wet day—and it does *rain* in Ireland—I have seen him standing under the poor shelter of a wall, wet and hungry—but yet in patient endurance. Nothing would induce him to seek the cold refuge of the poorhouse, for he had a son far away in America, and this son used to send him little sums of money for his support—there was no fixed allowance—it all seemed uncertain. The letters came when this son could afford it, and could find time to write. But with a brave faith he struggled on and waited, often half-starved, till the long-hoped-for letter might come and bring him sustenance from three thousand miles away!"

When we see these examples of trust and dependence of one human being on another, it should train our faith to soar yet higher, and place our unyielding confidence in God.

"I have been young," said the Psalmist, "and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread."

There is a German tale of an aged woman living in a little hut at the end of a village who was nearly starving. Not a crumb of her last black loaf was left, and on her knees she prayed again and again the words her Lord prescribed—"Give us this day our daily bread." Some idle young fellows, having their notice caught by a ray of light from her window, listened at her door, and heard her prayer. "Come," said one of them, "it will be a fine joke to surprise the old hag;" and the group going back to the village, got a couple of loaves, with which one of the most active climbed on the thatch, and let them fall down the wide chimney at the old woman's feet. Then they listened at the door, and heard the

pious old soul giving thanks for the food she had so mysteriously received, till one of them, raising the latch, rudely told her she was deceiving herself in dreaming that her prayers were heard, for the loaves were only cast down in derision of her piety ; but the old woman's wit and faith were equal to the occasion : " It was God who sent it," she replied, " even though the servants of the devil brought it."

But it is not bodily food only that man needs ; and so when we pray for our " daily bread," it is also for our souls to be fed and strengthened with Divine food. Thus we are led on to see this petition answered both in the outward figure and in the inward verity in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

" Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." These words set before us both a prayer and a condition. The prayer, so natural to the conscience when not wholly dulled and deadened. Sin leaves behind it its dark shadow, *guilt*, and we long again to feel ourselves in the sunshine of God's power. What efforts have been made by sin-laden consciences to escape from their load of guilt !

A Missionary tells us of meeting a Fakir in India crawling along in the dust, never rising from the ground, and frequently bowing his head to the earth, and this for a journey of many miles, to the shrine of Juggernaut. " What do you expect to obtain thereby ?" he was asked. " Many blessings, but *especially* the pardon of my sins !" What fastings, penances, efforts have men undertaken with a like object among Christians ! But whilst, in the middle ages, the devil's temptation was, " you may sin without trepidation, because you can make up for it by good works afterwards," his nineteenth century temptation is still more dangerous, " If you do wrong it is easy to efface your guilt by a mental reference to the atonement of the Saviour." We should think more seriously of sin, for an old writer quaintly puts it, " If there were handed to you a sword, and you were told that it had slain your dearest friend, could you look lightly on it ? And as

it is the sins of men which have nailed the Saviour to His Cross, how can we speak jestingly of them?"

Our Lord describes sins by the striking word "trespasses." The idea is of a road or pathway, fenced in and hedged about by the barriers of the law of God. Man's wilfulness, his passions, his inclinations lead him to break through these restrictions.

Our Lord teaches us in mercy, however, not to despair. He encourages us to ask the pardon of these transgressions, but He also lays down a condition. As it were to enable us to test the sincerity of our repentance, He supplies a Spiritual thermometer to try the real warmth of our penitent sentiments. What are our feelings towards our fellow-servant who has offended us?

The parable of the unmerciful servant is thus continually brought to our remembrance. How ready we are to ask pardon for ourselves? With how many qualifications and evasions do we grant it our foes?

There was once in a rural parish a family in which there was a long-standing quarrel between two brothers, and, like all family quarrels, it was far more difficult to heal, and more bitterly felt, than if it had been among strangers. At last it happened that one of the brothers fell ill, and so dangerous was the attack that there was little hope of his recovery! Neither of the brothers, in spite of their long-standing feud, were without religious feelings, and when the elder brother was thus ill, he desired, ere he died, to receive the Holy Communion. The good Rector did his best on the occasion to effect a reconciliation. He pointed out that without a spirit of forgiveness in the sick man he could not administer that Holy Sacrament. He talked long and earnestly to the two brothers, went to and fro with messages and suggestions of peace, and at last got them to agree to a reconciliation. The younger brother came to the sick man's chamber. They both shook hands, and exchanged a few words; but as the healthy brother was leaving the room, the sick man raised himself in the bed, and remarked, "But, John, if I get better, this is to go for nothing,"

showing that the bitter feeling still lay deep-rooted in his heart.

And, indeed, there is perhaps no Christian duty laid down by our Saviour which is so difficult to carry out. Revenge is so dear to the human heart—we are naturally inclined to make it into a virtue. “He is so thorough-going a character that he never forgets a benefit or pardons an injury!” we are inclined to say, and even to praise a man for being “a good hater.”

And when we try to forgive we introduce conditions of our own. The offender *must* be very penitent, or—“we will forgive *but* we will *not forget!*” Alas, the task is too hard for us, unless the compassionate Saviour gives us somewhat of His own forgiving spirit to neutralize the obstinate pride of our own hearts!

“*Lead us not into temptation.*” These words, as taught us by our Blessed Lord, remind us that it is written, “He knew what was in man.” He knows our weakness, and how easily we bend to any breeze of temptation.

A cynical writer says, “Man’s soul is a weather-cock. The vane will point in whatever way the prevailing wind of passion, or of fashion, may blow!” Not only are there the temptings from within of the flesh, the current of the world outside, but there are the enticements of the wicked one. “The embers of evil may,” says a quaint writer, “be but dull red, yet shall Satan, with his bellows, soon blow them up into a fiercer flame.” The Tempter suits himself to all ages, to all characters. “If he meets with a proud man, then he makes himself a flatterer; if with a covetous man, then he comes with a reward in his hand. He hath an apple for Eve, a grape for Noah, a change of raiment for Gehazi, a bag for Judas; he can dish out his meat for all palates; he hath a ‘last’ to fit every shoe.” So writes an old Puritan; and if we yield to temptations, they gain more and more power. “The cobwebs of bad habits become the cords of sin which anchor the soul, as it were, in some fever-breeding lagoon.” Or, as another old writer says, “Like as a skilful labourer who riveth wood, having a great knotty log to cleave, hath also divers wedges, and

every one bigger than another, and entereth with the least first, and it maketh way for a bigger, and it again for the biggest, and so little by little the log is cleft; even so Satan useth sundry temptations, and every one of these prepares for the entrance of another." What need then, nay, what necessity, to ask our Father in Heaven to take our feeble hand, and lead us away from these slippery paths, where we shall, if unaided, slip and fall!

During one of the continental wars in the end of the last century, a powerful body of French soldiers was marched into the Tyrol. A "corps d'armes," under an ardent young general, led the advance. They had orders to push on as fast as possible, and soon found themselves amongst the mountains. Every village they entered was found empty. The peasants fled into the recesses of the hills, and no information could be obtained. Still guided by maps and way-posts, they hurried on, and ere long found themselves in a dark defile, overhung by rocks and fir-trees, whose sides were too precipitous to climb; but no sound or sign of peril appearing, they followed the winding road, till infantry and artillery had fully passed within its limits. Suddenly the way was found to be blocked with fallen trees, and a loud voice from above shouted, "Let all go!" Instantly huge stones came rolling down the mountain sides, a perfect hailstorm of bullets rained down from behind every pine-tree and rock. The patriotic bands of Tyrolese sharp-shooters opened fire from every height, and the French troops, in spite of the utmost courage, were utterly overwhelmed and driven back, leaving behind them heaps of dead and dying men. A not inapt illustration of the way in which unsuspecting souls fall into temptation—when they neglect to watch and pray against the perils which await the soldier of Christ!

"*But deliver us from (the) Evil (one).*" Instead of the general idea of "Evil," we are, in this passage, to understand that it is the dark Spirit of Evil in his personality, from whose sway we are to ask deliverance. In an age like this, when it is the

Wicked One's last success to make so many disbelieve in his existence, and, therefore, become the easier victims of his malice, it is well that this, the true meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, should be understood.

Many things which we should be inclined to call "Evils," such as poverty, pain, sickness, disappointments, may not really be ills, but perhaps "blessings in disguise," but moral evil, as centred in a spiritual form and existence, permitted to exercise a certain influence is a very terrible evil. Yet as in old times, so now, God will deliver them who call on Him. Almost every child knows the beautiful parable of Bishop Wilberforce's of the children in the garden, which was haunted by the fierce beast, and how the flute of prayer drove away the cruel creature !

About two hundred years ago there dwelt, in the days of civil strife, a gentleman, at his old manor house in Gloucestershire ; but before he suspected it an order was obtained for his seizure by his enemies, and those were times when the prison often led to the scaffold. A trusty friend sent him warning that the soldiers were at hand, but he had only a few moments to escape after the notice reached him. Aided by a faithful servant, he betook himself to the nearest bit of woodland, and by a happy thought took with him on his wrist a tame owl. Reaching the trees, he found a hollow oak, which had before caught his eye as suitable for concealment, and managed, with his follower's help, to get inside of it.

The troopers were not far behind, and, judging from appearances that he must be concealed near at hand, they searched houses and neighbourhood most carefully, and, "beating" the wood thoroughly, came close to the hollow oak. Then it occurred to the fugitive to unchain his bird, and a soldier remarking the owl fly forth from the oak, huge and decayed as it seemed, concluded that no one could be hid inside, and hurried on to look elsewhere. So the danger passed over, and the hunted man was delivered from his foes. Even so, in many a strange

and unexpected way, does God, in answer to their prayers, deliver the souls of His servants. Said a grey-haired old man, "five minutes longer of a trifling temptation might have ruined me for life when I was young, but God, happily, did not let the five minutes elapse."

The Lord's Prayer is followed by a versicle of the Priest's and a response of the people, "*O Lord, deal not with us after our sins,*" and the answer, "*Neither reward us after our iniquities.*" These are words adopted from the 103rd Psalm, and 10th verse, and on examining them we notice a piece of Elizabethan English—the expression "after" employed where we generally use "according to." An example from Shakespeare is familiar to many—"Use every man *after* his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping." It may also be remarked that "reward" is now generally used in a good sense, of giving premiums to merit, but *here* rather as we say "award," which may be the sentence of punishment pronounced by the judge on the wicked.

"Iniquity" describes that aspect of an ill-deed which shows the want of just and right feeling, whether it be we are unjust in act or thought towards our fellow man, or unfairly withhold from God that reverence and obedience He justly claims.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXVI.

1. In which of the Gospels is the Lord's Prayer given?
2. In what ways ought we to carry out the spirit of the prayer, "Hallowed be Thy Name?"
3. Give two ways in which we can strive to carry out the petition, "Thy kingdom come?"
4. Under what circumstances did our Lord Himself use the words of the petition, "Thy will be done?"
5. What examples of resignation have we in the Old Testament?
6. What examples in the New Testament?
7. Explain the two meanings of the prayer, "Thy will be done?"
8. How is forgiveness of sin made conditional under the Gospel?
9. What is the meaning of the word "trespasses?"
10. What parable bears on the forgiveness of sins?
11. Give examples of God feeding the needy in the Old Testament?
12. Mention some great Saints who have yielded to temptation?

13. How does the revised version give this petition ?
14. From what Psalms are the two versicles that follow taken ?
15. How is the word "after" used here ?
16. What was the old use of the word "reward" ?
17. In what aspect does the word "iniquities" describe sin ?
18. What sectarian body refuse to use the Lord's Prayer, and what reason do they give for so doing ?

CLAUSE XXXVII.

"Let us pray. O God, merciful Father, that despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful: Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoeber they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence of Thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we, Thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord."



AS the Litany approaches its close, like some stream, which for a while impetuously rushed along and was broken, as it were, by the rocks into short swift portions, but which when it reaches the plain subsides into a deep, full, steady flow; so we have now certain longer collects or prayers, added to the brief fervent suffrages which went before.

This prayer is chiefly adopted from a collect which was originally in the Sarum Book for a Service compiled for the benefit of those who were "in trouble of heart," and it is significant of the anxious days that seemed before and around them, that made the compilers of the English Litany, in 1544, adopt it for frequent use. How tender is the trustfulness of the opening line, "God, the merciful Father." How musical, like the moaning of the wind, are the pathetic words, "the sighing of a contrite heart, and the desire of such as be sorrowful."

“Contrite” signifies *bruised*, ground down as it were by affliction, till all the natural pride and spirit is gone. How powerfully has our dramatist Shakespeare painted such a broken spirit, when he describes the once powerful and pompous Wolsey asking from the Abbot of Leicester a brief shelter, that he might die in peace!

“A bruised reed shall He not break,” was one of the prophetic descriptions of the Saviour, and it is still true. The world loves those that are prosperous, but the sorrowful can seek the sympathy of the Divine Man of Sorrows.

There was a pious woman, in a hospital in London, who had to undergo a dreadful operation. She begged that as it was near Easter it might be performed on Good Friday, that she might take comfort in remembering her Lord’s voluntary sufferings!

But in such times too often our faith sinks—we seem to have no longer strength to bear our cross; thus we must, as this collect says, ask that our “prayers may be assisted.”

“*The troubles and adversities which oppress us.*” How full of meaning are these words: “Trouble,” from the old English, to thrash or beat out, as is the corn; “adversity” reminding us of the complaint of old Jacob: “All these things are *against* me;” and the forcible word, “oppress,” giving us a feeling of the *crushing weight* of afflictions, which bow the back and whiten the hair!

But sometimes these troubles have a power to save men from spiritual dangers of pride and worldliness. When Thornhill the painter was executing his pictures on the dome of St. Paul’s, he worked on a lofty scaffold. Pointing out to a friend certain effects of colour in his cartoon, he began to step backwards, not remarking that he had almost reached the very edge. His friend, trembling with horror at his imminent danger, feared to alarm him by any sudden exclamation, but catching up a wet brush, hastened to daub the paint on the picture. Thornhill rushed up to snatch away the brush, and he then learned his terrible peril, and the quick-witted device of his friend to save his life. So does God

sometimes seem to destroy a brightly-coloured plan, or a high hope, in order that our soul's real welfare may be secured.

The prayer then asks that the "evils" wrought by the Devil and his agents, wicked men, may be "dispersed," that is, scattered or rendered harmless by the good providence of God. Here we have, on the one hand, the powers of darkness, on the other the compassionate care of God. The amount of power for evil allowed to the Wicked One is a very mysterious subject, but it seems certain that it is lessened as the religion of Jesus advances ; so the shadows depart as the sun rises higher. "The craft and subtilty" of the Devil seems to have met with apt pupils and imitations in the sixteenth century in Italy, when Christianity seemed almost to decay under the influence of revised Paganism, and become, as someone said, "mere gilded heathenism." One of the Popes is reputed to have said, "What a fine thing for us is this *fable* of Christianity!" Historians tell us that politicians calmly in their councils discussed the assassination of troublesome enemies as a convenient resource of statecraft, and the stiletto, or the slow poison, were equally convenient expedients. There is a story that contrivances for poisoning enemies, or inconvenient individuals, were planned with the utmost "subtilty." There were poisoned gloves which it was fatal to wear, and hollow rings filled with deadly fluid, which, when a foe's hand was pressed, gave a tiny scratch, ejecting its venom, that ere long caused an unsuspecting death! Days when the Italian statesmen coined the maxim, that "words were given us to conceal our thoughts."

Very thankful ought we to be if God has cast our lot where the craft and cunning of evil men does not entangle our lives with their dangerous webs. But though living in a Christian land, where better morals prevail, and law and justice are supposed to protect both rich and poor, we cannot escape the deceits of the Tempter. Many a one who never dreamed of danger is lulled to sleep, and forgets to watch, and neglects to pray. And then, when deceived by his own self-confidence and the flattery of the

Wicked One, he falls before the attack of a sudden temptation.

In war times there is always need of precaution. On one occasion, in one of the wars of France or Flanders, before the fortified gate of a city appeared a train of country carts, laden with hay and provisions. No danger was suspected; the draw-bridge was lowered, the portcullis was raised, the gates were flung open. But just as one of the waggons of hay reached the arch of the gateway a wheel came off, and whilst the guard was examining the supposed accident, the drivers threw off their smock frocks and appeared in armour. The portcullis could not be lowered, nor the gates closed. The enemies, who had been concealed under the hay and straw, crept out, sword in hand, and the town was in a few minutes in their hands.

Against earthly perils we must ever watch, but with dangers that assail the soul we must not only "watch" but also "pray" that those dangerous crafts of the Wicked One may "be brought to nought."

Over against them this collect places the comforting thought of God's "*Providence*," the loving eye, as the word suggests, guarding over His people. As Moses encouraged the people of Israel in his last noble address to remember, "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Under God's good oversight and foreseeing eye we trust that our perils may be "dispersed," that is to say, "scattered abroad" and reduced to nothing, as the snow melts and disappears.

There was once a town in an Alpine valley threatened with destruction, for a mass of ice had blocked the outlet of a mountain torrent. Behind this barrier a huge mass of water accumulated and threatened to sweep away the obstacle, and at the same time overwhelm the town below. But a skilful engineer devised a remedy. He bored holes through the icy barrier, and let the water gradually flow through, and, as it flowed, enlarge each aperture by its current, and so the dangerous mass of water was *dispersed*.

Lastly, we express a hope that "unhurt by persecution" we may "give thanks in Thy Holy Church."

Many days of persecution has the Church of Jesus endured. The Pagan cruelties of the early Roman Empire, the vindictive rage of heretics when in prison, the savage inroads of the barbarians, and in later days, a couple of hundred years ago, in our own land, the harsh and bitter treatment experienced in Cromwell's time by our clergy and bishops, who held fast to the Prayer Book and their king. Few people now seem to know the cruel persecutions inflicted by schismatics on churchmen. Few know that it was a legal crime, punishable by imprisonment, even to use a Prayer Book in a private family; whilst its public employment was suppressed by heavy penalties.

How noble was the conduct of Hacket, Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, who, when a fanatical soldier placed a pistol to his head as he read the prayers aloud, calmly remarked, "Do your duty, and I will do mine," and went on reading, whilst the ruffian, at length abashed by his courage, withdrew.

Even within a few months back, devoted servants of the Church have been punished with imprisonment for obeying the plain letter of the Prayer Book, in their desire to do honour to the Church's Master. And for every opportunity of serving God unfettered by the restrictions of evil or mistaken men, we should "give thanks."

But how better can we give thanks in His Holy Church than by attending and partaking in that "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," to which the early Christians gave the name of the Eucharist, or celebration of thanks.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXVII.

1. For whom and what service was this prayer originally composed?
 2. What does "contrite" signify?
 3. What did the word "adversity" mean in Old English?
 4. What does the word "providence" signify?
 5. Give scriptural examples of the "craft and subtilty of the devil?"
 6. What does "Eucharist" mean?
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 CLAUSE XXXVIII.

Response. “O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name’s sake.

Versicle. O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

Response. O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour.

Versicle. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Response. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Versicle. From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Response. Graciously look upon our afflictions.

Versicle. Pityfully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Response. Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy people.

Versicle. Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

Response. O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

Versicle. Both now and ever bouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Response. Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

Versicle. O Lord, let Thy mercy be showed upon us.

Response. As we do put our trust in Thee.”



IN the old arrangement of the Litany, as sung in York Minster, this response from the last verse of the forty-fourth Psalm, was sung in their seats in the choir before the choristers began their procession on Rogation Monday. What a picturesque sight it must have been to see the long procession, with gleaming cross and jewelled banners, and clouds of incense, passing through the vaulted aisles to the font, and winding round the whole length of the Church. The order of the procession seems to have been as follows: “First, an acolyte, as cross-bearer; then two taper-bearers; then a censer-bearer; two boys in surplices, with book and taper; two deacons with oil and chrism; two sub-deacons; a priest in a red cope; and five chanters of the Litany.”

The words, "*Arise, O Lord, and help,*" remind us of the time when our Saviour lay sleeping in the stern of St. Peter's fishing vessel, and was called on by His alarmed disciples. So here we ask Him to calm the "waves of this troublesome world." When we plead for "Thy Name's sake," we take up the example of Moses, who interceded for the children of Israel, not for their own merits, but for the glory of His own great Name.

The people's quotation from the Psalms is here succeeded by the Priest reciting that noble passage, which forms the opening of the forty-fourth Psalm—a verse which has been described as one of the noblest specimens of rhythm in the English language.

"The noble works" of old time, to the pious Jew, would recall the deliverance from Egypt! the marvellous march through the wilderness! the return from Babylon! the glories of the Maccabean heroes! To the older Christians it would bring back the proud moment when the mighty Constantine presided over the Church's Council at Nicæa, or when the pride of the awful Alaric bowed before the yet more solemn dignity of the Roman Pontiff.

The English Churchman thinks of the deliverance of our Church from the greed of foreign ecclesiastics; our nation from the sway of Spain; our theology from what was as bad—the chains of an iron Calvinism; our public services from the cold gloom of Puritanism; our faith from the deadening latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century; and our religion from becoming a mere invertebrate pietism in the nineteenth. "Noble works" hath God wrought for our Church, both in the sixteenth, seventeenth, the eighteenth, and also in our nineteenth century; and as the holy Keble beautifully says: "One generation has handed on to another 'the lamp of Truth, and the watchword of Hope.'"

It is remarkable to find amidst these earnest petitions for help, which almost suggest that it was in days of *special* trouble that these forms of supplication were put together, an element of praise and adoration, for we almost suddenly are called on to glorify God by reciting in His honour the Doxology.

The Doxology means "the words of glory"—the declaration that praise and glory is due to God. Perhaps it is here introduced to remind us that no matter how dark our troubles may be, there is still room for us to praise God.

A good old man used to say that if we could see all the trials and afflictions of all Christians cast into a great heap, we should gladly again pick out our own ; and therefore we may always find something for which to thank God.

The Doxology, which is so familiar to us, as sung after every psalm, has a very remarkable history. It is one of the declarations which the Church has made against the great wave of Arianism, which in the fourth century nearly overwhelmed the Catholic faith. It remains like a mighty dyke which marks the efforts once required to repel the tide. The Arian formula was "Glory to God the Father, through the Son, by the Holy Ghost," and the orthodox Christian was carefully taught to understand the difference, and to give equal glory to the three persons in the Holy Trinity.

Arianism would have lowered the Son to be a *created* being, although allowing Him a certain amount of glory and honour.

But God always raises up the right man in the crisis of His Church's history ; thus, to meet the subtle arguments of Arius, the great theologian, Athanasius, appeared on the scene.

For the definition of doctrine the providence of God has produced a wondrous instrument in the language of ancient Greece, capable of giving the very finest shades of meaning. And the keen metaphysical character of the Greek intellect also supplied a race of theologians, who worked out to the very utmost bounds of human reason the most abstruse doctrines of the faith, and crystallized in creeds those dogmas of the Christian faith which the great Councils enunciated. By their labours, and on their conclusions, the solid foundation of the orthodox belief was raised. But this was not done without many a struggle, many a persecution !

Of Athanasius, we read that when only a child he attracted notice by playing at being a bishop in games with other children.

When ordained a deacon, he showed the greatest zeal and the most brilliant eloquence in defending the Divine position of his Saviour. Forty-six years was he Bishop, during which time he was thrice banished. Often he was exposed to the greatest danger by the malice of powerful enemies. They on one occasion accused him of the murder of a certain Bishop who had disappeared. The accusation was made in the public courts, and Athanasius charged with the crime, but he overwhelmed his accusers with ridicule by calling in the supposed murdered man, who had only sought refuge for a time in retirement. For years Athanasius remained concealed in a dry cistern, his wants supplied by faithful friends, but after years of persecution and trial, of anxiety and struggles, he died in peace at Alexandria, and his name is honoured as one of the great pillars of the Church, and his work is seen in that "gloria" which is continually chanted in our services. "To the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," co-equal and co-substantial, we give "glory."

Can we increase the glory of the Mighty God? That is the most elevating truth that Revelation displays. How it raises and exalts man to learn that he is a being who can yet do honour to his Creator, and reflect back glory to His Name. Just so the fragment, small though it be, of a mirror, can throw back a glistening ray of that splendour of the sun which has shone upon it!

There is a story of three German Princes meeting together and discussing the relative merits and advantages of their different principalities. One boasted of the rich corn-fields and abundant clusters in the vineyards of his territory. Another spoke of the deep mines, the precious ores, the sparkling gems, which enriched *his* realm. The third spoke nothing of such treasures, but said that a few nights previously he had lost his way in passing through a forest, and tired out with efforts to discover it had at last lain down under a tree and fallen asleep; but when he woke in the morning, he found his head pillowed on the breast of a poor labourer, and his cold limbs covered with the wood-cutter's cloak!

And at once his companions agreed that the principality which supplied such faithful and loving subjects amongst its rudest inhabitants had indeed the most glorious treasures.

So we believe our love and loyalty to our great King—our prayers, our praises, our efforts to do His will, add fresh lustre and new glory to His might and majesty.

The succeeding short prayers and responses are, for the most part, very plain and easily understood. "From our enemies defend us," means, especially, the foes of the Church. There are, and have been, exalted and influential men, who have used their elevated position for evil. No human power could restrain them. The Church's only refuge was in prayer. Such, for instance, was the critical moment when Arius the heretic, in the fourth century, obtained, through court influence, an order from the Emperor, that he should be admitted by the Bishop into Communion in the great Church of Constantinople.

The aged Bishop Alexander, in his 90th year, knew not what to do—the heretics, exalted by imperial favour, triumphed in their approaching success. The orthodox Catholics were almost in despair at the insult offered to their Blessed Lord. But earnest prayers were uttered, and on the way to the Cathedral, on the very day appointed, amidst a crowd of his supporters, *Arius died* suddenly and miserably.

The petition, "O Son of David," has not only a Scriptural association as carrying us back to the appeal of Bartimæus, but it is curious also to learn that it was a very favourite form of devotion in the Tudor times; as, for instance, Henry VII. endowed University College, Oxford, with money, that certain Fellows should sing in the Mass, "Jesus, Son of David." May not the history of David have struck very powerfully the imagination of the obscure Welsh youth, who, like David, so unexpectedly obtained a crown.

One more old-fashioned word demands our notice—"vouchsafe." "Vouch" comes through the French from the Latin "vocare," to call, and was used for summoning a person to one's aid in a Court

of Law. "Safe" meant a warranty of safety and protection; and thus originally "vouchsafe" meant to ask for a safe conduct through a hostile land; and so, by degrees, to bestow a favour, in which sense we now implore our Redeemer to listen to us.

The last two prayers are from Psalm xxxiii. 21, and close these very earnest entreaties to our Saviour, which, alas! we often utter with careless lips—for which, may God pardon us.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXVIII.

1. Where is the forty-fourth Psalm quoted in Litany?
2. What special deliverances might be commemorated by the pious Jews?
3. What by English churchmen?
4. What was Arianism?
5. What was the Arian doxology?
6. Who was the great champion of the true faith against Arianism?

CLAUSE XXXIX.

"Let us pray. We humbly beseech Thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of Thy Name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved; and grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy, and evermore serve Thee in holiness and pureness of living, to Thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."



IF this Collect Keble says that it contains a "resumé" of the whole Litany compressed into a few words! In its historical aspect it is, in its germinal state, taken from the Sarum Book of Offices, where it was used in "the Memorial of all Saints." In explanation of its structure we may observe that it is addressed to God the Father, and implores Him to take a merciful view of our infirmities. The thought

seems to be derived from the 103rd Psalm, "Like as a father pitieth his own children, He remembereth that we are but dust."

"Infirmity" describes that want of strength and power to resist, which is so characteristic of human nature.

Some years ago the noble spire of Chichester Cathedral fell, It was a lofty structure in the pointed style, raised on the massive columns of the older Norman tower. These columns looked sufficiently ponderous and huge to bear any weight ; but a few days before the catastrophe ominous cracks began to show themselves, and streams of white powder began to pour from the joints in the masonry. The inside of the Norman piers was filled up with mere rubbish, the huge weight rested entirely on the thin outward casing of Cæen stones, which was being actually ground into powder ! The architect, who was hastily summoned, tried to prop up the failing stonework with huge baulks of timber. But they only bent and crashed, and with a solemn roar the tall spire subsided in a cloud of dust and ruin !

So, often, the lofty character—the fair fabric of a Christian life, has given way suddenly, and the cause was some unsuspected weakness, some neglected evil habit, some besetting sin, concealed and not renounced. The Christian ought resolutely to make himself acquainted with his own "infirmities."

There is painted on the walls of that curious old black-timbered edifice, Speke Hall, in Lancashire, the following sound advice :—
"Sleepe not till ye have considered how you have spent the daye past. If you have well done, thank God : if other wayes, repent ye."

Even a heathen sage could advise, "Know thyself;" but there is little use in knowing the frailty and infirmities of one's own temper or character unless we ask our sympathizing Master to aid us.

There was once a very skilful mason, who was employed to build a bridge over a river in South Wales. Full of ambition to produce a noble work, he erected it as a single arch of extraordinary

width, which attracted the admiration of all who saw it. But it shortly commenced to show signs of weakness, the weight of "the haunches," as they are technically called, or ends of the arch, began to force up the centre of the structure. Many a builder would have pulled it down in despair, but the man who had designed it could not bear to abandon his masterpiece ; so by dint of thought and reflection he struck out the happy idea of lessening the thrust of the abutments by perforating them with three holes or openings on each side. The expedient answered, and the bridge still stands lofty and wide-spanned, and yet firm.

So does the Great Master-BUILDER, taking notice of the weakness and infirmity which oftentimes threaten the ruin of His noblest work, the soul of man, devise means whereby our strength may be restored, our usefulness increased.

For these merciful aids the Litany here prays and speaks in the tone which we often find used by Moses in his enthusiastic intercessions for the people of Israel, "For Thine own honour, and for the glory of Thy Name."

"Turn from us the evils that we have most righteously deserved." "Righteously" here of course means *justly*, that is to say, the evils which befall us are the just and natural recompense of our own faults and follies. If we act in a wrong and foolish manner, God has so arranged things that suffering and misery will overtake us as a necessary result. If we stand recklessly *under* a wall and undermine it at the same time, it will surely fall and crush us.

A village, which we may call Aubourne, had many a charm to the stranger's eye. The pleasant fields and hills around, its warm sunny aspect, its houses covered with clustering roses, and their gardens bright with flowers, all combined to draw people thither. Many strangers settled there, and many a pleasant cottage and trim villa rose under the busy builder's hands. And for a long time Aubourne enjoyed a reputation for healthfulness and pleasantness combined ; but one summer ere long there came a change. Disease appeared in the village, and household after household

was attacked. A dangerous and fatal epidemic spread throughout the whole place. At last a skilful physician was summoned from London. He analysed the water, and examined the sanitary conditions, and then told the people—your sufferings are self-earned, your epidemic disease is the just result of neglecting the plainest laws of health ; you have provided no system of drainage, you have arranged no supply of water except from your polluted and poisonous wells. But though pointing out to the people the consequences of their ignorance and neglect, the man of science did not leave them unaided. He suggested an easy method of obtaining an ample water supply, and designed a simple but thorough system of drainage.

So when we have justly deserved our troubles yet we may seek guidance from the Great Physician, and “put our whole trust and confidence” in His mercy. These words seem to bring before one’s mind the record of some terrible shipwreck. Often we read how the doomed ship comes drifting on to the cruel rocks, then she strikes on the first reef, then the waves force her on, every blow shattering the timbers, the surges sweeping across her deck, and washing away the unhappy wretches who still cling to the broken rigging. But now she approaches the cliffs. There an effort is being made for the rescue of the mariners ! The rocket apparatus has been brought to the edge, and many brave hearts and willing hands are there to help. The red rocket flares through the tempest, and it has carried with its course the connecting cord, and now a communication is established. Swinging in the fierce blasts, suspended over the pitiless surges, wet with the high-tossed foam, is the single rope which offers deliverance to the shipwrecked—it is “their whole trust and confidence.” So, amidst “the waves of this troublesome world,” must the Christian rely on the mercy of his Saviour.

Then the prayer concludes by painting the course of the Christian’s life. A “service of holiness and purity,” in the number of Christ’s servants, reflecting, by our conduct, *honour*

on the religion we profess, and relying on the merits of the mighty "*Advocate*" who pleads for us on High.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XXXIX.

1. From what Missal is this prayer taken?
2. What does the word "righteously" as used in this prayer mean?
3. What is meant by "infirmities?"
4. Mention a passage in the New Testament where our Lord is called "An Advocate?"
5. From what psalm is the principal idea of this prayer derived?
6. What does the word "Mediator" mean?

CLAUSE XL.

PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

"Almighty God, Who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their requests: Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen."



It is a very interesting feature to find in our Prayer Book (which is chiefly derived from the offices of the Western Church), a Collect drawn from some of the Greek Liturgies. It was first introduced by Cranmer, in 1544. In the Greek, it is found in the Liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, and is used in the Churches of the East whenever the Holy Communion is celebrated.

Few lives of great Churchmen are more interesting than that of St. John, surnamed "The Golden Mouthed," on account of his eloquence. He was born in the year 347, and in his youth spent a long time in a cavern in prayer and frequent fasting. At length, his health failing under such austerities, he betook himself to the more useful work of a priest and pastor, and his fervid eloquence

did much good, for he hesitated not to denounce the prevailing sins of his age, and even their follies—as, for instance, the ladies used to wear shawls embroidered with scenes out of the Scriptures, but sometimes their religion seemed to end there. Appointed Bishop of Constantinople, his zeal and fidelity soon produced a crop of enemies. Some of them employed a certain wily ecclesiastic, called Theophilus, but nicknamed from his crafty character, “Right and Left,” to get Chrysostom into disgrace. Shortly after, a pious woman at Alexandria having given a thousand pieces of gold to clothe poor women—vexed at this sum not coming into his own hands, Theophilus raised a disturbance, and when certain injured parties appealed against his arbitrary interference to the Archbishop of Constantinople, Theophilus and his servile followers condemned Chrysostom in a pretended synod, and accused him of having called the Empress Eudoxia “Jezebel.” After some oscillations of the people, in the favour of their eloquent Bishop, the Court, and his intriguing enemies, got him banished to a desolate little town in Armenia. When thus persecuted by Eudoxia, the wife of the Emperor Arcadius, in answer to the condolence of a friend, Chrysostom writes: “Be it, that the Empress banished me from the Empire—there is the world before me? Be it, she confiscates my goods—naked came I into the world, and naked must I return! Be it, she condemns me to be stoned to death. The Martyr Stephen thus entered into everlasting glory! Be it, she condemns me to the headsman’s axe; the Baptist joined thus the blessed company of the Martyrs, when he was released from prison. Eudoxia can take from me only that which perishes in the using; she cannot even *touch* that better part, which is the heart’s true treasure.”

But not even then could the hatred of his foes rest satisfied. He was ordered to be removed to a more distant spot, Pityus, on the far shore of the Black Sea. His military escort were encouraged to expect promotion if he should die on the road. For many years before he had been weak and sickly, and now

Chrysostom was growing old, and unable to bear hardships. When the rain was pouring down he was forced to travel on. Nor was he allowed to rest when the sun was oppressive. The journey took three months. Most pathetic in their patience, their faith, their courage, are his letters (still extant) written on this journey, when his only human solace was to communicate thus with his friends. But the privations and exertion of the journey told more and more on his feeble frame. One day he could go no farther. His stern escort had to take him back to the place whence they had that morning started, and lay his exhausted frame in a small church close at hand. He asked to be clothed in white raiment, and received his last Communion, and uttered his last prayer, ending, "Glory to God for all." Thus died one of the best and noblest of the Church's fathers. It is indeed pleasant to think how his words enshrined in our Prayer Book are channels for the devout aspirations of many generations of Englishmen, whose forefathers were complete heathens when he wrote this inimitable prayer.

It is quite plain that the language of this prayer was suggested by that passage in the Gospels, where our Lord says, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven ; for where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." (St. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.)

From this saying, it has ever been held that three persons constitute a church—thus, when three native Chinese became converts it was said that "the Church of China" came into existence. What a wide difference is here seen between the way in which the world despises "a mere handful of worshippers" and the way which our Lord values them and adorns their devotions by His presence. Nothing shows more the want of faith in this cold age than the popular contempt cast upon daily services because the congregations are often necessarily small! "What was your congregation this morning?" asked a cynical worldling of a country parson

returning from Mattins. "The *visible* congregation was one old woman and the sexton. The *invisible* congregation was, I believe, made up of departed saints, of ministering angels, and the Great Master of the Church Himself," was the reply.

There is a tendency in many people's minds to turn religion into a selfish matter. Their own soul's progress, their own trials, their own progress—all is solitary and isolated. They live, as it were, on a little spiritual island of their own. Perhaps it was in foresight of this current of feeling setting inward entirely, and likely, in the case of monastic or solitary Christians, to develop to a most unwholesome degree, that our Saviour laid down so emphatically that the union of devout persons in prayer with a single aim should have extraordinary weight.

Some American writer tells a touching story of a party of rough "navvies" employed in making a railway across some of the swamps on the Isthmus line. The region was terribly unhealthy, the air from the marshes under the tropical sun was fever-breeding, and it was a saying, that every sleeper that was laid cost a life. It was with the greatest difficulty that even, with enormous wages, the engineer, who had charge of the laying of that section, kept the labourers from deserting when men began to drop and die of the fever.

He was a noble-hearted young fellow, determined to do his duty, and with the yet higher principle of Christian brotherhood, which made him ready to sit down and read the Bible together with a negro labourer on Sunday afternoons, who was the only man in that rough gang who professed any religion. It was weary work, forming the line through that desolate fever-stricken tract of country, but still they pushed on hard at the work, and were approaching its close when the young engineer was prostrated. The negro at once volunteered to take charge of him, and groaning and delirious he lay in his little hut, whilst all that was good in the minds of the navvies was drawn out by their sympathy with the sick man, and they toiled on with grim and

silent endurance. But morning and evening they came to enquire after their sick master. White and senseless lay the engineer on his bed, as the anxious group looked in at the open door, and someone remarked, "Guess we've done all we can for him." But Abel, the tall old negro, came to the front. "No you ain't done all, nor near all," he said, "you ain't prayed for him. I've prayed, but de Lord He waits for de two or tree."

There was a falling back. How could they pray, many of whom had never bent a knee for long years? "Could you speak for us?" said one great fellow, at last, in a stammering way. Then Abel at last said, hesitatingly and slowly, "I could make de prayer if you all go along wid me; but I can't see into your hearts. Mates, say 'Amen' at the first, and 'Amen' at the end, and den de Lord will know." He softly closed the door behind him and waited. "Amen!" cried the tall Yankee, who stood nearest, and all followed. "Lord hear de Amen," said Abel, and went on to ask from God life and health for the poor fellow whose life seemed trembling in the balance, and a deep, hoarse, sobbing sound marked the last "Amen" as it came from the hearts of these rough men. That prayer was heard, and by and bye, placed on a mattress, and laid on a trolly, he was able to be taken by friendly hands from the poisonous swamps down to the seaside, and once more, with increasing health, drank in the reviving sea breezes, and regained health and strength.

It is to be observed of this prayer, that placing all things in the hands of our dear Saviour, who knows what is best for us, there are only two things for which we venture to ask boldly and decidedly. These are, "in *this* world the knowledge of His truth;" and in the next "life everlasting."

And, in reference to these closing words of deep and fervent prayer, may not we think of that picturesque legend of the good woman, who, called away from illuminating a missal, laid aside her work, with that patience so difficult to attain under the small aggravations of life, to attend to some common-place duty for a

sick or poor person ; and who, when she returned, heard the rustle of angel wings departing, and found that a Heavenly visitant had continued to imprint the prayers in letters of purest gold.

Could such a legend be true no angel could find more pathetic words of faith and trust to emblazon in the gold and azure of the sunset tints, than those concluding aspirations of the prayer of the great and good St. Chrysostom.

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XL.

1. In what part of the Greek service was this prayer used ?
2. What is meant by a Liturgy ?
3. What passage in Scripture suggests the language of this prayer ?
4. What office did St. Chrysostom hold ?
5. Where was he banished, and where did he die ?
- . What are the two things asked for in this prayer ?

CLAUSE XLI.

THE BENEDICTION.

“The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.”



PERHAPS there are few words in the Prayer Book which are so familiar as these, and possibly few so little thought over. In some congregations, where the people have not been taught to be devout, there is, as the priest utters these words, a kind of “rustle,” as though everyone was preparing to assume a more comfortable position at the first decent moment ! Yet this is a most important part of Divine Service. It is the benediction or blessing.

In the old Mosaic law it was one of the great functions of the High Priest “to bless” the people. (Lev. x. 22 ; Numb. vi. 25-27 ; Deut. x. 8 ; xxi. 5.) And in the fully-developed Church of Christ our Lord, His disciples were instructed to solemnly bless the homes into which they entered. And observe, also, in

this connection, the deep and loving spirit of benediction which breathes in the concluding passages of St. Paul's Epistles. As the clergy of the New Testament share the priesthood of Melchisedec, so they have, like him, the authority to bless (Heb. vii. 1); and instead of our people regarding "the benediction" as a mere form, it should be looked upon as a very real and true "means of grace," for a blessing is a prayer on behalf of one or more persons, and it is written, "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much:" and a benediction is a blessing pronounced with authority by one to whom such power and office is given.

As the clergy bless in the Name of God, and as God has revealed Himself in His triune character, so the Benediction is threefold—the grace of Christ, the love of God the Father, the fellowship of the Divine Spirit.

This form which we use is chiefly derived from the concluding words of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and it has been suggested that very possibly St. Paul quoted it from some of the Liturgies used in the Primitive Church, for we must remember that Liturgies are forms of prayer, and, as employed in celebrating the Holy Communion, are probably older than even the Apostolic Epistles, for there must have been a body of Christians, and these Christians must have been worshipping the Saviour before St. Paul found it needful to write to them pastoral letters.

This Benediction is found even now in very ancient Greek Liturgies, and in the old English Church it came in the service called "Tierce," used at nine o'clock in the morning in those churches where they observed "the seven times of prayer." It was added at the close of the Litany in the revision of 1559. (Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book.)

The word "Grace" is one of those Scripture expressions which has almost lost its force from being obscured by a cloud of controversial theology. In its simplest significance it denotes the spontaneous kindness and compassion of our Blessed Saviour. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He

was rich, yet for your sake He became poor." (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

A year or two ago, a paragraph which appeared in the newspapers sent a thrill of admiration through the hearts of many. A child was carried sick into one of the great London hospitals—the dangerous symptoms of diphtheria appeared—the little patient rapidly grew worse—the case was hopeless. Nay, one only "chance" was left—to make an incision in the throat, and for someone to suck away the poisonous matter which was choking the poor sufferer. To do this was more than hazardous; it would be at the *risk* of the operator's life.

Ah, many a young fellow will face the storm of bullets in some "forlorn hope," when the inspiring music of bugle and drum are heard, and bayonets flash in the light, and the cheers of thousands of brave men on either hand make the heart bound with enthusiasm. But to face death in the gloomy ward of the hospital, for some unknown little stranger, not for the glory of a nation, but for what some would call a life of no value, is a far higher test of courage and of heroism. But forth stepped from the little group of doctors and students round the bed of the child, a young man, who calmly undertook the desperate resource, and alas! receiving himself the deadly poison into his own system, died a few days after. They have set up a memorial to that heroic deed in the hospital, and rightly so; but such deeds of self-sacrifice draw their inspiration from the great example of the Crucified Saviour. His grace, His compassion, has been the germ and seed from which has grown up the great Tree of Self-devotion and Self-sacrifice, bearing its fragrant fruits in many ages, and over-spreading many lands. Christ has, for the relief and cure of sin-diseased souls, "tasted death for us," and the infusion of His love into individual hearts seems to fulfil the meaning of the prayer, when we desire that "the grace of the Lord Jesus be with you."

Often we see, at some distance from our great towns, Manchester, for instance, a series of large lakes formed in the recesses

of the lonely hills. This is the great reservoir, an image of the mighty work of the Redeemer on the Cross, with its infinite value. And though we cannot discern it, a large channel conveys that pure water for a long distance, emblem of the Church, which hands on from age to age the power of Christ, and then also, though invisible to us, a system and network of pipes and communications takes that wholesome water, which comes from the heathery hills and moors far away, into each house and building of the crowded city. Even so "the grace" of Christ is distributed by the Divine channels of Sacraments and Ordinances to myriads of individual souls.

Next we invoke "*the love of God*," even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Some writer says the horizon of the sky, the circle which surrounds us wherever we go, is an emblem of the love of the Eternal God.

Yet too often we forget to notice the many mercies which the love of our Creator has placed around our path, and think only of the trials, which, after all, may be either the consequences of our own faults, or sent as a useful discipline.

A quaint preacher advises that when we are inclined to grumble we should take a sheet of paper and write down a list of the blessings we still enjoy, and we shall soon find our paper too small !

There is a great proof of God's love to man in the beauty with which He has clothed this world. He has not only given us the necessary bounties of life, but He has made our earthly home rich with glories ; and these are bestowed on all alike. He "causeth His sun to arise," with all its splendour of purple and gold, on all—on the wicked, to remind him of his Creator, and recall him from his intense gaze on the things of the earth ; on the servant of God, to fill his heart with gratitude for the splendour of His Father's House, where he hopes to dwell for evermore.

"*The fellowship of the Holy Ghost*," are words which perhaps do not convey a clear meaning to the children of our times, as

they did in earlier days. During the fifteenth and preceding centuries, the principle of community and fellowship was greatly developed.

Every trade had its guild, or company ; people were gathered into confraternities. They used to have chapels or aisles, in the Churches, where they worshipped together. They had their own festival days, their chaplain, their special services, and their banner. Thus the children were accustomed to see the elders united together in communities, holding the same views, and having the same objects. Hence their young minds could easily rise to understand that higher fellowship—the communion of the Holy Ghost, by which we understand the sharing together of those blessings which the Divine Spirit bestows.

In the Benediction we desire that all may grow under the dew of the gracious Spirit of God—all may be warmed under the sunlight of His blessed influence. And these blessings we ask not for a day or hour, but for evermore—gazing forward to the long perspective of eternity.

And not for ourselves alone do we ask, but with the authority and in the spirit of Him, who was Lord of *all*, we seek that “the tender grace” of the ever-blessed Trinity may fall, like a ray from Heaven, “upon all.”

QUESTIONS ON CLAUSE XLI.

1. With what words did the High Priest bless the children of Israel ?
 2. In what words were the disciples of our Lord commanded to bless the houses into which they entered ?
 3. Why may Liturgies reasonably be older than the Epistles ?
 4. Mention remarkable passage in the Epistles, illustrating the words “the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ ?”
 5. What Greek word does “Fellowship” represent ?
 6. What were the seven “canonical hours ?”
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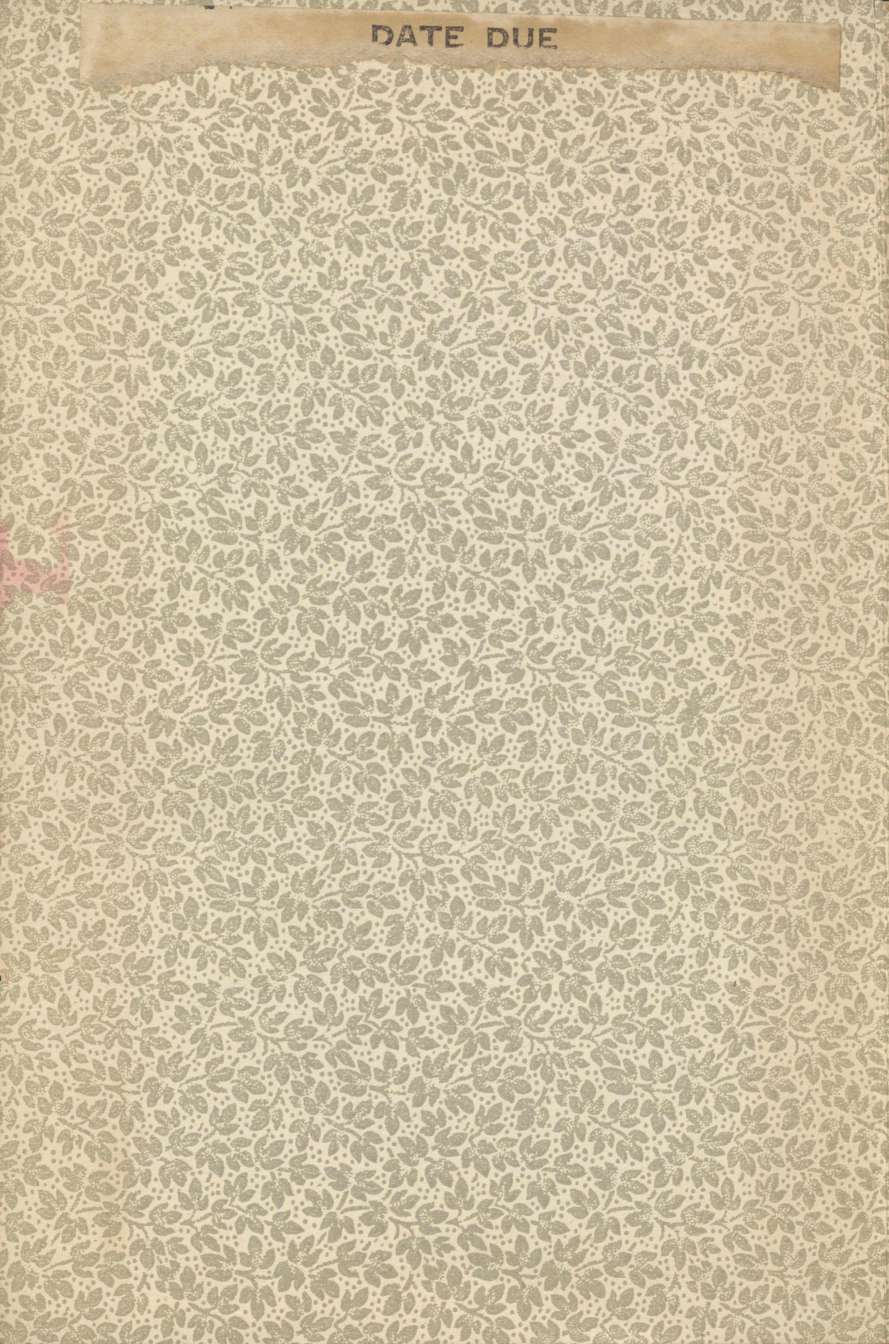
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